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SYDNEY



Kindred Spirits



Verse by P. Duncan-Brown
Drawing by Boothroyd

THEY will ride together
For life is calling,
Down the roads of Autumn
Where leaves are falling
In russet and gold
And crimson and brown,
Past wide green meadows
Beyond the town.

Both young and high-hearted,
And they're proud, of course...
There's a kindred spirit
Between girl and horse
As they take the roads
With a steady swing;
Four hoofs that gallop,
Two lips that sing.

COUNTRY WOMEN Battle for LEADERSHIP

Opposition to Mrs. Matt Sawyer Causes Stir in C.W.A.



MRS. J. W. C. BEVERIDGE, of The Billabong, Gundagai, State vice-president of the Country Women's Association.

ON several previous occasions Mrs. Beveridge has sent in her nomination, but has later withdrawn it. This time, however, in spite of a recent illness, she has intimated her intention of standing for the presidency at the general conference, and branches are being officially notified to that effect.

Mrs. A. J. Studdy has previously held the office of president, having followed in the footsteps of Mrs. Hugh Munro of Keira, Bingara, the foundation president of the association.

Since the inception of the association, 13 years ago, there have been only three presidents—Mrs. Hugh Munro, Mrs. Studdy, and Mrs. Sawyer. Many of Mrs. Studdy's friends anticipated that she would stand last year, but on that occasion Mrs. Sawyer was again elected unopposed.

So much energy, enthusiasm, and goodwill have been expended by Mrs. Sawyer in the long years of her presidency, and so many firm friends and supporters has she made throughout the State, that her election as president has seemed a foregone conclusion.

During her terms of office she has toured from one end of the State to the other, at great personal expense, encouraging and advising members in out-of-the-way corners, and has given unstintingly of her time, energy and income to the work which is so near her heart.

Many hours has she waited on cold, draughty sidings for connecting trains, sometimes of the "goods" variety, to take her to her destination. Her unflagging spirits and splendid constitution alone have enabled her to be bright and smiling when the deputation of welcome arrived on the scene.

Her manner of speech-making is unconventional, but none the less impressive for that. She speaks directly and to

Widespread interest will be aroused by the announcement that at the annual general conference of the Country Women's Association on April 24 two candidates will oppose Mrs. Matt Sawyer, O.B.E., at the presidential election. They are Mrs. J. W. C. Beveridge and Mrs. A. J. Studdy.

For the past seven years, Mrs. Sawyer has been president of this splendid association, usually being elected unopposed. She has filled the office with marked ability, and it will come as a surprise to the great majority of members that any candidates should have notified headquarters of their intention of contesting the presidency.



MRS. A. J. STUDDY, past president and State vice-president of the Country Women's Association. Mrs. Studdy's home is Glencoe, Boggabri.

the point, and has little time for any members who try to beguile her into by-paths away from the subject in hand.

Her brilliant organising gifts and her imposing and attractive personality have proved of incalculable value, and she has personally gathered in innumerable new members to the association, which now has an enrolment of 17,000.

Having lived in the country the whole of her life, and in early days faced the trials and tribulations of everyday life in the bush, Mrs. Sawyer has tremendous

sympathy with the women of the out-back, and finds her greatest happiness in serving them.

A Former President

IN her own and surrounding district, Mrs. A. J. Studdy has a large personal following, and many long-standing members of the association will give her their support.

Both Mrs. Studdy and Mrs. Sawyer were original members of the organisation, which has grown to such a phenomenal size.

Though not an impressive speaker, Mrs. Studdy is a woman of markedly firm personality and can seldom be moved from a stand which she considers right.

The Frances Studdy Rest Home, at Gundagai, has been named after her, and to this home she devotes a great deal of her energy and enthusiasm. It



MRS. MATT SAWYER, O.B.E., of Euloma, Bethunga, State president of Country Women's Association.

differs from other holiday homes, as it was established for mothers waiting to enter hospitals or as a convalescent home for them after they leave hospital. Members passing through Gundagai may spend the night there, instead of staying at an hotel.

MRS. J. W. C. BEVERIDGE, who is a State vice-president of the association, has accompanied Mrs. Sawyer on a great number of her Southern tours.

where she has spoken at country group conferences and branch meetings. She is a good speaker and always has a thorough knowledge of the subject under discussion.

Widely travelled, she makes a keen study of internationalism and keeps in touch with all the women's organisations in other countries. She once represented the association at the Pan-Pacific Conference at Honolulu.

HUE & CRY for Young Australian MILLIONAIRE

Lebbeus Hordern and His Fortune

From Our London Office—By Beam Wireless

SOCIETY mamas in England are greatly interested in the movements of the latest millionaire from Australia, young Lebbeus Hordern, who attained the age of twenty-one years last week, and thereupon, under the terms of his grandfather's will, inherited a fortune of over £1,000,000.

Australians in London have received scores of telephone messages throughout the day from charity organisers, insurance agents, and new-found relatives frantically demanding information of the Australian youth and his wealth.

Everyone was asking someone, "Where is Lebbeus Hordern, and when was he last seen?"

A LONDON newspaper sent Australian visitors to the seat of the Empire running round in circles with a splash story of young Lebbeus Hordern, waking in his London flat on his 21st birthday, to find himself the heir to two vast fortunes of several millions, inherited from his father, the late Lebbeus Hordern, and his grandfather, Mr. Samuel Hordern.

There was a hue and cry for the young Australian millionaire, with newshounds chasing for details of how young Lebbeus celebrated his inheritance and coming of age, but neither the newspaper reporters nor anyone else could find young Lebbeus nor his lavish apartment.

The answer is that since his charming mother, formerly Olga Monté, married a Spanish diplomat, the family has spent much time in Madrid, Paris, and the Argentine, and parties in Mayfair have rarely been graced by the acion of the Horderns' wealth.

It is only about a month since a young Belgian millionaire visited London and within a few days of his arrival married a blonde beauty from the cabaret of a fashionable hotel.

Spurred on by this recent capture, it is small wonder that society mothers are interested in the latest millionaire, and, for that matter, in any other ch-

gible Australian, with perhaps a trifle less than a million, visiting London for the Jubilee of the King.

The Hordern millions were amassed by the late Mr. Samuel Hordern, the grandfather of the young lad who has just come of age, and who at his death

left about £3,000,000, the bulk of which was made in the great Sydney emporium bearing the family name.

Under the terms of the will of Mr. Samuel Hordern, a life interest in the estate was left to his three sons, Sir Samuel, Anthony, and Lebbeus (now deceased), with provision that the estate should ultimately be divided between their male issue.

The father of the young millionaire died in tragic circumstances in Sydney in 1928, leaving an estate of over £50,000, the income of which was left to his widow for life, and after her death to certain nephews and nieces.

As, however, the income from the estate was barely sufficient to provide the alimony of £10,000 allowed by the Divorce Court to the former Mrs. Hordern (now Señora de Romero, wife of the Spanish Ambassador in Paris), the widow received very little in the way of income from her husband's estate.

It will be remembered that some time ago the Señora visited Sydney and successfully applied to the Courts here for an allowance of £10,000 a year for young Lebbeus Hordern until his inheritance became due.

LORD DERBY & MANNEQUINS

... at British Industry Fair!

By Air Mail from Our London Representative

Lord Derby inspected the mannequin parade in connection with the British Industries Fair held recently at Olympia. After having learnt what the smart woman would soon be wearing, he became especially interested in the men's fashions for 1935.

HE said: "I have discovered that I am an example of how a man should be dressed this year. Men are to wear dark trousers with a stripe down them. I have them. They are to wear black shoes. I have them. Single-breasted waistcoat. I have got it. A bowler hat. Mine's outside. Evening dress with a bigger space to show the waistcoat. That's mine."

Lord Derby was also intensely interested in the wedding gown for 1935 brides which bore a strong resemblance to the one worn by Queen Victoria, and in the accompanying going-away suit in red mullet tweed which is one of the latest colors of the season.

According to this show, the smartest shades which will be seen during 1935 are: Jubilee-blue, which the Queen chose as her favorite shade of the year; Margaret-rose, which is an old-rose-pink chosen and named by the Duchess of York; a blue-green called Juniper-green; and lacquer-red.

There was also a specimen dress of what will be worn at the Royal garden party this year. It was tartaan check and ruffled round the hem, suggesting styles of the early part of the century. The tartaan also formed a drape round the hat, which was a low-crowned sailor shape worn with an upward slant.

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Let's Talk Of Interesting People



—Dayne.

ENTHUSIASTIC LINGUIST

MRS. ELSA M. GORMLEY is interested in languages, particularly modern languages, not because she has ever travelled, but because she has always been keen to understand the thoughts of people of all nationalities, and without a knowledge of their tongues this is impossible.

Mrs. Gormley was delighted when she first heard last October about the newly-invented universal language, "Basic English," and immediately wrote to London for particulars.

She has now formed in Sydney a study circle for this language, which is found useful at Geneva and at other important conferences, such as the Pan-Pacific gathering, and may well prove extremely useful in Australia, too.

Mrs. Gormley is also librarian for the Modern Languages Association in Sydney, a member of the Quota Club, and hon. secretary of the Big Sister Movement.



PLANNING THEATRICAL CAREER

ETHEL GABRIEL, who is responsible for the costuming of the women players during the Authors' Week Pageant in Sydney, and has "dressed" many of the Independent Theatre's shows, is leaving for England next week to seek further successes abroad.

It is not as a dress designer, however, that Miss Gabriel hopes to find fame and fortune, but as an actress.

Starting with a part in "Two Minutes' Silence," and continuing in other amateur performances, Miss Gabriel has recently been playing in "Mother of Pearl" with Delysia, in "Music in the Air," and various films, getting very good notices.

That Miss Gabriel is very enterprising and versatile is shown by the fact that she was a train conductor in London during the war.



YOUNGEST COUNTESS

LADY WARWICK, formerly one of England's most famous debutantes, Rose Bingham, is not only England's youngest Countess, but is considered by many to be her most beautiful Countess as well.

Both Lady Warwick and her husband, who is a very good-looking young man, are winter sports enthusiasts. For years past both have visited St. Moritz, their favorite resort, where they are the life and soul of all the parties. The Earl is a particularly daring skier.

SPINNING - WHEELS Make a "COMEBACK"

Baa-Baa and Bunny Wool For the New Fur Coats!

There is a marked revival in hand-spinning and weaving throughout the Commonwealth. The most fascinating garments and smart accessories are being created both from angora and merino wool.

The rabbit and the fashionable young woman have come to an agreement. She keeps him in food, and he keeps her in bridge coats. And what bridge coats!

RECENTLY a young South Australian girl, by name Miss Ellinor Chrisp, took into a women's sale depot one or two glorious, fluffy, furry things that she unwrapped from their tissue papers and spread out upon the counter.

They were the bridge coats she herself had made from angora wool which she had plucked from the rabbits, spun into a kind of fluffy yarn, and finally made into the little coats.

The coats caused such a sensation that the president of the S.A. division of the Housewives' Association invited her to exhibit them at a special meeting and tea, which Miss Chrisp (who, by the way, is only 19) readily agreed to do.

Those who have seen the dainty little jackets prophesy a great future for them, particularly as so many Australian girls have angora rabbits. The wool of these they used to sell at a profitable price for overseas markets, but the price of the wool has come down so much that it is hardly a paying proposition to keep the rabbits.

A Large Family

MISS CHRISP was lucky in knowing an old woman who could teach her how to spin the wool into yarn, and Miss Chrisp herself, knowing the mode of the moment so well, strove to fashion the little coats with her own fingers. After about 12 months' experimenting with wool, dyes, and patterns, she produced a finished article that was not only light and warm, but which had the appearance of a real skin fur coat.

The jackets can be made in any shade. Miss Chrisp has not experimented with the dyes herself actually. She got a professional firm to handle that part of the process for her, so that she could be sure of getting a good, secure dye which had a guarantee behind it.

When she was about to leave school at the Presbyterian Girls' College in Adelaide about four years ago, her mother thought it would be a good idea to introduce Miss Chrisp to some kind of hobby, and when she suggested rabbits the girl was delighted. So three of the little furry things, with their long white wool and kind pink eyes, were brought out from England for her, housed, and cared for.

In those four years, the three rabbits have multiplied to 300, and Miss Chrisp now calls her colony the Waverley Rabbitry, and began to name her rabbits after Sir Walter Scott characters, but they have increased in numbers to such an extent that she has to punch distinguishing letters on numbers into their ears, which serve as a record for which litter they belong to, their parentage, etc. They are fed twice a day on lucerne, barley, and meal mash, which is regulated according to their condition and the weather.

One has to be very careful of their diet, as a faulty one will cause death.

During very hot weather strict dieting is necessary, for, with all their load of wool on their backs, the little animals easily get overheated.

THOSE that are to be plucked receive special food so that their fur will pull out easily. Miss Chrisp usually keeps the ones that are to be plucked in a special hutch, as only animals with super fur, three or four inches in length, are plucked. It is this that is used for the little bridge coats with which she has been delighting so many people.

The other, shorter fur, is cut off with scissors and sent home to England for market. The cutting must be done carefully, too, as each hair must be the same length, and the fur must be packed in layers.

For the cutting, the rabbit is placed on a high, padded stool, carefully brushed, and the fur is parted down the middle back. Then the hair is cut off in straight layers with scissors. Afterwards it is graded, packed in tissue-paper and moth-balls and sent home to England, where the present price paid for it is 10/- to 12/- a pound. Thus comes our "imported" angora knitting-wool.



It is the super-wool that Miss Chrisp attacks herself. She carefully plucks it from the rabbits (which, by the way, are as tame as kittens, and have no objections whatever to being "undressed"), and they seem to quite relish the operation. This plucked wool she spins, and then plys two strands together, washes it, and makes it into garments. Dyeing, of course, is done before the garments are made up, and to dye angora wool (as the dyes have no hesitation in saying!) is much harder than dyeing an ordinary material.

When Miss Chrisp got her spinning-wheel about a year ago she immediately set about spinning her own yarn. As the illustration will show, she used just an ordinary wheel, and here is the process she follows:

The ply is started by twisting a strand of fur with an already spun piece of wool, then the treadle is worked with the foot, and the reel fed by adding small tufts of the fur with the right hand.

AFTER placing the reel on the spinning-wheel, where a strand is loosely held in place in the left hand, the treadle is set in motion with the foot, and with the right hand small quantities of fur are continually added to the strand held in the left hand. The chief difficulty of this process lies in judging the right quantity of fur with which to feed the spinning-wheel, because if it is too thin the wool will break off too easily, and if too thick the finished garment will be heavy and the wool unmanageable.

The yarn is then rolled into very tight balls—unlike ordinary wool, which is usually wound lightly. After the yarn has been spun, the dyeing takes place, then a style is chosen and the garment knitted up.

The finished coat is the same inside as out. It has advantages over an ordinary fur in its lightness, the fact that it can be washed (in fact, it improves with washing), and in the fact that it can be folded away into a very tiny space.

IN New South Wales a college has been opened, and expert instruction is given under the guidance of experts in the arts of spinning angora and merino wools.

A fascinating display was opened recently at the "Crafts and Hobbies," Margaret St., Sydney (which is also a college for hand-spinning and weaving), of jackets, scarves, gloves, cardigans, and enchanting baby wear—hand-spun and woven from soft, velvety angora. Hand-woven angora, by the way, takes precedence over the machine-woven in that it does not "fluff" when it comes into contact with other woollen material.

There are two types of spinning machines in evidence at this interesting centre—the French antique type and the Scotch.

A few years ago a spinning-wheel was considered a curio. . . . To-day, with the fast-growing interest in hand-spin-



TOP: Ellinor Chrisp experimented for a whole year with her spinning-wheel and rabbit fur before she considered the yarn perfect texture, and then she began to experiment with dyes.

LEFT: These little angora fellows have fur three or four inches long on their backs, and they do not seem to mind having it plucked out. Their fur coats have the same appearance on their backs as the angora coats their owner makes—soft, fluffy, and 100 per cent. wool.



The finished article is light, warm, reversible, and washable, and the owner can sit in the draughtiest of charity bridge halls and look smart and feel warm.

ning and weaving, it is regarded in quite a different light.

There is also a warping mill, upon which the spun thread is measured up,

and weaving looms—the threading of which appears a rather intricate procedure to the onlooker, and yet is infinitely fascinating to watch.



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GIRL Bronco-Busters ... RIVALS at the ROYAL SHOW! Women Represented in All Sections



MISS ALICE GREENOUGH, the American cowgirl, now in Sydney for the Royal Show. Miss Greenough is regarded as one of the finest women athletes in America, and besides being champion lady buckjump rider of the world, she is a big game hunter, an excellent rifle shot, and an outstanding Soccer footballer and ice skater.

A feature of the Royal Agricultural Society's Sydney Show this year will be the appearance of Miss Alice Greenough, champion lady buckjump rider of America, whose claim to world supremacy will be challenged by a number of Australian girls, including Miss Skuthorpe, of New South Wales, and Miss B. Perrett, Queensland champion.

When the 114th annual show of the Royal Agricultural Society opens in Sydney next Monday, it will be realised how each year women are playing a more and more important part in the great carnival.

RECORD entries in all sections have been received this year, and given fine weather the society hopes to establish a new record in attendance. The previous highest attendance was in

1926, when 675,000 visited the Show.

The 1935 Show has been extended to nine days and seven nights, an extra night having been added to last year's programme for the "Diggers."

Heavy insurance policies have been taken out to cover the big days of the Show—Good Friday and Easter Monday—against rain, and it is hoped for the sake of the thousands of country visitors who are already in town for the big carnival, that the society will lose its premium.

The enterprise of the Royal Agricultural Society has been evidenced by the bringing to Sydney of Miss Alice Greenough, the champion buckjump rider of the world, and the leading girl athlete in the United States.

While Miss Greenough holds these titles her claim to world supremacy is likely to be tested when she meets Miss Perrett, the Queensland champion, in the buckjumping contests this year. A New South Wales girl, also, Miss Skuthorpe, is out to challenge Miss Greenough for buckjumping supremacy.

Wide Sphere

TIME was when the activities of women at the Show were confined to such sections as cooking, needlework, and the domestic arts, but this line has long since passed. They now play a most important part in almost every branch of the Agricultural Society's programme.

This year Mrs. Anthony Hordern will present an exhibit of Hereford cattle from Melton Park, Bowral, and Mrs. Hordern, who was a prize-winner last year, hopes to again take home some blue ribbons.

Miss Dinah Hordern will ride and exhibit her newly-imported pony, Ceulan Comet, which was presented to her by her father, Mr. Anthony Hordern, and which is claimed to be something out of the ordinary so far as miniature horseflesh is concerned.

Lady Luxton, of Melbourne, and her daughter, well-known Victorian society people, and great supporters of the Melbourne Hunt Club, will also take part in the riding events at the forthcoming Show.

Mrs. Harold Bartram, of Heidelberg, Victoria, will also compete in the riding events, and will be a keen competitor with Lady Luxton.

Mrs. P. L. Grimwood, of Bundanoon, is bringing along her pony champion of 1933-34, Dinah Jim. Mrs. Grimwood has achieved considerable success at past Sydney Shows.

Women Are Keen

MRS. B. B. AUDETTE, of Bellevue Hill, has entered a number of her saddle ponies, and Mrs. Audrey Manchee



MISS SKUTHORPE, a member of the well-known N.S.W. family, many members of which have excelled at daring deeds on horseback. Miss Skuthorpe may challenge Miss Greenough for world's supremacy in buckjump riding.

of Townsville, well-known Queensland rider, will be seen in the ring events again.

Mrs. J. T. Strymegeour, of Warwick, Qld., has entered her shorthorns in the cattle sections. Her husband, Mr. Jim Strymegeour, although almost totally blind from war injuries, will be with her. The blind soldier is regarded as an excellent judge of cattle in spite of his infirmity.

Mrs. J. Biddlecombe, of Golf Hill, Shellford, Victoria, a famous breeder of Herefords, is also a competitor in the cattle sections, following on her recent successes in Melbourne and at last year's Sydney Show.

In the hacks and harness sections Mrs. W. T. Bashford, of Riverstone, is again exhibiting, while Mrs. H. M. Pendergast, of Yarrawonga, Parramatta, will compete in the sulky and harness events.

Miss M. H. Holloway, of Goomoo Goomoo, Tamworth, and Mrs. C. M. McLean, of Bundanoon, have also sent exhibits in the pony classes.

There is an air of keenness about the lady competitors which augurs well for the interest which is sure to be displayed in the equestrian events, and the international flavor of the contests between Miss Alice Greenough and the Australian girl challengers is certain to be watched with the greatest interest by thousands of lovers of daring horsewomen.

Popular sections of the exhibits with women are the poultry exhibits, in which many hundreds of country and suburban breeders have sent along exhibits, and this year there has been a considerable increase in the number of women exhibitors of dogs of all classes.

Canaries that Whistle Famous Old Tunes!

TEACHING canaries to whistle tunes is the specialty of Mrs. P. E. McCoy, of San Francisco.

The birds did not do too well at first, as they were troubled with scaly feet and skin disease. However, after some experimenting Mrs. McCoy installed a gas-fired hot water warming system which maintains an even temperature. The canaries are now in splendid physical condition, and respond cheerfully to Mrs. McCoy's tuition.

These feathered whistler graduates of the McCoy Aviary whistle an air from start to finish quite accurately. Most of them prefer "Grandma's Advice," an old American folk song, but some have mastered "Yankee Doodle," "The Marcelline," and "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine."

Mr. and Mrs. McCoy went into the

business of teaching canaries to whistle nearly 30 years ago, before they were married. Mr. McCoy gave his fiancée two canaries as a Christmas present. The young lady was in the habit of whistling "Grandma's Advice," and one day she noticed that one of the birds was trying to imitate her. She put him in a room by himself and, by whistling to him daily for six months, taught him the whole tune.

She was so thrilled that she set up in business as a bird music teacher, and was joined by her husband. For years they whistled hours every day to one bird after another. Then they be-thought them of the phonograph and, although records are now used very largely, each bird still requires much personal attention.

Mrs. McCoy considers 12 finished whistlers a year a good average.

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VICTORIAN Family ROBINSON

WHEN the British ship *Philippa* is wrecked on a coral reef in the Pacific Ocean, the only survivors are an English rector, Reverend James Robinson, his two daughters, Eleanor and Adeline, Lady Gilliland, wife of the Australian Governor-General, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Black, Buzacott, the mate, and an army officer, Charles Chaine, who, although a married man, has fallen in love with Adeline.

Buzacott and Eleanor become engaged and are about to be married when a schooner appears off the island, and the ceremony remains unfinished. White men aboard the schooner force the castaways to accompany them to Vainamu Island.

The Vainamu islanders decide to ballot for the women survivors of the wrecked *Philippa*. After the ballot the women are given a week to consider the matter of taking up life with the men who have won them in the ballot.

Malachi, one of the young islanders, helps Eleanor to escape, and keeps her in hiding, meanwhile throwing her clothes into the sea to give the impression that she has committed suicide.

Some of the islanders demand a fresh ballot for the women, while Ritzpah, one of the island women, demands that the Vainamu women should also be allowed to ballot for husbands among the castaways.

Mr. Robinson receives a note from Eleanor telling him that she is safe, but cannot disclose where she is in hiding. Mean-

My Favorite Poem

As through the fields at eve we went,
And plucked the ripened ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,
We fell out, I know not why,
And kissed again with tears.
And blessings on the falling out
That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love.
And kiss again with tears.
—Lord Tennyson.
Sent in by G. Bate, Bodalla, N.S.W.

while, the Vicar and Lady Gilliland have developed a warm affection for each other.

The women are told that if they refuse to accept the islanders as husbands, Black, Buzacott, and Chaine will be thrown into the Shark Pool.

AS soon as Jonathan, the senior constable, picked the half-hour to be up (they talked of hours and half-hours on Vainamu, but nobody had a timekeeper) he marched to the door of the Council House and loudly rapped. "All come out now," he ordered. "All come with us down to the bay. And Micah, you go and fetch the pig."

"The pig?" Charles queried with amusement. "Are they going to make a sacrifice?"

Shm, who had just appeared out of nowhere, replied unctuously: "No; this people's not put its faith in the blood of bulls or goats."

"Fah," said Charles disgustedly, "you don't even know what a bull or a goat is, and you jabber."

Shm paid no heed to him. "This

By
**Beatrice
Grimshaw**

people putting its faith in the law and the prophets. Seremy, High Chief, he's the law, and the Pastor, he's the prophet. We obeying both. You'll see."

Shepherded officially by the three constables with their swinging shell badges, and unofficially by all the men who had any interest in the disposal of the stranger women, Margaret Gilliland, Adeline, and Minnie Black came out, for the first time since their captivity, into the sunshine and the fresh sea wind. Adeline alone of the three seemed to have suffered; she walked uncertainly and leaned upon the willing arm of Charles. Lady Gilliland, with James Robinson at her side, trod firmly, throwing an occasional glance of contempt towards her captors. Robinson told himself—and almost whispered to Margaret herself—that she looked exactly like the famous portrait of Marie Antoinette before her execution.

The sailor took Minnie's hand and led her kindly. He did not like her, never had liked her much, but she was a woman in distress and he guessed shrewdly, from what he had seen, that more distress, though not of the kind she anticipated, was likely to come her way.

Behind followed pure comedy; the constables fighting with a pig, that, after the manner of its kind, refused to go any way but the wrong one; the women laughing at the pig and jeering at the policemen. Thus they went for a quarter of a mile, and finally came out upon the arm of the sea, a sort of backwater communicating with the reef passage through which the boats made their way into the lagoon.

Here blue-black waves spilled themselves, creaming upon a narrow strip of shale; here steep rocks fell in a miniature precipice from awkward to salt water; here, a few yards from shore, the sea, dark and heaving, sank to unfathomed depths.

On the summit of the rocks, with the wind in their hair and their dresses, the three captive women stood, wondering not a little for what purpose they had been brought to this place, and why their men were permitted to accompany them. Two days yet remained before the period given them for consideration would be over; what was the sense of this apparently meaningless business with constables and pigs?

THEY were to know before long. Moses, at a word from Jonathan, dragged forward the pig, a half-grown, poorly nourished creature of little value. Helped by Micah, he swung it out over a point where deep water ran right up to the rocks, and cast it, screaming fearfully, into the sea.

As if the animal's cries had been the ringing of a dinner-bell (which indeed they were, from one point of view) there became visible, at once, the fins of a number of sharks, cruising rapidly towards the spot where the frightened pig was beating the water with its hoofs. A moment more, and the semi-transparent, deep sapphire water gave to view the bodies of the monsters, sinuous, light-bellied, horribly active despite their enormous size. They converged, in a sort of grisly football scrimmage, upon the body of the pig, and instantly it disappeared, and in the place where it had lived and screamed a moment before there was nothing but a spatter of shining intestines and a cloud of blood.

For a minute or two longer the sharks cruised about, smelling, seeking for fresh prey. Then, even more swiftly than they had come, they sank into the depths, and the sea was empty, and the stain of blood was gone.

Adeline clung to the arm of Charles; she was almost fainting. Not a shred of the implication which Seremy had

Illustrated by WEP

chosen to convey in this horrible manner missed her; she saw, in the black-blue depths before her, the body of Charles, torn as the pig's body had been and, like it, devoured; she saw the white-bellied dragons of the sea fighting over his head, his arms . . . Minnie, trembling, her pride all gone, put her hands before her eyes and sobbed out something about doing anything, marrying anybody, in any way, if they'd only promise—promise—

Buzacott, knowing himself to be in as much danger as anyone else, and outwardly at least quite cool about it, put his arm around Minnie, and told her not to worry, if her Gerald wasn't as safe as houses, he'd—he was going to say eat him, but hastily substituted—"be blessed."

"The blanky-blank," he told himself, "never meant to stand by her, sharks or none. She'd do better to take one of these blighters in petticoats; they couldn't be worse." But, nevertheless, he was a little puzzled over Gerald's

But she knew that she must speak. She must not allow this warm wave of magic to overcome her, flow over her, drown her.

"If you say that again," remarked Seremy softly, "I'll throw you to the sharks this immediate minute."

"Then I won't say it, I'll only think it," repeated Buzacott.

Seremy looked doubtful for a moment, but seemed to decide to pass the matter over. "Go back," he ordered. "The women go to their house again, the men to their house. Two days from now, we come again, and you, Adeline, you Minnie, you Margaret, you all say if these men all live or all die." He bit off the sentence, evidently conscious that he could no further improve on it, and might spoil it if he went further.

UNTIL the women, their guards, and the following crowd had disappeared he stood majestically on a high rock "holding the pose." Buzacott, climbing the hill, looked at

She took his hand. "Don't worry, dear," she said. "We'll be helped; something will happen." It was the first time she had called him "dear," "Margaret, my darling," he answered her, and could say no more.

There had been an unnoticed spectator of all this—Malachi, who had chosen, for his own purposes, to shin up a palm-tree and sit watching, unseen in the high crown of leaves. Now, when the last of the crowd had gone, he slid down again, and hastened to catch up Micah. Micah was the eldest of the three constables; a family man, of a cheerful contented disposition, and not in any way concerned with the jealousies of the competitors for Adeline's, Minnie's, and Lady Gilliland's hands. Malachi rather liked him; he was good-natured, talked little, and (a rare virtue among the impulsive Vainamians) could keep a secret when necessary.

Falling into step with him, the younger man remarked: "You been seeing queer things to-day, Micah. This High Chief Seremy, he going to give the strange men to the sharks?"

Micah rolled himself a cigarette and put it in his mouth before he answered. "Len' me your flint," he said. Malachi handed over the small box that held flint, tinder, and a fragment of precious steel. Metal, on Vainamu, hardly existed; knives of shell and bamboo were in common use; the few scraps of steel and iron that had been salvaged from the long-ago wreck were valuable as gold. It had taken years, and incredible labor, to fashion their rude little schooner out of driftwood and wreck, pinned together according to the patterns of boat-building handed down from the original settlers. Micah had no flint and steel, and did not hope to own them. Malachi, on the other hand, had managed, no one knew how, to obtain possession of one of these treasures. It was just Malachi's way.

"The constable struck a light and set his smoke going. 'Thine good,' he breathed. 'Yes, I think so; and I'm sorry, Malachi, 'cause it will make trouble with the Pastor. But maybe those women will say 'All right; we marry,' and then—"

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A Story of Love & Adventure

coolly displayed certainty. There must be something at the back of it . . .

Margaret, looking on at the frightful spectacle, paled, but stood her ground. She did not say to Robinson: "At all events, you are safe," and he respected her for the omission. There was no body, he thought, quite like Margaret.

She addressed the constables, now, with the same hauteur that she had already displayed while being marched down to the sea.

"We may now return, I suppose?" Micah said "Yes," rather doubtfully, and began staring about him. In a minute or two he saw what he had been looking for. The Lord High Chief, still decked out in pearls and purple fillet, was slowly descending the rocks. Seremy could run and jump like a goat, on occasion, but he knew the value of his effects.

"Well," he said, as soon as he came within hearing. "You seen what will happen to your men?"

"Naw," contradicted, sharply, the sailor Buzacott. "They haven't seen anything of the kind. You doesn't do it."

him sourly. "If I could ha' that bully-boy on my ship," he said, "I'd spread-eagle him and give him five dozen—oh, no, maybe I wouldn't!" Charles said nothing; he was busy keeping hold of Adeline, and telling himself that one death was much the same as another to a soldier, and that sooner than see Addie in the hands of that greasy Shm he'd jump into the jaws of fifty sharks; only as Addie herself had said, what good was that going to do, and, as he said himself, what good was anything going to do anyhow? It was a bad fix they were in and no mistake. The only thing was to keep one's pecker up, and be ready to take any chance.

Robinson said: "Margaret, I must speak. Margaret, you wouldn't let anything—"

"They will certainly throw that nice Mr. Buzacott to the sharks if I don't," she answered. "Surely that would be murder if I let him—"

"Margaret, as a married woman—it would be a terrible sin if you stood up before that heathen pastor of theirs—because, never, never would I myself—and I can swear—"





Illustrated by
FISCHER

"H E'S back again, Red! I came across his tracks yesterday on the big bend of the Muddy." Dick Carleon's voice was deep and unsteady from excitement. Red McEwan had trapped too long to show surprise at the migrations of any wild animal. Dexterously he went on skinning the marten that lay across his knee, his sharp Swedish knife cutting a little here and there where the pelt was not coming off clean. He spoke without looking up:

"So he's back on his old stamping ground, eh? That's good! You'll be able to catch him, mebbe, and that'll mean a trip back to the old country for you. A silver-cross pelt that's prime is worth a thousand dollars on the Montreal market."

"But he's not on my line now, Red, he's on yours. That's why I came over to sell you."

"Mighty decent of you, Dick. I must admit that I'd like to trap that fox even though the Indians think that he's some very special kind of devil. When he passed through this part of the country two years ago I set trap after trap for him and used every kind of bait I could think of from aniseed down to a mixture of rotten eggs and fish. No use, though. Every time I'd travel the line I'd see his tracks where he'd walked around the traps and sometimes he'd have managed to get at the bait into the bargain. He's clever, that fellow!"

"He'll be hard to catch, no doubt about that."

"But say, if I do get him, I'll split fifty-fifty with you; how's that? I know that you're still crazy to go back to England for a spell."

Carleon laughed a little and picked up a wooden pelt stretcher from the table.

"I don't know about that," he said. "You know now that I'm making the trap-line pay. I'm rather keen on staying out here. Besides that there's the chance that..."

Red grinned. "That she might come out, eh? Well, I hope she does. We need the right kind o' woman out in northern BC."

Stealthily a buckskin-clad figure emerged from the shelter of the trees and walked cautiously towards the old trapper lying so still and quiet a little distance away from the snarling animal caught in the trap.

The old trapper's thoughts flashed to the picture of the lovely girl in evening dress whose silver frame adorned Dick's hewn-log table. Somehow he did not think that she was the type that would ever embark on the struggle of being a trapper's wife in a land of snow. But it wouldn't do for the boy to know what he thought, just when he was making a go of things.

"After all," said Dick, "your cabin would only be eleven miles from ours. Quite near for this country, you know." "Distance means less than nothing. It's the will to cover it that counts above anything else. Seven miles look like a thousand to some people, and a thousand like seven to others. And there is a lot in what the incentive is at the other end of the trip."

"That's right enough, Red. I suppose I'd better be pushing along. You'd want a good night's rest if you're going to leave in the morning to set more traps."

"Yes. I'll work through to the other end of the line and set as I go. Then I'll turn right back from the far cabin if the weather holds good until then. Take me ten days, I guess."

"That'll bring you back here on the twenty-fifth."

"Yes," answered Red, glancing at

the calendar. In the north, trappers whose trap-lines adjoin will keep each other cognizant of their various trips in case of an accident on the lonely snow-covered trail. If Red was not back on the day mentioned, then Dick would harness up his dogs and start off to find him. "Better give me one day's grace, eh?"

"Sure!"

DICK opened the cabin door. The warm air rushed out and met the cold, creating a steam-like mist that hung above the threshold. In the sky the vast curtains of purple, edged with red that were the northern lights, swung across the sky in swift, billowing waves that looked like draperies in some gigantic theatre. All the time they hissed and crackled like a kettle boiling over on a red-hot stove.

"B'long, Dick!"

"Good-bye, Red!"

The young trapper slammed the door shut and made for his snowshoes, standing upright, brightly illuminated against the dim blue of the moonlit snow.

Red halted for a moment on the crest of a firclad hill overlooking the Parsnip River. Pulling out a pipe from

CIRCLE and CHAIN

A long complete story of adventure... greed... and love in the snow country!

By
M. B.
GRANT

sprang forward and bit him swiftly in the ball of his right thumb. Seymour swore loudly, and placing one moccasin-clad foot on the chest of the fox he bore his weight upon it. He stood so until he was certain that he had stifled forever the tiny beating heart and then he lifted up the bundle of beautiful fur and examined it carefully to be sure that he had made no mark that would undermine its market value.

H E sighed with satisfaction when he saw the pelt was flawless, and placed it in a gunny-sack that was fastened to his back with leather thong. He knew that he had the most precious skin that had ever been obtained in the North, and already he was visualising all that the possession of it meant to him. He had long wished to establish a trading-post on the Muddy River, where he could trade with certain Indian tribes and eventually build a carefully hidden still whose liquor would bring him in enormous profits. There was also a blousy white girl in the direction of Port St. Jean whose eyes might turn in his direction if there was enough monetary inducement to lure them that way. For a half-breed, Seymour was ambitious, and the possibilities conjured up by the pelt in his gunny-sack were many and varied.

Without as much as a backward glance at the still form of Red, he turned and plunged through the snow towards where he had left his snowshoes. From across the ice-covered river came the long-drawn-out bay of a hunting wolf pack, while from near at hand sounded the queer "Yip, yip, yip" of the female coyote. The latter noise caused Seymour to lift his head a little.

"Where she is there are more," he said, with satisfaction: "by morning there'll be nothing left of that trapper."

"You say that Chief Dan want much money for his daughter?"

Oota Pierre, of the Port McLeod

By a Girl of 17

"Values"

The warehouse cat has sunned herself
Beside the warehouse wall;
And in a box beside the cat
Five warehouse kittens sprawl.
The motor-trucks are crammed
With sacks
Of foreign merchandise;
Of tea, and silk, and coffee-beans
And sago grains and rice.
The heaviest sacks were woven in
By yellow knotted hands.
That speak of Oriental ways
And breathe of Lotus lands—
But ask the furry warehouse cat
If half a ton of bales,
All bulging big, and round, and fat,
Are worth her kittens' tails.
—Evelyn Webb.

tribe, rose from the floor of her cabin and waddled across the room to where her son sat in gloomy abstraction. A moosehide belt that he had been stuffing with cartridges lay over his knees. His mother stood over him, and spoke again.

"Come, look up at me, my son," she said. "I understand this wish of yours for a wife. Young blood is hot and stands in need of constant cooling, and only a wife can handle that matter well. What is the price the chief is asking?"

Alex Pierre looked up at the huge, ungainly bulk that was his mother, and there was fear in his eyes. From the Fraser River to the Naas she was famed for her knowledge of the deeper things of witchcraft. He had seen her do strange things with the bleached finger-bones of just-dead virgins in the very centre of the cabin floor.

"You mean them no harm?" he asked sullenly. "It is a fair price that he is asking, and Neepawia is worth all of a thousand dollars."

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The DWARF

A romantic modern fairy tale of a princess, an ugly dwarf, and an ogre who was not so bad after all.

BREAK it off, my dear," advised Aunt Helen firmly.

Joan's answering laugh was lighter than her heart. "Because, after a six months' engagement we've had a disagreement?" she protested. "And even that was more in the nature of a minor skirmish than an actual quarrel. Don't be absurd!"

It was five years now since, after the loss of her mother, Joan had come to live at the cozy flat in Lancaster Gate, and the girl had become very dear to her aunt.

"It's not the quarrel I'm bothering about," said the elder woman quietly. "It's that Frank doesn't even begin to play the game. And now that Florence Dubois has come into that income of hers—"

The unfinished sentence was eloquent.

Disconcerting, when for weeks one has battled with a vigorously rejected duchess to have that same preoccupation put bluntly into words. More disconcerting still to find that what in that inner struggle has been so strenuously repudiated is accepted as commonplace fact by an impartial on-looker.

Frank Mills, slim, handsome, debonaire, had captured Joan Travis in a game of competition which would have appalled one even a shade less sure of himself. For Joan was a memsahib of a grace and beauty which attracted men with the same surety as the magnetic north attracts the compass needle.

For some weeks he had been the devoted lover of her dreams—deferent, chivalrous, a king among men. Then, imperceptibly almost, had appeared on the halcyon horizon the tiny cloud, no bigger than a man's hand. Vague criticism where previously had been only appreciation, a change which, because in her relations with men it was as novel, she did not at first resent. But when, with this tacit submission, had come comparison with the somewhat full-blown attractions of Florence Dubois, and not always to the latter's detriment, Joan had felt it time to call a halt, particularly as more than once it had been hinted that lately Frank had been seen at teasheps with Miss Dubois.

The issue had been brought to a head the previous evening by Frank saying that since Florence had come quite unexpectedly into a regular allowance from a wealthy relative she was quite the smartest girl of his acquaintance. Joan, who entirely for his benefit had made an exceptionally careful toilette, had been filled with sudden but violent distaste for this lady and all connected with her, and had had no hesitation in saying so. This had led to such vigorous defence from Frank that eventually Joan had said that if Florence was so perfect it was a pity he troubled to call at Lancaster Gate at all, and so saying had left him.

Now Aunt Helen's voice broke in again, shattering reassurance, which during a sleepless night Joan had succeeded in building.

"And he spends too much time with Florence Dubois," remarked Aunt Helen.

"Not all your kindness to me entitles you to speak in that way," Joan returned icily. "At least you might remember that Frank is my future husband."

For the first time in their long and affectionate association she turned to leave the room without kissing her aunt good-bye. When she reached the door, however, her step was momentarily arrested.

"Why not talk it over with Mr. Fortescue?" Aunt Helen said softly.

Whereupon Joan closed the door with a vigor which amounted almost to a bang.

Talk it over with Fortescue, indeed. Her employer—the celebrated author to whom she was secretary, and whom she had detested from the first day she entered his service. Formal, of impenetrable coldness, and lacking wholly in human sympathy. Not likely.

It was in this mood that she commenced her work.

THE morning was cold and damp. The annoyance caused by Aunt Helen's suggestion and a curious apprehension as to the possible result of her quarrel with Frank provided additional depression. All was for the worst in this worst of all possible worlds.

And then Fortescue came in. Except to bid him the usual formal good morning she did not look up. But even in that brief glance she noticed in his face a curiously direct and personal interest, one she had never seen

there before. What in the world had come over him?

And all that morning she was conscious of something unusual in the atmosphere. Of course, she always knew without looking exactly what he was doing. Nothing new in that. But to-day especially, his ugly face and strong personality seemed to permeate the room. To make matters worse, several times when she felt she could stand no longer, and had to look up it was to find his keen grey eyes fixed on her with an expression she couldn't for the life of her interpret.

"Dictation, Miss Travis," he said abruptly at last—so abruptly that Joan started. And then Fortescue made practically the same observation. Aunt Helen had been guilty of only a couple of hours previously. "Not quite yourself this morning, Miss Travis, are you?" he questioned.

She started again, the comment was so entirely unexpected. "I'm quite all right, thank you," she said at last.

That morning somehow the work didn't go as smoothly as usual. His ideas, generally so ready to hand, seemed difficult to come by. The stream of easy-flowing periods dammed at their source.

THIS halting business went on for some little time. So as not to act as a distraction, Joan kept her eyes rigorously upon her notebook. Then the dictation stopped altogether. With what consternation she could muster she looked up. And again what she saw surprised her. Usually when he dictated, Fortescue sat perfectly motionless his eyes fixed on vacancy. Now they were fixed, and very personally indeed, upon herself. That same look again.

The moment their glances met, however, he sprang to his feet and began to pace backwards and forwards across the room. If at any time there had been sympathy between them Joan would have pointed out that she was not alone in looking not quite herself. As things were, however, she didn't venture.

Distraction came with the arrival of the mid-morning post. Fortescue took the little pile of letters, ran through

The Vagabond's Song

A wonderful song he wrote for me
And set it to music gay;
A beautiful, lifting, lovely thing—
Sweet as the breath of May.
Methought 'twas a part of his very soul
All woven of Love's own dreams—
'Twas tinged with the joy the sunbeams feel
Lifting in laughing streams.
Faithless, vagabond Lover o' mine—
Oh, thou of the merry tune—
'Twas not to you that I lost my heart,
But to your lifting rune.

—UNA GORDON.

them quickly and handed one across to Joan. Glancing at the envelope she recognised Frank's handwriting.

"I don't think I'm quite at my best this morning either, Miss Travis," Fortescue said. "Anyway, I'm going to stop dictating. You can transcribe what we've done."

He turned abruptly, and, without a further glance, went out of the room.

The moment the door closed Joan turned to her letter. Her heart beat faster than usual as she tore open the envelope. This was the first time Frank had written here, and she was vaguely uneasy.

My Dear Joan (she read)—As I think the sooner an unpleasant task is faced the sooner it is finished and forgotten, I'm posting this so that it will reach you before lunch.

For some little time it must have been apparent that my feelings for you have undergone a change. I hardly need say how much I regret the necessity of putting this change into definite terms, but as I am unable to see any chance of mutual happiness in the event of our marriage, I must ask you to consider any understanding between us as definitely at an end.

To make my position entirely clear,

By
L.C.
Douthwaite

I may say further that after I left you last night Florence Dubois did me the honor of consenting to become my wife. With all good wishes for your future happiness, believe me, yours very sincerely,

FRANK MILLS.

Joan's first feeling was one of stark incredulity. It was impossible for this to have happened. To her, Joan Travis, unable to count on the fingers of both hands the men who wanted to marry her. She, to be jilted—yes, jilted—by Frank Mills.

THEN, like a flash, came the recollection of what Aunt Helen had said concerning Florence Dubois having come into a substantial income. The thought was like a blow between the eyes. For with that was revived another and hitherto unacknowledged impression of Frank's love of money. Now that disillusion enabled her to see more clearly, she realised that her evasion had been merely self-defensive. That if she had allowed the thought to take possession it would very quickly have become conviction.

Example after example of his parsimony passed in review through her mind. She remembered, too, how after the first few weeks of their engagement it had seemed a grievance with him that she was without private means. Incredible, now, that she had so blinded herself.

And then everything seemed to go black, and she half-fell forward across her desk. She, Joan Travis, jilted for another and (she thought bitterly), plainer woman—for the sake of a few paltry hundreds a year. She sobbed as never before she had sobbed. And curiously the outburst went a little to restore self-control. Nevertheless the blow was shattering to her pride, her trust, and though to lesser extent, her self-respect.

Fortescue did not come back that day, a fact for which she was grateful. She felt that to appear serene in face of that cold impersonality of his would be beyond her endurance.

A Long Complete Story!

Nor was the ordeal of breaking the news to Aunt Helen so terrible as she anticipated. The older woman, indeed, accepted the information in a spirit of quiet sympathy which only half-concealed a very real relief.

Joan's night was disturbed and miserable; for more than half of the hours when she should have been sleeping she lay acutely awake, searching for something to soothe the irreparable wound to her pride. But no solution came.

AGAIN, to her relief, Fortescue was not there to receive her the next morning. Instead was a handwritten manuscript and a pencilled note:

"Please make fair copy and have ready by to-morrow. I shall not be here to-day."

Grateful for the respite, Joan set to work. To her surprise the manuscript was a humorous short story. Not acidly or cynically so, but full of genuine rollicking fun, which yet contained a sly subtlety that irresistibly appealed to her. Instantly she found herself chuckling at some of the more outrageous paragraphs, and once she had to leave off typing to laugh outright.

And in the very middle of that laugh her eyes fell upon the small revolving book-case at her side, in which were various books of reference to more or less constant use. The laugh was instantaneous arrested.

Apart from the not too expensive



Illustrated by
BOOTHROYD

Joan kept her eyes rigorously upon her notebook. Then the dictation stopped altogether. She looked up, and again what she saw surprised her.

engagement ring which, without a single accompanying line, she had returned the previous day, the only presents Frank ever had given her were flowers—usually carnations.

She had bought a small and inexpensive vase to keep these fresh while she worked, and this occupied the top of the book-case. Often she wondered if her employer noticed the small addition to her surroundings, but he had made no comment.

Now she stared as if hypnotised. For her own vase was gone, superseded by a slim Venetian goblet of almost incredible fragility and beauty, and in this were half a dozen magnificent pink mimosas.

"This, of course," Joan murmured to herself, "is just a dream. I shall wake up in a moment."

Carnations! Coincidence, of course, that Fortescue should have chosen those particular flowers. Or, if not coincidence, he could not have realised their significance.

With the thought came renewal of her misery, and afterwards she could never quite remember how she got through the day. It was in a chaotic frame of mind that she put the cover on her machine and went home at last.

JOAN reached Hill Street at the usual time the following morning, and about ten o'clock heard Fortescue's step in the corridor. Before he came in she had time to school

herself to rather more than her usual indifference, but as the door opened that indifference quickly departed.

As he paused at the threshold it was as though, in an unguarded moment, a screen had momentarily been withdrawn from his face. She read there a curious eagerness, a question, and if the thought had not been so outrageous—almost a hunger.

However, he returned her greeting perfunctorily enough, and going over to his desk began to go through his letters in his usual methodical fashion.

That day she had no time for unhappiness, for never in her experience had he worked with such facility. And as he dictated direct to the typewriter, she found the strain almost more than she could endure, and at the end of the day was too tired for anything but sleep.

The next day two surprises awaited her. First was the presence of fresh carnations on her book-case; the other, a hastily-pencilled note placed on top of the previous day's work.

"Please go through this. Delete all unnecessary sentences; correct literals and loose constructions. Tighten generally, and make fair copy."

She read this in wide-eyed amazement. The thing was incredible. Fortescue practically to rely on her judgement of his work! However, it was up to her to carry out instructions. If she made a mess of it that was his "pigeon."

She found the work intensely in-

teresting, and when it was finished felt that she had not done so badly. Late in the afternoon she had a sandwich and a cup of coffee, and then hurried back to make a fair copy. When, towards seven o'clock, she was putting the cover on the machine it came surprisingly to her that during the whole of that day she had given no single thought to Frank Mills.

That night, again, she slept like a child.

Except for work of more than ordinary importance, from that time forward Fortescue did little of his own revision. Two or three times a week she would find a pile of manuscript on her desk with the same scribbled note of instruction, and on those days she would be left alone.

And then, gradually, he took to discussing his work with her. At first, particularly, Joan was rather tongue-tied, and made suggestions tardily. But after one or two experiences of this kind, Fortescue brusquely put an end to her diffidence. They had been discussing a point of construction and, though she thought she saw where the difficulty lay, she had been too shy, or too much in awe of him, to put her idea into words. Suddenly he stopped dead in the middle of a sentence.

"What do you think, Miss Travis?" he asked sharply, so sharply, in fact, that because she was nervous and perhaps a little over-worked, her eyes filled with sudden and infuriating tears.

"I don't quite know," she faltered.

Whereupon Fortescue leaped out of his chair and, hands in the pockets of his loose-towered coat, began to pace the floor with his usual quick, ungainly stride. "Don't know!" he exclaimed. "Of course you know. If you can put your suggestions into writing you can put 'em into speech." He paused in front of her table, bent over her, glowering. "What's the matter—frightened of me?" he demanded.

"Yes," said Joan, without the least hesitation.

He regarded her with eyes into which had come an expression that never in her wildest moments she had expected to read there—like a child suddenly and unexpectedly slapped for a fault of which it is innocent.

"Good heavens!" he said at last, very quietly. "Good heavens!"

He resumed his pacing, and because there was nothing to say Joan sat waiting for what was to come. Then, almost before she realised it, there he was facing her again.

"Look here," he said, and curiously his voice was as harsh and preceptory as before, "you mustn't be frightened, I mean." Then for an instant his voice dropped until it held a note which most unaccountably thrilled her. "That's the last thing I want." The next moment the door closed behind him.

But from that day she was able to discuss his work without embarrassment. And because he seemed to lay himself out to be better understood, she was able to hold her own on any controversial point which happened to arise. Nor did it matter that at such times he might assume his most autocratic tone, or refuse to act upon her suggestion. They were neither better nor worse friends for that.

Please turn to Page 40

The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Tait,
sketched by Petrov

THE THREE-QUARTER COAT for All OCCASIONS

YOUR WINTER WARDROBE this year is sure to include a three-quarter coat. Such coats have appeared in all the smart French collections. The Duchess of Kent showed her approval by ordering at least six from Captain Molyneux for her trousseau. Because of their smartness and usefulness, they are certain to be popular in Australia.

Three-quarter is loosely applied to coats of various lengths: hip-length, finger-tip, knee, and seven-eighths length. Any of these is suitable for tweed or plain woollen, for morning, sports, or afternoon wear. The "dressy" topcoat with fur collar will be seven-eighths or full-length.

• **BELOW:** Navy-blue wool velour cloth for this tailored seven-eighths coat. The sleeves are rather wide, and the collar stands up. It is worn with a blue skirt and red sweater.

PETROV.

• **ABOVE:** This ensemble shows the Russian influence with its belted waistline. Raspberry-red woollen is used. The collar and cuffs are black moleskin, the narrow skirt is split.

• **RIGHT:** Natural color tweed, checked with dark brown, for this skirt and three-quarter loose coat. A tomato-colored wool jumper is worn with brown velvet gloves, belt, and scarves.

THESE "three-quarter" coats may or may not have fur collars. Some do up to the neck and have Eton or roll collars of some flat fur such as moleskin, astrachan, or cone; some have long, straight collars of fox. The majority are furless. Unless you are tall, a hip-length coat and a big fur collar will make you look too broad. Flat fur lapels are popular.

When there is no fur, the coat may be quite plain around the neck and down the front. You can have wide lapels and a collar. A band of the material quilted as on the green ensemble above is an attractive finish. If the coat is lined in another color, this may turn back and show down the front.

The body part of these coats is varied; some are full, some close-fitting. As a general rule the hip and three-quarter length coats are full, being slightly reminiscent of the "swagger" style from last year. The seven-eighths length coats are tight-fitting, fastening at the waist.

The loose coats obtain their fullness in several ways: they hang straight from the shoulders; they start to flare slightly from the waist; they have a certain

amount of fullness pushed to the centre back and held there by means of a belt. This you can see in the green ensemble referred to before. Coats are fitted to the waist when closed in front, and are then worn open.

Sleeves are simple: They may be wide at the armhole, raglan or ordinary, with and without cuffs.

Shoulders are normal or sloping, never square or built out (unless you have naturally sloping shoulders, and in this case a tailor-made coat can be padded a little, like a man's).

There are belts of every description on all kinds of coats, wide belts of suede, patent, calf, kid, flat fur, cord, rope, have big buckles in leather or metal. On a colored coat the belt will match your

• **YELLOW** mossy woollen for this hip-length loose box-jacket. The skirt beneath is very narrow. The collar and cuffs are navy astrachan.

hat and shoes; on a dark coat it will match the coat or dress.

Colors—these coats will be made in all the new winter woollens in all the forest shades, the greens, browns, navy-blue, black, deep blue, wine and prune color, grey, dark red, off-black, tawny-yellow, henna, deep violet.

To Wear Beneath Coat

Dresses and blouses-and-skirts go beneath these coats. In the latter case the skirt will be of the same fabric as the coat, wool, velveteen, and tweed are smart. The exception is when the coat is plain wool and the skirt a tweed-check, plain, or flecked. The coat will

• **LEAF-GREEN** velveteen for this costume. The coat has a quilted band down the front, and cuffs. A brown belt goes beneath the fullness in back. Brown accessories.

be of one of the colors in the tweed. This plan may be reversed—a tweed coat and a plain skirt.

Dresses may contrast with the coats in color and in fabric. For instance, a navy-blue wool velour seven-eighths coat over a dark red angora dress; an emerald-green velveteen, hip-length loose coat with a brown suede belt over a brown sheer wool dress; a black three-quarter wool coat over a royal-blue jersey-cloth dress; a brown wool coat over a leaf-green velveteen dress; a green coat over a brown dress; a brown coat over a yellow, pale grey, or orange dress; a grey coat over a wine color, a rust, yellow, or tan dress.

Paris Snapshots

SEVERAL Paris dressmakers suggest pale beige coats to be worn over positive colored dresses.

AMONGST the new belts are: Patou's pearl chain belts, Schiaparelli's transparent glass belts, Lanvin's wide gold kid belts.

TWO new colors seen in the Paris collections are mango orange and muscat grape blue.

INTERPRETING . . . the ELEGANCE of WINTER EVENING WEAR



HIGHLIGHTS ... chez Worth!

From Our London Office.

ONE is always sure of a truly Parisienne interpretation of the most modern styles chez Worth, Rue de la Paix. Very modern, and yet very restrained, and essentially chic.

Monsieur Worth likens the new silhouette to the form of a half-open corolla. The moulded bust emerges from the fullness of the skirt, adding a juvenile charm and much feminine grace.

Worth keeps day-frocks longer than the other dressmakers and adds the skirts, or adds pleats at the back to allow of freedom of movement. The long coats which complete the ensembles are also often slit up the back, which is rather attractive when showing a contrasting colored frock.

There is also a new type of jacket which fits close to the waist, and with a slight basque effect which is called a "bag-jacket." It is shown a great deal for evening wear and worn with the long even skirts and elaborate light blouses of beautiful materials.

IN the evening frocks, two features are outstanding. Either the gown is straight in front with a very low-cut neck and the fullness gathered to the back flowing from the waist in supple folds to a full-flared hemline which is almost a train, or else the gown presents the contrast of a moderately open bodice, moulding the bust, and a very ample skirt with an even shirring all round the waist, or sometimes this fullness is mounted over a very short hip-yoke.

These gowns are carried out in many varieties of striped, or checked, or plaid taffetas, and surahs, and other gaily-colored, stiff silks which give a frothy rustle so deliciously feminine. The plaid surahs are an especially important feature, and often made in the first type of evening gown which I have described.



• OVER A SATIN SLIP is the evening frock of midnight-blue sequins. The net foundation is cut on the cross, giving slimming effect. Bands of sequins in reverse position give an effective contrast for outlines of back, neck, and armholes.

—Photographs on this page are by The Australian Women's Weekly fashion photographer.

- A WIDE BOW of lipstick-red gives character to the back of a Chanel blue crepe frock at the left of the page. A plaid effect is achieved by the criss-crossed gold thread. The other model of black net studded with gold squares is most suitable for the ingenue. The extreme fullness from the knees accentuates the moulded hip-line.
- REMINISCENT of the old coaching days is the cape of the flame velvet evening coat. Three wide frills give an interesting line.
- AN EFFECTIVE FRAME to the face is the befrilled collar of ermine which lends distinction to a three-length evening coat of black chiffon velvet.

—Fashions by courtesy of Grace Bros.

For
Coughs
and
Colds

SAFETY
FIRST

For
Coughs and Colds

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BRONCHITIS CURE

Obtains its amazing
results without the
use of any dangerous
drugs or narcotics.

Hearne's Glo-Rub
PREVENTS COLDS
A Vaporizing Rub for 2/-

HEARNE'S
BRONCHITIS CURE

APRIL 12, 1935

—THE EDITOR.

-*Lyric of Life*

Books

You are we indeed who will choose your
friends
From the volumes lining your study
shelves,
For the tales they tell are with wisdom
fraught . . .
You may count your blessings and
know yourselves
Heirs to the greatest heritage of
thought.
All the science, the passions, the laws,
the loves,
And the tranquil peace, the euphony of
words,
Laughter, stolen from the Summer
brooks,
The strength of battles and the flight of
birds,
These are the soul, the very life of
books.

—Phyllis Dineen-Brown.

POINTS OF VIEW

The Author's Trade

Three To Judge

Irresistible—Why?

It is some consolation, after all, to know that almost anyone can be irresistible to somebody.

On View in London

King George, who may have inherited the preference of an older ruler for "Men about me that are fat," should be pleased with this deletion.

"None So Deaf As——"

The person with the best auricular equipment can be the deafest on occasions. There was a Speaker of our House of Representatives, who once sat unmoved when the fiery W. M. Hughes, declaiming in war time against



WATER BABIES!—Life beneath the surface of a crystal pool has an irresistible fascination for young people. The photographer has caught their rapt attention in this charming pose.

Ten Labor men jumped up in protest, but at the Chairman's calm, "I did not hear the remark," could only sit down again.

Our Taste... and London's

There is nothing patriotic, or even helpful about our attitude to our own productions. Witness that graceful, well-written and finely-acted show, "The Cedar Tree," which lasted only a fortnight at Sydney Criterion. Its fault was that it was laid in old Windsor, N.S.W. instead of Japan, or Timbuctoo!

*Wonders Will
Never Cease
But They Soon Cease
To Be Wondered At!*

By ALISON PARISH

is the general cry. But who among us pauses in the midst of the uproar to remember the many marvels we already owe to man's ingenuity?

In fact, most of the wonders being discovered in these enlightened days do not reach the front pages of the newspapers, unless it's in the old home town of the inventor.

Headlines

Even the marvellous Empire broadcast and the King's Christmas message that reached all corners of the earth was not quite the wonder it seemed when it first linked the world three Christmas Eves ago.

Modern Miracles

Television is already making it possible to see events that are happening at the other side of the world at the moment of occurrence, and, according to the trend inventions are

However, adaptability is man's greatest virtue. After all, a people that has progressed from ankle-to-elbow bathing "gowns"—with, if not all the dignity, at least all the material that the word implies—to backless swim suits, will not find the new mind reader wonderful for long.



ABOUT Being a POSTMASTER

Martinet Lower Maintains the Grand Traditions

By L. W. LOWER, Australia's Foremost Humorist. Illustrated by WEP.

I shall always look back pleasantly on the time when I was a postmaster. I had got so sick and tired of being told, "Good Lord! Here's the letter I gave you to post three weeks ago. Still in your pocket! What the hell..." etc. So when they told me that I had been appointed postmaster of the Boonoogal post office I bounded with joy. Or my joy knew no bounds. I forget now.

I'd have made a great success of it only for Wep, who was assistant postmaster. He insisted on opening all the registered letters and reading the post-cards out loud. It's boring when you've read them all before. It took me weeks to get him into the way of the business.

I ACTUALLY saw a man writing a telegram with the greatest of ease with one of the office pens.

I said to Wep, "Did he write with that pen?"

"Yes," said Wep. "Go and break the point off it immediately!" I shouted. "Who ever heard of a post office pen that would write! You're letting the service down. Don't let it occur again."

That was his first lesson. Another time I asked him, "Who's that fellow with the haggard-looking face who's been hanging about all the afternoon?"

"He wants to buy a stamp," explained Wep.

"How long has he waited?" I asked.

"An hour and a half," said Wep.

"His time's not up yet, he has another half hour to go," I told him. "Always be careful to preserve the immortal traditions of the service."

That was another lesson he learned.

Phony Phone Books

Then there was the messenger-boy. I happened to observe him through the window as he got off his bike and carefully propped it up against the kerb. I dashed out in a furious rage.

"What the devil do you mean,

boy!" I exclaimed. "Handling a post office bicycle like that!"

He did a bit of qualling.

"Come! Come!" I said in kinder tones, "when you dismount from a bicycle belonging to the Postal Department, the correct thing to do is to just swing one leg off it and hurl it into the gutter, like this . . . CRASH! . . . you watch the other boys. You'll soon learn."

Then I hurried back into the office (I was very active in those days) and went out the back to where Wep was steaming the registered letters open.

"Any luck?" I asked.

"About three pounds ten, so far," he replied, "but just listen to this: 'My Darling, every hour seems a day without you. Come back to me. I have written to you so many times and you have never answered. I write this with my heart's blood. Come back, darling.—Alfred.'"

"Tear it up," I said. "It'll only get the poor cow into trouble."

"There's a couple of good post cards you ought to read," said Wep.

"Did you tear every alternate leaf out of the telephone-book as per what I told you to do about two hours ago?" I asked coldly.

He scuttled off to his duties. I wasn't going to have him butting in on my blackmail. He got sufficient rake-off by making old and innocent ladies pay sales tax on the postal notes.

We were always very courteous and considerate, like all the other post offices you've ever been in, but I think we reached our peak when a woman who had wired home for money kept calling in for the reply. We had the reply



Lower reads the boys a few love letters.

all right, but if we had given it to her straight away what fools we would have looked! Probably get a complaint from the head office as well. And, besides, I was working out a crossword at the time.

I got Wep to type out a reply for her. It was a beaut.

It went over so well that we went into the thing on a big scale. Perhaps we overdid it, but, anyhow, an inspector of the Postal Department came up to Boonoogal and threw us both over the counter, through the door, over

the footpath, and into the roadway.

So we resigned. But there's one thing that sticks by me. I've got a bunch of letters in my pocket that HAVE been posted.

P.S.—Men are better cooks than women.

(I hope you'll overlook that last bit which seems rather irrelevant, but I've been having a discussion with my wife for a week about savories, and this is the only place where she can't answer back.)



(Made in Australia)

Save time and work with this handy Cake!

For 50 years, Bon Ami Cake has been saving cleaning time, all over the world. And today, it is more popular than ever. Simply because it cleans so quickly . . . so easily . . . and yet so thoroughly.

Women like the handy shape of the Cake and its economy—the way it lasts and lasts and lasts! They like, too, the fact that Bon Ami doesn't scratch but leaves everything nicely polished.

Buy a Cake of Bon Ami. See for yourself how much better and quicker it cleans!

BON AMI

... polishes as it cleans
... "hasn't scratched yet"

Relief for Constipation

"What is the use of taking purgatives and so forth when what you really need is something that will give permanent relief for constipation?"

"If you take steps to ensure that your diet contains the necessary amount of roughage to stimulate the bowels naturally, you'll soon notice a wonderful difference. No more sick headaches! Sanitarium San-Bran is a most valuable source of roughage."

"It's expertly cooked and appetisingly flavoured; you'll like its taste. You don't need much of it—just two tablespoonsful added to the breakfast cereal every morning is usually enough to keep the bowels regular."

"Best of all, San-Bran has no harmful after-effects. Yes, you can get San-Bran from any grocer."***



Five per Cent
is the MAXIMUM OVERDRAFT RATE!

The rate of interest now charged on overdrafts by the Bank of New South Wales does not exceed 5% per annum.

This is the lowest maximum rate in the 118 years' history of the Bank.

Producers, Manufacturers and others who can profitably use money to extend their activities are invited to discuss their financial problems with the Manager of any of the Bank's 725 branches.

Bank of New South Wales

(ESTABLISHED 1817)

The Oldest and Largest Bank
in Australasia

125C, 1935.



SPRING TO IT THIS EASTER

YOU'VE just nice time to get thoroughly fit and well for the coming holidays.

To-night, and for a few nights, take a couple of Bile Beans, which will gently cleanse you inside just as a bath washes you clean outside.

With the help of Bile Beans, your Easter Holiday will do you twice as much good. Keep on with the nightly dose, and know the real joy of living.

BILE BEANS

for "Holiday Health" all the time

Sold Everywhere—All Chemists & Stores

FALSE Colors

COMPLETE SHORT
STORY By ...
VIVIENNE CROFT



LIKE and tall, with the easy grace of some superb animal. Curved mouth. Tawny eyes, with an odd, half-secret smile in their brilliant depths. Thick, dark hair, waving crisply across a splendidly modelled head. Devastatingly handsome—Maurice Le-

maire, of Paris.

Slender and ethereal. A study in white and rose and gold. Lips made for kisses. Eyes in which the stars seemed to have drowned themselves. Gloriously young, incredibly lovely—Diana Wayne, of London.

Across the space between them the glances of those two met... and held. And into the softly-lit, perfume-charged place, treading on wifely, timorous feet, came Romance, so that the heart of the girl beat the faster, the pulses of the man throbbed madly. And because he loved all things beautiful, he smiled; and because she was young and adventurous, she returned that smile.

Stark reality—in the guise of Pierre Delacroix, patron of La Vanite, most exclusive of all Parisian night clubs, misted Romance. He stood just behind Maurice and snarled:

"So! You dream when there is work to be done! The English miss who sits alone—she look at you; she want to dance! And what do you do? Stare at her like a moon-struck calf! Mon dieu! Have you no wits left? She is rich, that one, behold her jewels, her clothes!"

Maurice turned reluctantly away from the eyes that lured, and stared mutely into Delacroix's fat white face.

"You hear me?" Delacroix babbled. "Not another moment shall you waste. Not a moment! And"—his voice lowered to a sibilant whisper—"you will coax her to buy champagne—the best. You understand?"

Maurice longed to plant his fist fairly and squarely in the centre of Delacroix's vast expanse of white waistcoat. Instead he said quietly:

"I understand."

"Then hurry," snapped Delacroix. "I do not retain you as a decoration, but to earn your keep."

Maurice straightened himself with a deliberate lameness. There was something pitiful in the movement. It conveyed the impression that while he admitted himself to be the slave of this fat slug of a man, he resented and loathed his bondage. He looked deep into Delacroix's small, close-set eyes.

"No one is more aware of that fact than myself," he said curtly.

He bowed ironically, and before his irate and obese patron could draw his next breath he had elbowed his way across the crowded dance floor and was standing by the table at which sat the study in white and rose and gold.

Blue eyes looked up at him questioningly. They were brighter, he thought, than the stars. A man could lose himself in their depths and count himself well lost.

The magic of his smile flashed out. "Would mademoiselle care to dance?" he asked.

The blood rose slowly from the girl's white throat to her brow.

"I should," she said.

They danced.

With the perfume of her hair drifting across his nostrils, with the warmth and palpitant realness of her held close against him, Maurice thought wildly: "She's wonderful... The most wonderful girl in the world... The girl I've been waiting for all my life..."

A voice within him mocked at him: "You fool... She is as far beyond you as the stars."

And the girl thought: "I could go on dancing with him for ever. He's the most marvellous man I've ever met. Diana, you little idiot, have you fallen in love at first sight?"

From his corner behind the band Monsieur Delacroix watched the pair glistening. Of a certainty, he was a handsome one, that Maurice. An aristo, too, if he knew anything about it. And how the women fell for him. Already the rich English miss looked ready to eat out of his hand.

THE music throbbed to silence at last, and Maurice led his partner back to her table and seated himself opposite to her. Delacroix, with a smirk on his oily countenance, turned to the negro conductor of the band: "You will play next 'Give to Me Only.'"

He chuckled throatily. Monsieur Pierre Delacroix prided himself on being an astute business man.

For Maurice, La Vanite had ceased to be. He was lost in a world of whirling enchantment. He was with the most beautiful girl on earth. For the moment he wanted nothing more of life.

And studying him, noting the strength of his clenched hand lying on the table, realising to the full his amazing good looks, the heart of Diana flashed to flame.

"You dance a great deal, I suppose," she murmured.

Maurice smiled. The smile was a little crooked.

"Quite a lot," he admitted, just too carelessly. Then, as though anxious to change the subject: "May I suggest some champagne? They have here a few bottles of 20 Roederer left."

Diana hesitated, and then said: "You know better than I."

A lifted finger, and a waiter hurried forward. Maurice looked at him.

"We can have some of the 20 Roederer, can't we, Antoine?" The tone implied that a great favor was asked.

"But certainly, monsieur." Antoine was correspondingly serious. Diana gathered the champagne was very precious and not lightly to be sold to any chance client. Therefore it would be expensive, and she did not want this handsome man to spend too much money. All champagne tasted alike to her.

Antoine brought the bottle with some ceremony. Maurice watched him wearily. It had all been done so often before. This fuss over a limited supply of champagne and the inevitably heavy bill at the end, including his commission. And before... it had not seemed to matter so much. With these other women—painted, jewelled, striving pitifully to recapture their lost youth, it had been easy to play his part, but... this girl...

He knew suddenly that he was desperately tired of his life.

The champagne was drunk, slowly,

between dances. Maurice did not seem in a hurry to order more. He did not see the meaning messages from the eyes of Monsieur Delacroix, standing like a watchful vulture in a doorway across the crowded room. He did not even notice Antoine when he shuffled forward and filled their glasses and then held up the empty bottle. He was smiling into the velvet eyes that smiled into his across the table and the bubbling gold in the glasses... smiling and forgetting...

Antoine upturned the bottle, stuck it neck downwards into the ice bucket with a definite movement of resignation, and said: "Perhaps you would like your bill?"

And still they did not look at him. Maurice was saying:

"You dance like a fairy, made-moiselle. For me, at least, the hours have been all too short."

Please turn to Page 30

Acts on Skin LIKE WATER ON A PARCHED PLANT!



There are five facial points "where Age begins". These are the forehead, nose, chin, throat and round the eyes. To counter-act ageing influences upon these vital centres, Kathleen Court offers a remarkable Atstringent Skin Tonic. It combats face lines, tightens and restores the tissues about the eyes, throat and chin; closes coarse pores (so troublesome near the nose); ends skin stains, redness, blackheads and "oily skin"; and, generally, removes the mockery of an old face on shoulders still youthful. Ask your chemist or store to-day for a bottle of Kathleen Court's Atstringent Skin Tonic. The cost is only 3/-, refundable if the Skin Tonic does not, in your own case, do what is promised. You incur no risk...

Ask for KATHLEEN COURT'S
ASTRINGENT SKIN TONIC

ASTONISHING RESULTS

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(Dr. Neubauer's Genuine German Remedy).
Mrs. Green, Bullerist, says: "For years I suffered from

BLOOD PRESSURE

I had to hold on to my bed to save myself from falling—I dared not go into the street for fear of collapsing. After a course of this Wonderful Remedy (as I call it now), I can get out of bed without fear of falling over and go anywhere in town by myself. If you suffer from Depression, Giddiness, Pains in the Head, Irritability, Lack of Energy, Unsteadiness in Walking, Loss of Hearing, Hot Flashes, Exhaustion, Failing Memory, etc., etc., take BLOOD PRESSURE. Be on the safe side with the only safe remedy—

ARTERIO TABLETS

Price: 12/-, 5 weeks; 25/-, 10 weeks (full course); trial supply, 4/6. Obtainable all leading Chemists or direct from C. WINTER, 43 WELLINGTON STREET, KEW, N.S.W. VICTORIA 4-4-4

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From £4/19/6

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428 George Street, Dymock's Buildings,
SYDNEY.

THE NEW, HOME METHOD OF FACE MASSAGE



Stimulate the circulation and invigorate the skin by patting... the most modern method of massage. It eliminates flabbiness... strengthens and makes firm the facial muscles... removes wrinkles and double chin. This simple treatment is easily applied at home, with the "MARIE GRAYSON" Face Patter. A few minutes a day is all you need. Send for a 2/6 Grayson Patter... complete with full instructions and diagrams. It does all the work of Patters generally priced at 17/6. Use it, too, for patting-in your face cream.

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BAHNS are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear, to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 3d sent for postage to Depart. "A", Mrs. Clifford, 49 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne. Established 34 years. 11-11-34

Is Defective Sight Spoiling Your Bridge?

You may be placed in this embarrassing position because of defective sight, and you are probably spoiling your game and that of your friends in consequence.

Then, how often after an otherwise enjoyable game your eyes are tired, and you end up with a distressing headache. If you play golf or tennis your game will be affected because you cannot see the ball properly.

Consult an optometrist. He is registered by the Government and trained to correct all errors of vision. Until you have experienced the eye comfort which the optometrist can give you, you do not know how many of the joys of life you are missing.

For your eyes' sake, consult an optometrist once a year.

Inserted by the Eyesight Preservation Council.

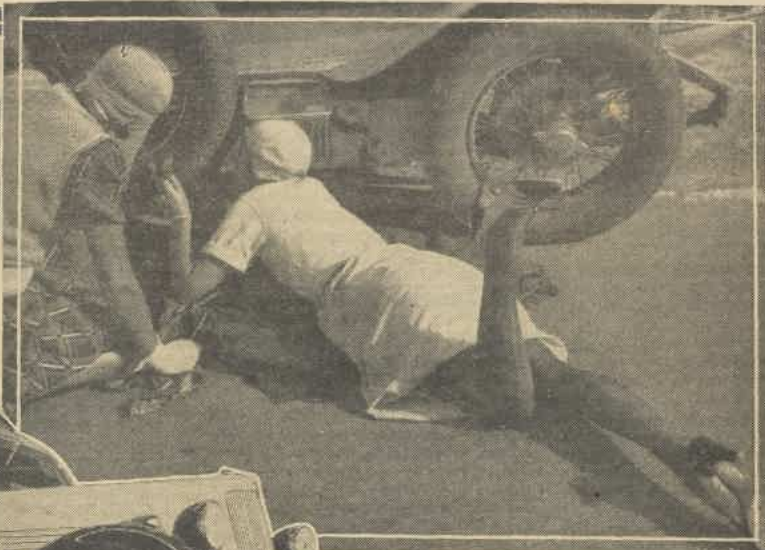
Note the reposeful comfort of the very latest in rimless eyewear. Suppose this woman needing glasses had refrained from wearing them, her face would have been strained, taut, and tired-looking.



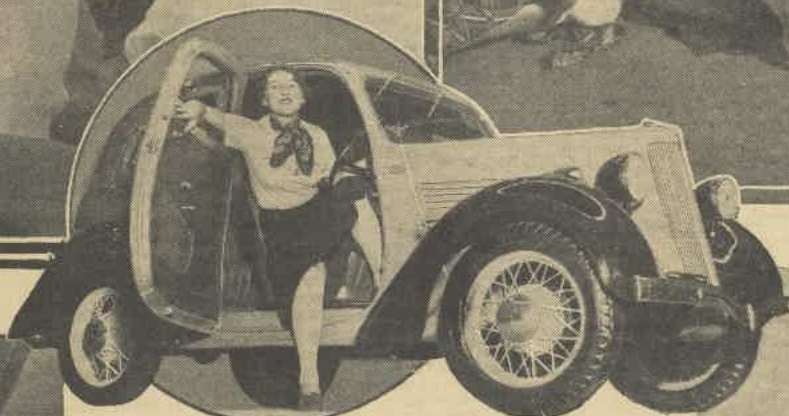
Some Sidelights on the Woman Motorist



THE DRIVING LESSON—a snap from Melbourne, where a special street is provided for beginners.



TROUBLE ON THE ROAD—the modern girl motorist doesn't wait for a man to come along.



A CHARMING DRIVER alights from a new Ford De-Luxe, recently exhibited at a motor show.



UNUSUAL view of a young woman motorist. She is also an expert mechanic, and can fix anything on her car, even if it does mean lying on her back on the ground and getting grease on her face.

RIGHT: To most married women the main charm of running a car is the delight of being able to take the kiddies out for a trip.



A Modern Atalanta

EVEN the speed track has been invaded by the woman motorist. Here's one fixing her hair before a 70-mile-an-hour spin.



DO YOU RECOGNISE this scene? It has become almost as nationally Australian as the native bear and the kangaroos. Sight-seeing in Australia by car offers many tempting rewards, as this fine Tourist Bureau study suggests.



END OF A PERFECT DRIVE—a rest and a smoke in the setting sun after a hard day's driving. THIS AUTUMN WEATHER is just right for that motor tour in the country, when you drive for days far away from everyone to new places.

Housewives Competition Draws Record Entries

Over 100 prizes offered for facts about tea drinking

IN the last issue of The Australian Women's Weekly, the first announcement was made of a new competition. Housewives were asked to write a short letter on the use of tea in their homes, and Australian Women's Weekly readers are to be heartily congratulated on the replies which have been received.

The habit of tea-drinking is one which we have come to accept automatically, and as a rule when individuals are questioned as to their reasons for favouring tea as a beverage, it has been difficult to secure answers which bring a useful light to bear on the whole situation.

In view of this, the remarkably clear statements submitted by readers of The Australian Women's Weekly are more than ever a source of gratification.

We know that Australian housewives buy, on the average, sufficient tea to represent a consumption of about 6½ lbs. per head of the population of Australia per annum. We know that tea is made in various ways and served at various times, from early morning until late at night. What we do not know is at what hour of the day, or night, it is most popular. We do not know what is the outstanding reason for its consumption, nor do we know, for certain, in what form it is most commonly favoured.

As this is a matter certain to be of much interest to woman readers, The Australian Women's Weekly will receive entries, adjudicate, and distribute the specified prizes in the following fascinating competition.

- (1) Who drinks tea in your home?
- (2) When do they drink tea?
- (3) Why do they drink tea?
- (4) In what form is it most popular?

Answers should be clearly written, on one side of the paper only, and the maximum number of words in answer to each question will be 100. A lesser number of words may be used, of course, but in no case should 100 be exceeded.

Prizes will be:

- 1st £3/3/-
2nd £2/2/-
3rd £1/1/-

100 Consolation Prizes

One hundred attractive and useful consolation prizes will be given to those who, while missing the bigger prizes, submit essays which have merit.

All entries must be in our hands not later than April 24. Names and addresses of entrants should be attached to essays and the envelopes should be addressed to The Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, 321 Pitt Street, Sydney, and endorsed "Tea Competition."

This is a competition which should be of interest to every housewife. The purchase of tea in her household is a regular and important matter, and we feel that such a competition as this will teach the housewife something of value about tea itself, in that it will reawaken her interest in tea quality and present to her mind a very clear picture regarding the taste and habits of the members of her household, for whom she prepares it.***

NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY JEAN WILLIAMSON

Dora Birtles Tells of Life on the "Gullmarn"

Disproving the old adage that "there is nothing new under the sun," a recent Jonathan Cape publication, "North-West by North," by Dora Birtles, an Australian, not only tells the story of a trip such as few women can have taken, much less written about, but also provides a splendid study of five people, male and female, cooped together in circumstances that allowed very little privacy and no chance of escape.

MANY readers will remember the photographs and stories that appeared in Australian newspapers early in 1932 featuring the Gullmarn, a thirty-four foot cutter in which six people, three men and three women, intended sailing to England.

Actually, from Brisbane on, the crew was reduced to five—one married couple, two women, and the navigator, a man. The Gullmarn, after a voyage of eight months, reached Singapore. There the trip ended.

"North-west By North" is the story of that eight months—a tale, not only of hardships endured, people encountered, and places visited, but, more important, a fine record of the emotional reactions of those who made the voyage.

The five thousand miles covered by this small boat led from Newcastle to Brisbane, and thence along the Barrier Reef and its islands to Thursday Island and Cape York. From there, the course lay to Merauke, the Aru Islands, the Spice Islands, and then to Ambou and Macassar. The final stage was from Macassar to Singapore.

These names alone are enough to evoke the flavor and color of a section of the earth that has not yet been wholly tamed, and of ports which have the romantic history of centuries behind them. In her book, Mrs. Birtles does them no injustice; the gushing rhaps-

odies to be found in the usual travel book are conspicuously absent in "North-west By North," but in their place are descriptions that carry conviction by their restraint and by the warm, intimate quality of the writing.

Indeed, the writing is one of the major features of this work. It would be difficult to open the book without coming upon some paragraph or sentence or even a phrase to catch the eye and set the imagination racing. The style is close-knit, kept well in hand; there is no looseness in construction or clumsiness either in the choice of a word or the balance of a sentence.

It is a tribute to Dora Birtles' sense of humor that, viewing in retrospect a trip that was apparently abounding in emotional cross-currents, misunderstandings, and inevitable upheavals, she can view herself and her fellow-adventurers objectively and write of them, nearly always, easily and with a sense of fun. In regard to the relationship between those on board, only a confirmed optimist could have hoped for amicable relations to reign for the duration of the voyage.

These would not be upset by the physical dangers—storms, reefs, the failure of provisions between Macassar and Singapore. But the cramped quarters, enlarging beyond all proportions differences of temperament, continual financial worries, at times insufficient and poor food, these alone would have been sufficient to set up friction. Add to them the unnatural circumstances of two normal women in the continual company of a not unattractive male, all three being aware, at the same time, of their married fellow-voyagers and the result can only be a situation far from happy.

Mrs. Birtles has described this somewhat unique grouping of people fully, and so far as any member of it could do, fairly. It is an intensely-interesting study, relieved, as has been said, by fine descriptive writing, humor, and pictures of out-of-the-way places and people.

If he could only do it, a story of the same trip by the second man aboard, the navigator, would make good reading.

"North-west By North." By Dora Birtles. (Jonathan Cape. Our copy, The Roycroft Bookshop.)



MRS. BIRTLES with her first fish, caught off Middle Island, in the Percy Group.

THE Savoy STORIES...

WITH the promise of a season of Gilbert and Sullivan opera in Australia later in the year, Miss Evelyn Gatliff's book comes at an opportune time, and one is glad that this young writer, whom the publishers say is still in her teens, has been inspired to tell again the story of the Savoy operas.

Shorn of Gilbert's witty libretti, delightful songs and paradoxical situations and lacking the lilting melodies of Sir Arthur Sullivan, the stories themselves are very slight, but that, as Gilbert remarks in "Huddigore," "really doesn't matter, matter, matter." The book should be particularly useful to those of the younger generation who have yet to take their Gilbert and Sullivan as an essential part of a liberal education.

There are some delightful decorative chapter headings by a young artist, Wolfgang Cardamatis, who is also stated to be "yet in his teens." He is the son of Dr. Raoul Cardamatis, and is considered to be one of the most promising art students in Australia to-day. He was recently asked to submit stage settings for the Berlin State Opera House. Miss Gatliff, whose home is in Mosman, Sydney, has been interested in the drama since her school-days. "The Savoy Stories." Evelyn Gatliff. (P. R. Stephensen, 5/-)

SHORT... REVIEWS

"ANIMAL STORIES." Manfred Kyber. The somewhat unattractive titles of this delightful collection of stories—"Amorous Animals" and "New Animal Stories"—do not do justice to the contents of these two books.

Reminiscent in part of "Aesop's Fables" and Kipling's "Jungle Books," inasmuch as each story "points a moral and adorns a tale," they have a fascinating simplicity all their own. There are some 45 of them altogether, although each volume is complete in itself. It would be difficult to speak of the merits of any one tale, but "The Patented Crocodile," the first of all, is sufficiently good to whet the appetite for the rest of the book.

The books have been translated by Olive Fishwick from the original of Manfred Kyber. A charming collection of stories which will appeal to young and old.

(John Bale, Sons, and Danielsson.)

"THE GREAT CONSPIRACY." Andrew Sontar. "Kharduni," the elusive personage who is the hero of the book, "The Great Conspiracy," makes friends with his readers right from the outset of the plot. His exploits are followed with fascination, and his efforts to unravel one of the most intricate mysteries of his career provide thrills and speculation. Amazing adventures are undergone in London and Russia, and the advent of a beautiful, mysterious woman into the story adds to its charm.

The reader's interest is well sustained, and the love element keeps one guessing as to what the outcome of the adventures will be. (Hutchinson. Our copy, Swains.)

"THE PUZZLE OF THE SILVER PERSIAN." Stuart Palmer. In this, his latest novel, the author recounts further exploits of Hildegard Withers, spinster, school teacher, and detective, a character who is already a great favorite. Twelve passengers journey from America to London, on board the American Diplomat. One of their number, Rosemary Fraser, suddenly vanishes, and Peter Noel, the young bar steward, is about to be arrested on a charge of murder, when he falls to the floor, dead. Four other passengers are also mysteriously murdered. Finally, Miss Hildegard Withers, with Inspector Cannon, of Scotland Yard, and aided by "Tobermory," the pet cat of one of the murdered passengers, is able to bring the guilty party to justice. (Collins Sons and Co.)



Your Worst Enemy CONSTIPATION

CONSTIPATION is a continuous menace to public health. It prevents the elimination of poisonous waste matter—allows impurities to enter the blood stream and lowers resistance to disease. Constipation brings bad health. To obtain relief from constipation, without resorting to harsh purgatives, take NYAL FIGSEN.

FIGSEN is a natural, pleasant laxative which quickly relieves constipation without any unpleasant after-effects. FIGSEN does not purge or gripe, and will not form a habit. For adults or children, NYAL FIGSEN is the perfect laxative. A tin of 24 tablets costs only 1/3 from your chemist.

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Some NEW LAUGHS

Conducted by
L. W. LOWER

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen.
When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



"What does 'neat' mean?"
"Without soda!"



Insurance Agent: Is there any insanity in your family,
Madam?
Madam: Yes, my husband thinks he's boss!



He: The dentist told me that I had a large cavity that needed filling.
She: Did he recommend any special course of study?



"Hoy! Where do you think you're goin'?"



SHE: Oh, Harold, you Englishmen are so slow.
HE: Er—I'm afraid I don't grasp you.
SHE: That's just it.

Models 45 and 70 now 4/11

So popular have Kestos Brassieres become, and so great the sales, particularly Models 45 and 70, that a reduction of a shilling in the price has been made possible. They are now 4/11 instead of 5/11. These, and other models, are available in dainty shades and in a variety of lovely materials.

Model 65: A dainty Brassiere of Cotton Crepe, in White, Tealose, Black, Nil, Lemon and Blue. Sizes 30 in. to 40 in. Price: 3/11

Model 45: An exquisite Brassiere of Ruffled Rayon in Tealose, White, Black, Lemon, Nil and Blue. Sizes 30 in. to 40 in. Price: 4/11

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Kestos Brassiere Co.,
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Brainwaves

Prize of 2/6 paid for each joke used.

"REMEMBER, my son, that beauty is only skin deep," warned the sage. "That's deep enough for me," replied the young man, "I'm no cannibal."

POLITE strap-hanger on tram to a young lady who had been standing on his toes for some time. "I'm sorry, madam, but you'll have to get off here. This is as far as I go."

"WHO introduced you to your husband?"
"Just met casually at the beach. Nobody's really to blame."

JOE: Why do we call "English" the mother tongue?
Jim: Because mother never gives father a chance to use it.

EXPLORER (telling adventures): Once I was surrounded by fierce natives. Friend: What did you do?
Explorer: I stared at them until I was black in the face, and they mistook me for one of their own tribe.

TEACHER: What is the meaning of the word matrimony, Robert?
Robert: Please, Miss, my father says it isn't a word, it's a sentence.



Now the Boy Friend's eyes will shine when you appear with lips, moiré, vivid—adorned alluringly with the new Kathleen Court Midget Lipstick! A gorgeous light shade, a glamorous dove shade and the cute, thrilling new Orange-Champagne that turns to your own special red within a few seconds of application. Only 1/6d. of all smart toilet goods counters.

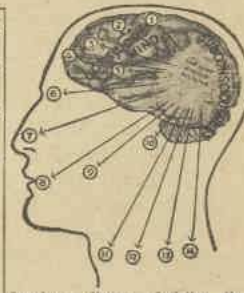
Kathleen Court

FEAR and COMPLEX INFERIORITY eradicated for ever



The Principal and Author, The man who has revolutionised hundreds of neurotic cases.

- 1 Self-consciousness
- 2 Nervousness
- 3 Unsteadiness
- 4 Depression
- 5 Worry
- 6 Sleeplessness
- 7 Weakness of Will
- 8 Indecision
- 9 Perceptiveness
- 10 Lack of Concentration
- 11 Unsteady gaze
- 12 Shifting eyes
- 13 Nervous catarrh
- 14 Stuttering
- 15 Dry mouth
- 16 Blushing
- 17 Word obsessions
- 18 Hot hands
- 19 Trembling limbs
- 20 Neurasthenia
- 21 Nerve Pains
- 22 Indigestion
- 23 Stomach troubles
- 24 Physical lethargy



Imaginary diagram depicting the effect of the sub-conscious mind on the personality and bodily structure.

An Inferiority Complex is a disturbance in the Sub-conscious Mind which manifests itself in fear—or worry—in depression and a sense of futility—in lassitude and lack of enterprise—in weakness of will and indecision—in stammering, blushing and nervous mannerisms—in forgetfulness and lack of concentration. These are symptoms of "something wrong" within your personality which you can not put right—the effect of conflicting forces within yourself or the result of some unusual experience or some destructive influence during your personality development.

NOW, MEN AND WOMEN CAN ATTAIN THE ACME OF HEALTH, SUCCESS AND HAPPINESS THROUGH THIS REMARKABLE NEW BOOK.

"There is a limitless reproducing and ever increasing force within every human, the power of which will completely alter the character, develop a striking personality, break the shackles of mediocrity and enable men and women to step out into the world and get what they want." This statement may seem revolutionary, but nevertheless proven by those who have tried and actually got what they wanted. 5000 men and women are invited to send for a FREE copy of this amazing new book and test this remarkable method. It is only necessary to send your name and address. MAIL THIS FREE BOOK COUPON NOW!!

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Please send me FREE your big new book, "NERVE FORCE." I am enclosing stamp for postage.
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We have now established a Medical Eye Service, at a moderate fee, by an Oculist, late of Moorefields Eye Hospital, London.

This service will meet the needs of those whose eyes require medical treatment, and who dislike going to a public hospital and cannot afford the private fees now charged.

Parents with children whose eyes need medical attention, will welcome this service, which eliminates the long, tedious waiting before being attended to in the already overcrowded public hospitals.

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(3 Doors from George St.) SYDNEY, and at Newcastle

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378 PITT STREET
(Opp. Anthony Hordern)

"If thou faint in the day of adversity thy strength is small.—Book of Proverbs."

Sent in by M.G.H., Kogarah, N.S.W.

"To have what we want is riches, but to be able to do without is power.—George MacDonald."

"THERE is no duty we so much under-rate as the duty of being happy.—R. L. Stevenson."

Sent in by A.O., Glen Iris, Vic.

"HOST HOLBROOK says: My Anchovy Paste is made from Italian Gorgonzola Anchovies. It makes delicious sandwiches and savories. 3/6 a tin."

WOMEN of the WORLD at WORK!

Wide Range of Professions

In Many Countries

By ALTHEA WALLACE

Every year since the early nineteen hundreds has seen some advance for feminists in some quarter of the globe alongside more or less serious setbacks to their cause.

But, on the whole, in the short space of about twenty years, feminism has made more rapid strides throughout all countries than in the centuries before.

A PART from the legal rights of women, and their position in regard to certain human relationships, this can be seen nowhere so clearly as in their universal right to work—and, not only to work, but to work at almost anything they like.

Yet woman's right to work presents some strange anomalies. England, which was one of the leaders in woman's

movement for emancipation, is like modern Germany in preventing women from entering the diplomatic service. Turkey, on the other hand, already boasts a woman Minister of Hygiene, women professors, barristers, and army dentists—by no means common, even in Australia.

In Russia engineering is one of the most popular of careers for women. France, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, and Belgium likewise run to engineering women. But in Australia they are rare, indeed, and even last year a woman was excluded from the Engineering Faculty at Sydney University on the ground that she could not prove she would be employed by any firm. Yet 10 years ago the "Women Engineer" reported that weight-lifting tests in England showed the physique of male young persons to be inferior to that of female young persons.

WHEN it was announced that Maude Royden was to preach in Adelaide Cathedral some years ago a certain canon wrote a strong letter of protest to the bishop. Yet women have preached from the pulpit in various Australian established churches without rebuke, although they are not yet allowed to be ordained in the Church of England, as they are in certain other denominations.

WOMEN teachers have been the cause of wordy battles for years. In 1925, in Switzerland, debates upon the subject of married women teachers were as intense as they are in Australia to-day. Yet in 1925, Mrs. Lindbergh, mother of the famous aviator, sailed to Turkey to become Professor of Chemistry, and in France to-day there is usually no restriction on a woman teacher marrying and continuing with her job.

In Australia we have other women than teachers who automatically lose their jobs on marriage. Just before Christmas one of the most efficient statisticians at the Commonwealth Bank married, and she at once, whether she liked it or not, lost her job.

The reason given is that what a husband chatters to his wife is not thought to be important, but a woman in a bank might have a husband in business and chatter into his ears might cause trouble.

Big Jobs in U.S.A.

"MORE women in big jobs, fewer in less important posts," is the finding of a recent statistical survey in America. The Secretary of Labor, Minister to Denmark and Director of the Mint are all women in U.S.A. Likewise Russia is becoming the happy hunting ground of women with wide and ambitious visions. A little verse there says:

"Like it or not, I do not care,
Your wife's no addlepate;
Lay finger on me if you dare,
And I'll be a delegate."

This refers to the fact that even judges now include women in their ranks. Women doctors in Japan number in the region of two thousand, and in China more women are being employed in public posts, and are even sent to England by the Chinese Republic to study for the higher public positions.

Until a few years ago, Syrian women were unable to be treated by a doctor, for by law they were prohibited from receiving medical treatment from a man. But now Syria, like the rest of the world, has opened the professions to its women, and they have responded to their chance.

WE have had women M.P.'s for a long time in England, even if there was once a furor because Lady Astor wore a red dress in the House. And now, even little Estonia has had a woman in her Parliament, while Madame Sarikint Naidu, co-worker with Gandhi, and a leading Indian exponent of feminine freedom, has been Mayor of Bombay.

The Press is one of the few professions in which women get equal pay with men. And this is so not only in Australia, but in Mexico, where the printing press was first introduced into the western hemisphere.

It was through a Russian woman journalist that the Queen of Afghanistan gave her first interview to the world.

In England last year there was an increase of 124 per cent. in women surgeons, physicians, and medical practitioners, and in Australia women doctors, whether for human beings or animals, are quickly growing more and more.

PROOF—positive and impartial!

that BOURN-VITA is better for digestion, sleep and energy

RESULT OF TEST

DIASTATIC POWER OF
BOURN-VITA 49.8 *Higher Value*

DIASTATIC POWER OF
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Note the immense
superiority of
BOURN-VITA!

The above figures are provided by a famous Professor of Bio-Chemistry who submitted eight well-known food-drinks to the standard "diastatic-value" test. The diastatic power of the Bourn-vita was 2.7 the average of the eight tested being 12.1. Note the immense superiority of Bourn-vita!

The facts are simple, but convincing . .

One of the ingredients in Bourn-vita is malt—a special malt rich in a natural digestive called "diastase". This diastase in Bourn-vita is fully effective in the conditions of acidity prevailing in every normal digestive system. This has been proved by both laboratory and clinical tests. The clinical tests have proved that Bourn-vita enables your body to digest and use more of the nourishment of the carbohydrates which form so large a part of your ordinary food.

Bourn-vita is supreme among food drinks

It has the ability to do two fundamentally helpful things. It relieves your digestion of overwork. It is able, by natural means, to right those wrongs which prevent you going to sleep, and sleeping soundly. And so, while you sleep—undisturbed by restlessness or digestive discomfort—your system makes fullest use of the malt, milk, eggs and chocolate of which Bourn-vita is made. Morning finds you charged with fresh vitality, ready for anything.

Buy a tin of Bourn-vita to-day! 1/6 1 lb., 2/9 1 lb., 4/9 1 lb.

A GENEROUS SAMPLE FREE!

To enable you to prove for yourself how good Bourn-vita is, we will send you a generous sample on receipt of full name and address and 3d. in stamps (to cover packing and mailing). Send your request to CADBURY'S, Dept. D., Claremont, Tasmania.

Cadbury's

OBTAINABLE AT CHEMISTS AND GROCERS
1/6 1 lb. net.; 2/9 1 lb. net.; 4/9 1 lb. net.
WEIGHT GUARANTEED

BOURN-VITA

FOR DIGESTION, SLEEP AND ENERGY

VI 365



SPEEDY CLEANING—AND SPOTLESS WOODWORK—THAT'S MONKEY BRAND

"The brighter the kitchen, the happier the housewife" is a real Monkey Brand axiom—and if it's true, Monkey Brand is responsible for a lot of happiness. Quick cleaning, scratchless cleaning, THOROUGH cleaning—there's the Monkey Brand way in a nutshell. And don't forget—beautiful animal pictures are given with every tablet.



MONKEY BRAND

for Pots, Pans, Porcelain and Paintwork
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LAUGH AT PAIN

Amazing instant relief from Barbaache, Headaches and nervous disorders is given by "Presto". Take a "Presto" Powder or Tablet at the first signs of the attack and repeat every three or four hours, if necessary. You can take "Presto" with absolute safety—it contains no drugs.

PRESTO HEADACHE POWDERS & TABLETS
At All Chemists and Stores
MAGIC PAIN RELIEF



Mandrake the Magician



A FEATURE SERIAL...
THAT WILL GRIP YOU

YOU WILL MEET IN THIS FINE SERIAL:

THE COBRA: The greatest power for evil in the world. Aided by his magic powers and widespread organization, this arch-criminal has stolen important documents which, wrongly used, would bring destruction on all civilized nations.

INSPECTOR SHELDON: Of the U.S. Secret Service, is commissioned to recover the papers. With

BARBARA: His daughter, and
TOMMY LORD: His assistant, he sets out. Disaster would early have overwhelmed the party, however, only for the protection and assistance afforded by

MANDRAKE: The Master Magician, The Cobra's deadliest enemy. Mandrake foils all the Evil One's attempts to destroy Sheldon and the two young people. The party is close on The Cobra's heels when, with

LOTHAR: Mandrake's Nubian slave, they are all trapped in the arch-criminal's castle in the Kilgar Pass. Mandrake manages to arrange a truce, after having protected Sheldon and the others by a wall of flame, and is taken away by The Cobra to view the wonders of the castle, all evidences of the latter's power and resources.

THE WEEK'S HIGHLIGHT:
HUGE DIAMONDS



ANOTHER INVENTION OF MINE, MANDRAKE--A POISON GAS, ODORLESS, INVISIBLE, THAT SHRIVELS FLESH INTO DUST. THERE'S ENOUGH IN THIS TEST TUBE TO SHRIVEL AN ENTIRE REGIMENT INTO DUST IN TEN SECONDS.



WITH THIS GAS AND MY EXPLOSIVE, I COULD CONQUER THE EARTH. WHO COULD OPPOSE ME? I WOULD RULE THE EARTH.

THERE WOULD BE NOTHING LEFT TO RULE, COBRA.



I HAVE OTHER THINGS--POISONS, DEATH RAYS--BUT THE COBRA IS MORE THAN A CHEMIST--MORE THAN AN ELECTRICIAN. I HAVE THE MOST POWERFUL MAGIC IN THE WORLD AT MY FINGERTIPS.

IT IS THE MAGIC OF DARKNESS, COBRA.



MAGIC EVEN MORE POWERFUL THAN YOURS, MANDRAKE. I WILL SHOW YOU HOW I CAN RULE THE EARTH WITHOUT EXPLOSIVES, WITHOUT POISON GASES.



RULE THE EARTH--HOW?
I WILL SHOW YOU, YOU HAVE SEEN OR HEARD OF THE VISCOUNT LARGY, CHAIRMAN OF THE COUNCIL OF NATIONS.



THE FIGURE-IMAGE OF THE FAMED EUROPEAN DIPLOMAT, VISCOUNT LARGY, APPEARS MAGICALLY AT THE COBRA'S COMMAND.



TOMORROW IN THE MEETING OF THE COUNCIL OF NATIONS, YOU WILL VETO ALL ARMAMENT PLANS. FURTHER, YOU WILL REFUSE THE INTERNATIONAL BANKERS' LOAN. GO.



IT WAS THE VISCOUNT LARGY UNDER YOUR HYPNOTIC INFLUENCE!

TO THIS ROOM COME THE FIGURE-IMAGES OF THE WORLD'S LEADERS. TO GET THEIR COMMANDS FROM ME, I'LL SHOW YOU MORE, MANDRAKE.



THERE'S A LITTLE AFFAIR IN THE EAST THAT INTERESTS ME. YOU, OF COURSE, KNOW GENERAL STULDLOFF.



MOBILIZE YOUR TROOPS IMMEDIATELY. START FOR THE EASTERN BORDER. STOP FOR NO ONE. KILL ALL PRISONERS. GO!

A SECOND FIGURE-IMAGE, THE FAMED GENERAL STULDLOFF, COMMANDER OF A HALF-MILLION TROOPS, APPEARS AT THE COMMAND OF THE COBRA.



YOU SEE, MANDRAKE--THE GREAT MEN OF THE WORLD ARE MERELY PUPPETS OF THE COBRA. HERE THEY COME, NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, AS FIGURE-IMAGES, UNDER MY HYPNOTIC CONTROL, TO RECEIVE MY COMMANDS. I RULE THE WORLD, MANDRAKE. I START THE WARS, I MAKE THE TREATIES--THROUGH THEIR LIPS.



NOW DO YOU BELIEVE IN THE POWER OF THE COBRA--MANDRAKE?

YES--BUT THERE IS ONE THING MORE, THESE BLANK-FACE MEN, WHO ARE THEY? WHAT ARE THEY?



THESE ARE MY SLAVES--BUT COME WITH ME. I HAVE MORE TO SHOW YOU--BENEATH THIS CASTLE.

BENEATH THE CASTLE?



BENEATH THIS CASTLE ARE MY DIAMOND AND GOLD MINES, TEN LEVELS DEEP. THERE ARE RICHES THERE, MORE THAN THE WORLD HAS EVER DREAMED OF. THEY ARE WORKED BY MY BLANK-FACE MEN, TWO THOUSAND OF THEM.

TWO THOUSAND!



COME, WE WILL GO DOWN TO THE MINES. IT IS SOMETHING TO SEE, MANDRAKE, THOUSANDS OF HUMAN MOLES MINING DIAMONDS AS LARGE AS EGGS.



YOU MENTIONED A BARGAIN, COBRA.

WE'LL COME TO THAT LATER, MANDRAKE. THIS ELEVATOR IS TAKING US TO THE FIRST LEVEL OF MY DIAMOND MINES, TWO THOUSAND FEET UNDER THE EARTH; THERE ARE TWENTY MORE LEVELS BELOW IT.



A FORTUNE IS TAKEN FROM THESE MINES EVERY DAY--WORKED BY MY SLAVES WHOM YOU CALL BLANK-FACE MEN. ONCE THEY ENTER HERE, THEY NEVER LEAVE. THEY ARE HUMAN MOLES.

TO BE CONTINUED

Weak Kidneys

STABBING PAINS IN THE BACK, LUMBAGO

You are justified in regarding Kidney Trouble as a serious complaint, but you should not let it make you miserable or spoil your life. Excepting in very rare cases, Kidney Trouble yields quickly to treatment with De Witt's Pills, and thus the remedy is within your easy reach.

Chemists everywhere sell De Witt's Pills, and it is a wise plan to keep a box handy in the house so that you can take one or two the moment you recognise symptoms of kidney trouble.

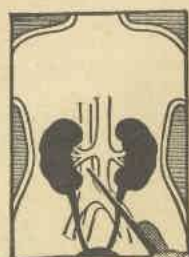
You may awaken with a nasty taste in your mouth; your tongue may be coated, your breath foul. There may be puffiness under your eyes. Your ankles or your feet may swell and there may be pain in your back or your hips or your shoulders. These are signs by which you may know that all is not well with your kidneys. They are allowing uric acid to escape in dangerous quantities to poison your blood and torture your body, but De Witt's Pills will quickly put you right,

because they contain ingredients which act directly upon the kidneys. They make the kidneys healthy and active, and so rid your system of harmful uric acid.

Nature intended that your kidneys should act as filters to keep your system pure and free from poisonous waste matters. By taking De Witt's Pills you give weak or congested kidneys just the natural assistance they need, and the alarming symptoms quickly disappear.

Thus you see that the treatment of kidney trouble is quite simple. There is no need for alarm and no reason why the ailment should get the upper hand and make a slave of you. The only thing to remember is that prompt treatment saves much suffering and prevents the ailment getting a firm hold on your system. That is why you should get De Witt's Pills quickly. The cost is trifling, and a remedy that has already relieved thousands cannot fail to do you good. Don't stop to think it over. Kidney trouble gets rapidly worse. Buy a box to-day, price 3/6, or more economical size, 6/6.

Watch for such symptoms as puffiness under the eyes, heaviness of the limbs, swollen feet or ankles, foul breath, scalding pains, gravel or stone. These symptoms usually precede attacks of Rheumatism, Backache, Lumbago, Sciatica or serious Kidney Trouble, and much suffering and expense may be saved by quickly getting a box of De Witt's Pills from the chemist and taking them as directed.



KIDNEY TROUBLE—
THE CAUSE
De Witt's Pills—
THE REMEDY



Mr. Chas. Hayward, of 15, Lombard Street, Globe Point, Sydney, New South Wales, writes:—

"A few years ago I suffered severely with rheumatism and kidney trouble. A friend advised me to try De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills, and I am very thankful to say that after taking only three bottles of this wonderful remedy I found complete relief."

De Witt's Kidney & Bladder Pills

AFRAID OF UGLY COSMETIC SKIN?

Not Now!
I'm removing cosmetics the Hollywood way—



How clever Ruth learned to prevent Choked Pores
... to guard against COSMETIC SKIN

"FRANKLY, I do use quite a lot of cosmetics and I used to think I removed them thoroughly.

"But of course I don't want to run the risk of getting unattractive Cosmetic Skin. I don't want my pores choked up with stale cosmetics—making my skin coarse

and dull, maybe causing little blemishes and even blackheads.

"Better not take chances! So I'm removing cosmetics thoroughly the Hollywood way—with Lux Toilet Soap. Every night, and before I put on fresh make-up during the day, I use this soap. You'd think me conceited if I told you the compliments I'm getting."

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Use cosmetics, of course, but remove them thoroughly with Lux Toilet Soap! Its gentle lather is ACTIVE! Sinking deeply into tiny pores, it frees them from every trace of stale make-up, dust and dirt. Refreshes the skin—keeps it utterly lovely!



Loretta Young 20TH CENTURY STAR
Starring in "Clive of India"



A LEVER PRODUCT

6,295,11

LUCKY CARDS means trip for FOUR

Within the next few days, four women bridge players from New South Wales and four men from Victoria will participate in the most interesting, and certainly the most important, bridge contest of their lives.

On the form displayed by the players, although not on the actual result of the match, four of the eight players will earn for themselves a free trip to England, where they will engage in matches with the leading contract bridge players of the Old Country.

THE team selected for the English trip will be known as the "Pachabo" team, and it is within the region of possibility that the players ultimately selected will be four women.

The contest arose out of the desire of Mr. Whitelaw, an English sporting enthusiast, known for his £1000 donations to cricketer Bradman and aviator Mollison, for a team to visit England at his own expense.

What is known as Pachabo—a name given to it by Mr. Whitelaw himself—is the ordinary contract bridge, plus certain differences and modifications, mainly in the way of leads and the conveying of "intelligence."

In order to select the best exponents of this system for England, elimination tournaments have been held in New South Wales and Victoria.

A rather curious feature of the elimination tournament is the fact that, although as many men players participated as did women, in New South Wales four women were selected—Mrs. J. Greer, Mrs. A. Wathan, Mrs. W. D. Wharton, and Mrs. S. Blumer—while in Victoria the team selected consists entirely of men. The Victorians, who will arrive in Sydney on Sunday, are Messrs. J. T. Hayter, A. A. Callane, M. M. Phillips and H. G. Bramham.

A match between the selected pairs from these States will take place at the Millions Club rooms, Sydney, on April 23, 24, and 26.

From the eight competing players the team to visit England will be chosen by Mr. Whitelaw personally. The results of the Sydney match will be forwarded by air mail to Mr. Whitelaw in London, and on the play, after he has analysed it, he will decide which of the players will constitute the team to visit England.

Mr. Whitelaw has made it clear that he is not bound to select the winning players, and as the whole of the finance is being found by him there can be no quarrel with his choice.

As the holder of the trump card, Mr. Whitelaw's analysis of the play and his decision will be eagerly awaited by the players.

CRITICISES Matriculates

From Our London Office

MISS MARGUERITE STEEN, well-known author and educationist, severely attacked the "staggering ignorance" of the modern girl at the recent conference of The Parents' National Education Union.

Especially biting was her criticism that "Many girls leave school with the outlook of an under-housemaid, but they have not the under-housemaid's efficiency to excuse it."

Miss Steen hurled her epithets at British girlhood in general, and English girls in particular. "England," she says, "is the most educated and, with the possible exception of Soviet Russia, the least cultured country in Europe, thanks to the mass production, ten-cent store type of education, which reaches its scholastic climax in the matriculation."

"I believe the two obstructions we are facing in dealing with the young are lack of interest and lack of initiative. Instead of ambition we encounter, too often, a petrifying apathy."

"I must confess I am getting very tired of the criticisms levelled at young people of to-day, although I admit their justness."

"I admit to finding the young girl who has just left school wholly maddening with her lack of concentration, her indistinct intellectual values, her bad taste not only in actions and manners, but in all matters bearing upon art, literature, or music, and her quite staggering ignorance of everything that is not connected with herself personally, her school, or the home-life of movie stars."

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published on this page.

Pen names will not be used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page recently.

So they say

IT'S YOUR PAGE!

The "So They Say" page is your page. You can write what you like in it, about what—and how—you like! No topic under the sun, if it is interesting, will be banned! So go ahead and get that pet theory of yours off your chest.

FIRST OFFENDERS

I THINK the names of first offenders against the law should be withheld from publication so that they might have their chance to live down that first bad lapse.

I know of a woman, a first offender, who was convicted of stealing, and the particulars were published in the daily papers. She committed suicide rather than face the condemnation of friends and neighbors. What misery would have been saved had this unfortunate woman been given a chance to rehabilitate herself instead of being made to realise that her one offence against society was known to the whole world.

There must be countless similar cases where the publication of names has brought ruin and disgrace to these poor "first offenders." We are not giving them a fair chance to run straight with such unwarranted publicity.

£1 for this letter to Mrs. K. Anthony, Barton St., Rainworth, Brisbane.

THEATRE CONTROVERSY

AGREED the "Nice Goings On" controversy—Gus Blunt and his Hitler salute—it might interest readers to know that the Lord Chamberlain has power in England to ban jokes, words, or situations in any play after he has licensed the play for production.

When the "Mikado" was being done for the first run at the Savoy Theatre, London, the Lord Chamberlain thought it wise to withdraw the licence for this play in case it might offend the Mikado and his suite, who were then on a visit to London. The theatre was closed, if I remember aright, for two weeks.

The Governor did his duty in reporting the German consul's complaint, and J. C. Williamson did the wise thing in withdrawing some gag which might be offensive to Germany. If we want to trade with the Hitlerites across the sea, why, then, worry about one cheap laugh cut from a comedian who can provide all the laughs we need from his inexhaustible stock of humor?

Scott Alexander, Kursaal Theatre, 420 Kent St., Sydney.

COMPULSORY TREATMENT

IN a public hospital a young baby is being treated for a very serious complaint which really necessitates an immediate operation. Its condition is pitiful, but the mother refuses to allow the operation because she thinks the child is too young. These facts give rise to the question: Should medical bodies be given the authority to administer certain treatments when they consider them necessary?

After all, this child has a right to health. Should the mother, totally ignorant of medical science, be allowed to interfere with the decisions of skilled doctors?

I believe these cases are rare, but I think something should be done to enable medical authorities to deal with them.

Miss E. Healey, 139 Raleigh St., Thornbury N.17, Melbourne.

A MOTHER SPEAKS

THERE was I, marveling at the perfection of my new baby daughter, when along trooped a procession of experienced mothers exuding advice. "You must," said they, "begin right! You mustn't nurse her, nor pick her up when she cries. You'll spoil her, and you'll never get your work done!"

Now, I've spent years doing work, but have never succeeded in reaching that dim goal of getting it done.

On the other hand, this is the first baby I've ever had, and the most beautiful thing I've ever seen.

I cannot persuade myself that when I am old I will receive much solace from the remembrance of a dustless, gleaming house, but the feel of a downy head upon my arm, the wee rosy fingers which curl round mine, the stirring of frail eager feet against my knee, and the scent of her when I bury my nose in her neck; these things will be soul-satisfying forever.

V. Hannah, Launching Place, Vic.

Is Constant Change of Residence Really a Pleasure?

I ONLY wish I felt the same way as you, Mrs. E. D. Hicks. I have had seven changes of residence in twelve years, and am tired of it. I admit there is nothing like travelling to gain experience, but I don't know of any woman who looks forward to having to pack and unpack.

After moving into the new home, it is the continuous cry: Where is this? and where is that? and it is always the wife who has to know just where to lay her hand on everything.

Mrs. B. L. Mark, Welby, via Gympie, Qld.

Good for Everyone

I AGREE with Mrs. Hicks that a change of residence is good for everyone, especially the housewife. Personally I should hate to have to live in any place more than five or six years, and have been accustomed to moving every two or three years all my life. But may I point out that the man employed in railway, bank or school is not to be envied in this respect, for he is not free to come and go where and when he pleases. He is sent without option to all manner of places, and has to remain there until those in authority choose to move him. One never knows how long one will remain in a certain town, therefore one is afraid to spend money on little improvements to the home and suitable furnishings such as carpets and curtains and also in the garden. One always has that "Here to-day and gone to-morrow" feeling. Experience teaches—I am the wife of a Government official.

Nancy Johncock, High School House, Meonta, S.A.

Change the Furniture

I DO not agree with Mrs. Hicks (23/3/35), who envies the "moving citizen." She has evidently never belonged to that category. I have had seven moves in the last three years, and am still waiting for a small spot of earth of my own. Each "move" means something broken and something lost, frayed tempers, and cross children. Believe me, it is no joy! Any pleasure which may have been encountered in new surroundings and faces is lost in the resultant upset and the work of adjusting oneself to so many new things in a man-sized job.

Why not change the furniture about periodically, and adopt different color schemes, but by all means, Mrs. Hicks—be thankful for a home! "He who dwells everywhere never dwells anywhere."

L. M. Barker, 1 Greystanes, Parramatta Rd., Burwood, Sydney.

We Stare Because We Simply Can't Help It!

I AGREE that staring at individuals until they become aware of the fact amounts to rudeness, but people are such interesting studies, and when one sees a striking face in tram, train, or restaurant, it is almost impossible to turn one's gaze elsewhere (especially to us women, descendants of Pandora).

So you "much-stared-at" please don't be indignant—you're interesting!

Miss L. Shearer, 6 Bridge St., Forbes, N.S.W.

Admiration

HAS Miss Backtoller (23/3/35) ever wondered whether the people of whom she writes, who are so ill-mannered as to stare, may perhaps only do so because the person they stare at may look so attractive or be so well dressed?

HAIL...

EVANGELINE BOOTH

I WANT to pay tribute to General Evangeline Booth.

General Booth is surely a call to women to rise up and achieve results.

Her powers of oratory and her ability to command and sway huge audiences are truly something to marvel at.

Her strong and charming personality is responsible for the love that is lavished on her by thousands, some of whom have not even seen her.

Her writings and songs have been all over the world. All this at an age when custom would relegate her to the most comfortable easy chair in a restful household.

Such a woman, by her ability, courage, and resourcefulness, is an inspiration to all other women.

Mrs. Knight, 58 Glenrosa Rd., Red Hill, Qld.

that it is almost an impossibility for one not to admire them?

I certainly don't make a habit of staring at people, but there have been instances when I have admired a person and have been unable to stop looking at her, and I think that if Miss Backtoller has been stared at in like manner, she might congratulate herself on having either personality, good looks, or the ability to dress well which attracts other people's attention towards herself.

Miss J. McLean, 29 O'Hara Rd., Coburg N.13, Melbourne.

Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT



Flogging as a Fit Form of Punishment

MISS MCCARTNEY'S statements (23/3/35) are altogether too sweeping. In the first place the Judges are meeting out the punishments set down by Parliament as fitting for certain crimes, and Parliamentary members are the servants of the people to say what is and what is not necessary. There are two kinds of floggings, the "cat-o-nine-tails" and the "birch." The former is only used on seasoned criminals, and the latter is what would probably be used on a lad serving his first or a short sentence. Surely a physical crime needs a physical punishment. (As undoubtedly the writer would feel emphatically if any of her wastrelfolk suffered at the hands of a criminal.) And, lastly, to say that a youth drifts into crime because he has nothing else to do is ridiculous. Those who unfortunately cannot find regular employment can occupy their time in dozens of different ways—gardening, canvassing, or continuing to walk round, hopefully looking for work—but drift into crime, no!

Mrs. M. Murphy, 43 Town Hall Avenue, Preston N.18, Vic.

Minds, Not Bodies

IT is rather interesting to find in this same issue as Miss McCartney's letter on corporal punishment (23/3/35) the report from London of a hospital clinic where criminals are treated medically.

It should be recognised that it is the mind and not the body which is responsible for crime. Corporal punishment can do no good at all and is likely to do definite harm, as it produces a sullen mental state, which is a breeding ground for further crimes.

Let us get to the root of the matter and treat the mind and the conditions which cause the crime.

W. A. Stanley, 21 Doonkuna Avenue, East Camberwell E6, Vic.

Flogging Necessary

I DO not agree with Miss McCartney (23/3/35). Flogging, admittedly, is brutal, but it is only imposed on men who are guilty of brutal crimes. The Judges who sentence the men to flogging have years of experience, and declare it sometimes to be absolutely necessary. Criminals of some types have no moral feeling at all, and can be taught respect for the law only through pain. When garroting became prevalent in England, imprisonment had no effect, but the crime was stamped out by flogging.

It is unfortunate for youths to be unemployed, but that does not justify them in embarking on a career of crime. In this fair land of Australia no one need go short of the necessities of life.

A. Daly, Divett Place, Adelaide.

Flogging Justified

I READ, with much interest, Miss McCartney's letter deploring such brutal punishment as flogging. She mentions the fact that flogging is purely a physical punishment.

I think that flogging is a great deterrent to crime. Can you imagine, for example, a man who throws pepper into the eyes of his intended victim?

Such a crime as this surely deserves some drastic measure of prevention. There have been an increasingly large number of "pepper crimes." In one case, the victim lost his sight altogether.

The criminal in this case must have been a brutal man and such a man can only understand physical pain. As an example to others flogging would be invaluable.

I am sure that if the "cat-o-nine-tails" was introduced as a punishment once more, the number of criminal assaults committed would be much fewer.

R. H. Jones, Braemar, 51 Gould St., Canterbury, N.S.W.

Absolutely Abhorrent

I HEARTILY agree with Miss McCartney. To me, flogging is absolutely abhorrent. It is against all present-day feelings, and ideals, for one man to be ordered, with the sanction of the people, to flog another.

It would not do any good as a deterrent of crime, and it would definitely do a man no treated harm. It would probably break his spirit and ruin his future life and future use as a citizen. Far better to study why he has transgressed and help him, in true Christian spirit, to return to the paths of righteousness. Make psychology your means.

Mrs. J. MacDonald, Bundaberg, Qld.

A SENSELESS CUSTOM

THE interchange of gifts upon important occasions is in itself a pleasant and harmless practice, but how often does it degenerate into a senseless and purse-straining attempt to preserve "face"? It has often caused me considerable amusement to hear someone say that they must give so-and-so a fairly expensive present because they always received such valuable gifts in return; and, later, to hear the prospective donee utter exactly the same words. The tragedy was that neither party could afford the expenditure.

It is my opinion that the giving of expensive presents, except between well-to-do people, is vulgar ostentation.

Miss Q. C. Barton, P.O. Box 4, Hawthorn E2, Vic.

HAPPY THOUGHTS

READING your weekly paper I thought it an excellent suggestion made by a reader to have "A Happiness Book." It would promote a kindred spirit among our fellow readers, and I feel sure many happy thoughts and fine ideas may be obtained from your ideal weekly for this purpose.

Glady B. Gosden, 23 Union St., Dulwich, S.A.

ETIQUETTE



DON'T COMB your hair while seated in a theatre, or a restaurant, or public conveyance.

BREAKFAST TROUBLES

MANY men, fortunate in their domestic life, will applaud the little story recently featured in the Press, of the farmer and his breakfast. He left a legacy to a servant "As an expression of my appreciation of the fact that she had always taken care to have it ready for me at any time appointed."

Though the vegetarian habit has made some progress in this country, the good old-fashioned breakfast is still regarded by many as the most important meal of the day. Much depends on its proper preparation and punctuality. How often has the day been spoiled because something has gone wrong with the bacon, the tea, or the toast. What serious disputes have developed out of the trivial accident of a delayed egg.

The man that can depend upon his breakfast has certainly something to be thankful for!

Mr. J. J. McCarthy, View St., Paddington, Brisbane.

HERE'S TO CYCLING!

THE present vogue for women to ride bicycles, is, I think, ideal, and no one should be discouraged from taking it up. Those who condemn the sport as being "unladylike" should take a trip to England, where millions of perfect ladies are pedalling their way to health and happiness. The exercise is exhilarating, and I know of nothing better to blow the cobwebs away after a long day in the house than a good spin on the bike.

Mrs. Hazel Laker, 34 Taunton St., Blakehurst, N.S.W.

"MY HUBBY"

SURELY the most odious of all a wife's terms of endearment towards her husband is the title, "hubby." The very mention of the word is enough to make the average married man squirm, and the discomfort with which he hears himself referred to as such is pathetic to see.

The possible reason for this absurd nickname is obscure. It is no easier to say than "husband," and contains exactly the same number of syllables, so why, offending women readers, why, in the name of goodness, do you persist in using it?

Janet Somers, 10 Rae St., Randwick, N.S.W.

Dulbloom
FINER FULL FASHIONED
HOSE
by
Lustre
7/11 PAIR

DULBLOOM, another beautiful stocking by Lustre. Created from the finest of pure silk in a variety of wanted shades. Dulbloom by Lustre has all the most modern features and is complete with a delicate lace top.



FROM YOUR FAVOURITE STORE

RADIO Pen-Friend Club from 2GB

"Aunty Val" Puts a
Girdle Round the World

Radio has done much to make the people of one country known to the people of others, and Aunty Val of 2GB (Miss Muriel Valli) is one person at least who thinks it might do more.

IF you have a good friend in America or Germany or Russia you would hate to think that your country was fighting against your friend's country. So why not link up the listeners of a radio station such as 2GB with listeners in various parts of the world? It would help to increase good feeling among the nations, and make Australia better known to the world.

Aunty Val has lived for fifteen years in America. She knows from experience how our overseas cousins know about Australia.

News of Australia in the American papers is rare indeed. Now and then a gruesome crime or a bushfire gets a paragraph, but there is little news of a happier nature.

CORRESPONDING with an old friend of hers in America, who, like herself, had left the stage for radio, Aunty Val and her friend decided that the children of America should have the opportunity to form pen-friendships with Australian children.

The old friend is a Miss Dorothy Dunstan, daughter of the late Rev. Tremane Dunstan, who once occupied the pulpit of the Pitt St. Congregational Church. She was then known as Aunty Dot, of KOL, Seattle, and broadcast an Australian session weekly as a novelty

for the children of America. She opened her session with a "cooee," and told the children stories of the people and animals and birds of Australia, the Land of Down Under.

Lately, by the way, Aunty Dot has changed her broadcasting name to De De, a name that Aunty Val gave her many years ago. It is based on her initials. In America there are so many aunts that it has become confusing. The stations have therefore put an embargo on the use of the title.

Close on five hundred letters have been sent to Seattle from Aunty Val's Australian listeners. By the latest mail Miss Dunstan wrote that she was on board a train on her way to Los Angeles to arrange a similar link up with a station there. The Australian children have already two batches of letters from their new American friends.

When New Zealand heard of Aunty Val's scheme, she received an immediate request for Australian pen friends for some little Knickerbockers. Aunty Val is now working towards linking up with stations in the four leading cities. In Christchurch one of the radio aunts, who has worked hard for many years in the cause of peace, regards the formation of such international friendships as a very important move.

Other Stations

On her holidays last month Aunty Val spoke from 2BO Hobart during Uncle David's session, and next morning received a batch of letters for forwarding to New Zealand and America.

At the moment there is another Aunty Val in Sydney. She hails from Hongkong and she is taking a bundle of letters back to China with her. Most of the children who wrote in want a real Chinese correspondent. But in Hongkong only one hour a day is broadcast in Chinese, and most of the listeners are European.

Aunty Val of China owes her name to Aunty Val of 2GB. Her real name is Lilian, but she didn't like being Aunty Lilian, so she decided to borrow the name of her old friend, Muriel Valli, whom she had always called "Val."

At first the intention was to confine the pen-friendships to children, but so many young Americans between 14 and 21 wanted to write to Australia that it was decided to alter the age limit to twenty-one. Whether it remains at twenty-one will depend on the interest shown by older people.

One Australian girl has written to say that she is only twenty-one, plus one, very lonely and very interested in America. Another has written asking that her letter be forwarded on to Jan Klepura, the talkie star, whom she had heard had gone to America to make a picture. She wanted to correspond with him, although she knew he was over twenty-one.

Already the scheme is growing rapidly.



"I keep them
HANDY"

WHY suffer from Headache, Neuralgia, Backache or any Nerve or Muscular Pain, when you can get quick, safe relief by taking Genuine Vincent's A.P.C. 12, 1/6; 24, 2/6.

All Chemists and Stores or direct from Vincent Chemical Company Limited, Sydney.

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, SAY "VINCENT'S"

HOW WOMEN CAN WIN MEN AND MEN WIN

The Favour of Other Men

Unless two pints of bile juice flow daily from your liver into your bowels, your food decays in your bowels. This poisons your whole body. Movements get hard and constipated. You get yellow tongue, yellow skin, pimples, dull eyes, bad breath, bad taste, dizziness, diarrhoea, headache. You have become a bad-tempered, unpleasant-looking person who suffers from an offensive breath. You have lost your personal charm. Everybody wants to run from you.

But don't take salts, mineral waters, oils, laxative pills, laxative cathartics, or chewing gums and expect them to get rid of this poison that destroys your personal charm. They can't do it, for they only move out the tail end of your bowels and that doesn't take away enough of the decayed poison. Cathartics won't help at all.

Only a free flow of your bile juice will stop this decay poison in your bowels. The one mild vegetable medicine which starts a free flow of your bile juice is Carter's Little Liver Pills. No calomel (mercury) in Carter's. Only five mild vegetable extracts. If you would bring back your personal charm to you now, start taking Carter's Little Liver Pills according to directions today. Sold in two sizes, 1/6 and 3/6.

Refuse "something just as good" for it may give you heart, tooth or cold rectum. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name and get what you ask for.

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NEW SWEET PICKLE
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A delicious blending of
Fruits, Vegetables and
Spices

Ideal for salads, picnics, lunches, etc.



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YOU MAY PAY CASH, LIKE I DID, OR HAVE

2 YEARS TO PAY

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£25 for 10' deposit 5' weekly. £50 for 40' deposit 10' weekly.
£100 for 80' deposit 20' weekly. £150 for 120' deposit 30' weekly.

**OPEN ON
FRIDAY NIGHT**



**14'6"
DEPOSIT
3'9"
WEEKLY**

In this new Dining Room Set Polished Figured Maple and chaste design combine to create a superior effect. 4ft. 6in. Sideboard with mirror back has two deep centre drawers and two cupboards. 5ft. Rectangular Table has four turned legs. The four Chairs (two only illustrated) have upholstered seats and backs, and give the comfort desirable when dining. This Week's Cash Price is £14/14/-—seize this opportunity.



**20'6"
DEPOSIT
5'3"
WEEKLY**

This handsome Lounge Suite is typical of our Warehouse Values. Upholstered in best quality Genoa Velvet and plain Velvet, with five loose cushions (fully sprung) it gives luxurious comfort, and is built to last a lifetime. Take advantage of the Introductory Cash Price, £19/19/- or buy on Terms if more convenient.



**18'6"
DEPOSIT
4'6"
WEEKLY**

This beautiful Bedroom Suite is a completely modern design in Polished Figured Walnut Veneers. 4ft. 6in. Wardrobe. Double Loughboy, and 3ft. 6in. Drop-centre Knushole Dressing Table are all fully fitted with sliding trays, etc. The artistic Dressing Table has bow front and extra large five-piece frameless Mirror. This handsome Suite is remarkable at the Introductory Cash Price, £18/18/- (Bedstead Extra).

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Entertainment with a

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Don't miss this 5-valve Superhet, with Clock Dial at the reduced price. Stocks are limited. It is guaranteed for 12 months, and we give Free Delivery, Free Service, and Free Installation. Local and Interstate Reception. Backed by a Firm of 50 years' trading. Reduced Cash Price.

**15'6"
DEPOSIT
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WEEKLY**

£12/19'6
Call at once to hear this splendid Radio — you will be delighted.



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LEAVE GEORGE ST. AT END OF QUEEN VICTORIA. BUILDING-NEAR FARMERS & GOWINGS. THE BIG ELECTRIC SIGN POINTS THE WAY. ONLY A SHORT WALK TO 249 CLARENCE STREET.

GENUINE CORK LINOLEUM

BRITISH AXMINSTER CARPETS.



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Size	9ft. x 9ft.	9ft. x 7ft. 6in.	9ft. x 9ft.	10ft. 6in. x 9ft.
Usual	£4/19/6	£5/19/6	£6/19/6	£7/19/6
Now at	£3/15/-	£4/10/-	£5/10/-	£6/5/-

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TWO YARDS WIDE
5/3, 5/11, 7/6 yard
IMITATION LINO.
TWO YARDS WIDE
2/11, 4/3, 4/11 yard

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ONE DOOR FROM MARKET STREET.



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BREAKFAST ROOM CABINET



This new 4ft. 6in. Oak Breakfast Room Cabinet is fully fitted with drawers, cupboards, etc., and has artistic leadlight door. It is faithfully constructed, and no home should be without one. The Reduced Cash Price 79'6 This Week is

NOW REDUCED

	Width	Usual	Per Yard	Now
Willon	22in.	6/11		Now 5/6
Willon	27in.	7/11		Now 6/8
Axminster	22in.	10/6		Now 9/3
Axminster	27in.	12/6		Now 10/3
Axminster	36in.	19/8		Now 16/6

Listen in to 2GB Tuesday Evening, 9.15, and Saturday Evening, 7.45.

WHY PAMELA USED TO ENVY JANET

YOU DO HAVE THE LOVELIEST UNDIES, JANET... MAKES ME GREEN WITH ENVY.



PERSIL? ISN'T THAT WHAT THEY USE FOR BIG WASHES?



You can SAFELY trust your precious undies and stockings to Persil washing. Active Persil suds cleanse in luke-warm water, without harmful rubbing or twisting. Don't accept imitations.

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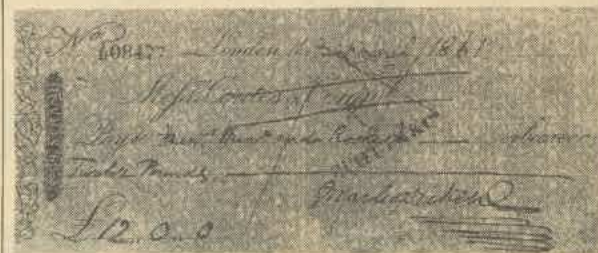


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Persil

INTERESTING Dickens Relic is DISCOVERED



THE FACE OF THE CHEQUE for £12 signed by the great Charles. The signature will be familiar to most readers of his books.

A cheque is always to be valued. Just how much usually depends on the figures down in the left-hand corner. But very occasionally cheques come to light that have a greater significance than is indicated by the amount mentioned on them by the drawer.

Such an order to pay is in the possession of Mr. Henry P. Keats, of Bond St., Sydney. Mr. Keats, in fact, holds a cheque drawn by the great Charles Dickens himself authorising the London bankers, Coutts and Company, to pay to Hunt and Roskell the sum of twelve pounds. The date of this document is March 1, 1861.

TO a representative of The Australian Women's Weekly, Mr. Keats explained that his father had been a close friend of the great novelist, walking and talking with him in company with another intimate, Charles H. Spurgeon.

Indeed, according to this Australian representative, the Keats family figured even in Dickens' work, the original of The Old Curiosity Shop having been an establishment owned and managed by a cousin of Mr. Henry Keats' father—a gentleman by the name of Poole.

The existence of such a close link with



A NOTATION on the back of the cheque. Hunt and Roskell's account for jewellery.

Charles Dickens as this cheque was unsuspected by anybody. It was discovered quite by chance when an old Bible which had belonged to Keats, sen., was being examined. The cheque—in no wise damaged by age—was found tucked away between the pages.

Quite apart from the interest attaching to any paper bearing the unique Charles' signature, which would seem to be quite authentic, the back of the cheque throws an interesting light on the way in which one of the most—if not the most—popular authors of England has ever produced spent portion of a very splendid income.

THE cheque itself is payable to Hunt and Roskell, a well-known firm of London jewellers. On the reverse is a list of figures which is, presumably, a statement of Dickens' account with this establishment at March 1, 1861.

Taking the twelve pounds which heads the column as the account rendered on February 1—a reasonable assumption since this cheque, dated March 1, is for £12—it would seem that Dickens spent during February just £380/5/6 on jewellery. A tidy sum.

Perhaps the expenditure for February, 1861, was phenomenal. But, even so, this seventy-four-year-old link with a great man might have some slight bearing on those continuous lecture tours which did so much to exhaust Dickens and bring about his comparatively early death.

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H. L. ADAMS, Dept. A, 76 King St., Sydney, N.S.W.

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What Women Are Doing

Art Scholarships

MISS BARBARA TRIBE is among Sydney's foremost young sculptors, and the announcement that she had been awarded the travelling scholarship for 1935 given by the New South Wales Government gave general satisfaction.

Miss Tribe trained at the East Sydney Technical College under the direction of Mr. Rayner Hoff, and she worked as his assistant for eight months on the Anzac War Memorial. She obtained her diploma in sculpture in 1933.

Carrying on Traditions Of Her Family

MRS. GLADYS H. D. POWELL is well-known in Brisbane art circles, having been the hon. secretary of the Royal Queensland Art Society since 1932.



Mrs. Gladys Powell.
—Foulson.

She feels that a sense of tradition is attached to this position, her father, the late James Mayall Hobday, having held this office for the same society when she was a tiny girl.

The family has held executive office with the Royal Art Society for over thirty years. No other family in Queensland has this unique record in art—all the members serving one cause for such a period of time. The three living members of the family—Gladys H. D. Powell, Augusta Hobday, and P. Stanhope Hobday—all earn their living as professional artists.

Four Hundred Varieties of Cactus Make Garden Unique

MRS. M. IMRIE has two hobbies: collecting pretty stones and collecting cactus plants.

She only began to combine the two hobbies about five years ago, and now her garden (just a medium-sized garden) at Valleyfield, Ivanhoe, Vic., is unique.

Mrs. Imrie has brought plants and stones from all parts of Australia to Melbourne, and other cactus plants have come from all over the world, with the result that there are more than a thousand cactus plants, including 400 varieties, growing in the decorative rockery within her glass house and the larger rockery, 25 feet long, that fills a once "difficult" corner outside.

According to Mrs. Imrie, cactus rockeries are the future's solution for the problem of "odd corners" in the garden.

All her plants are carefully numbered and indexed, so Mrs. Imrie was able to give concise information about the 32 varieties of cactus growing in the impressions in a piece of red lava rock that won her a prize in the Centenary Marquee in the Fitzroy Gardens, Melbourne.

Twenty Years Teaching At Mission School

PASSINGER on the Mooltan for London was Miss E. S. Andrews, who for 20 years has been teaching at a mission school at Kuching, in Borneo. Miss Andrews has leave every four years, and usually goes to London. She visited Mackay this year to see her sister, Miss K. J. Andrews.

She loves her work among the Chinese and Malayan girls. The mission school consists of a school building and two boarding-houses, one of which, St. Mary's, is an old Chinese building.

At present, there are about 120 boarders, and 180 day scholars. The boarders each pay 12/6 a week and do the whole work of the school, including the cooking, washing, and housework.

Miss Andrews said that there are very few careers open to girls in these parts, and to qualify them to teach they are taken on to the junior certificate standard. Otherwise, the only alternative is nursing, if they do not marry. A number of them stay on at the school as teachers and, apart from one European teacher, the other helpers are Asiatics.

Scholarships for Nurses

A MAORI nurse, Miss E. Kaa, who was trained at the Dunedin hospital, and is at present a sister in the maternity ward in the Rotorua hospital, has been granted a scholarship by the Carnegie Foundation to take a year's course at the Home Science School of the University of Otago in practical arts and crafts, with the object of conducting a health education campaign with Maori women institutes.

A Rockefeller scholarship to take a post-graduate course in hospital administration in Wellington has been granted to Miss E. Hughes, assistant matron of the Colonial War Memorial Hospital, Suva.

Permanent Exhibition To Be On View

THE permanent exhibition that is an integral part of the Handicrafts and Home Industries Section of the Country Women's Association of Victoria is to make its first appearance at an annual exhibition in the Lower Melbourne Town Hall during the week beginning June 17.

Though it has travelled from end to end of Victoria, the permanent exhibition has never achieved quite so much publicity before. All the other exhibits—with co-operative efforts from country centres—will be there as usual, with all kinds of useful demonstrations as well.

The chairwoman, Mrs. R. T. A. McDonald, and the secretary, Miss Marjorie Strong, of the Handicrafts and Home Industries Section, expect a large display and equally large attendance.

Brilliant Speaker and Internationalist Goes Abroad

MISS A. LAMBRICK, of Melbourne, is on her way to England for a holiday, during which she hopes to spend much time with friends in Cornwall.

This Australian president of the Women's International League of Peace and Freedom is much travelled, and she represented the League at the International Conference in Dublin a few years ago.

She has many interests besides the League, and is a brilliant speaker. She is a prominent member of the Theosophical Society, and through it has given many interesting lectures. During her last trip abroad she visited the Holy Land, which has since been the subject of many addresses.



Miss A. Lambick.
—Brookburn.

Directing a Leadership Course for Y.W.C.A.

MISS MEG JOHNSON, who directs the recreational leadership course which began at the Melbourne Y.W.C.A. on April 9, returned from England only last year, after doing a physical training course at Bedford Hall, London.

This course has been planned to meet the need of club leaders who find physical work necessary in their club work, but have not the qualifications of a gymnastic teacher.

The first term is being devoted to health education and recreation leadership with lessons in health, hygiene, organization, gymnastic work and simple setting-up exercises. The second term may see the inclusion of folk dancing, coaching, and umpiring in major and minor games, team games useful for sports days and sports evenings, and party games.

Pioneering Baby Welfare Work in Korea

BESIDE fitting in the many duties that befall a missionary's wife, Mrs. George Anderson, who has come down from Korea to spend a long furlough in Adelaide, finds time to instruct Korean mothers in baby welfare work. In Korea, she says, the infant mortality rate is very high, and there is a tremendous amount of work to be done instructing mothers (both young and otherwise) in the importance of hygienic matters.

The pioneering work Mrs. Anderson does among the Koreans is strenuous, but she thinks one's efforts are repaid, as the mothers are devoted to their children, and they obey the welfare workers to the very best of their ability.

Mrs. Anderson's husband is a Presbyterian missionary, and his parish covers a province with two million people.

Although she does not preach herself, Mrs. Anderson said that there are many women missionaries in Korea who have their own churches where they conduct their own services.

Their Work Displayed In Brisbane Cathedral

THE Brisbane Mothers' Union diocesan banner which hangs in St. John's Cathedral in the work of two Brisbane women.

Miss Macaulay Turner was responsible for the design which depicts the Virgin Mary and Child as the central figures, surrounded by a border of conventional Madonna lilies.

The stitchery, which took about six months to complete, is the work of Mrs. P. J. Ross.

The predominant color in the banner is Madonna blue, with touches of red and fawn.

This banner is the only one of its kind, and the design is completely original.



Travelling Church for South Australia

BECAUSE she was so impressed with the work that is being done by the Church Army in South Australia, Miss M. A. De Vine has presented that body with its first travelling "church" in the State.

Capt. T. Wright, under whose direction Miss De Vine's gift will be, says that although South Australia has never had such a caravan before, there are more than 60 of them used to spread religious work throughout England, and New South Wales has one, which is in the charge of a Church sister, who patrols the outback with an assistant.

Miss De Vine is a resident of Adelaide.

Active Worker for Benefit of Returned Soldiers

FOR the last five years Mrs. E. W. Easton who, until a short time ago, was Miss Nell Stockree, has been hon.

secretary of the Soldiers' Church of England Help Society, which, among other things, supports a boarding-house at North Quay, Brisbane, a Rest Home at Coolangatta, and provides the Anzac luncheon every Anzac Day at St. John's Cathedral.

As approximately 1700 men are seated at the luncheon every year, Mrs. Easton was kept busy with the organising of conveners for tables, food, crockery, etc., for the provision of the men.

Mrs. Easton also acted as honorary secretary for the Antique and Curio Show which was held at the City Hall in aid of the Help Society.



Mrs. E. W. Easton.
—Norlan Trevelin.

Renunciation That Made Her an Exile

LEAVING Soviet Russia six years ago to do a post graduate course at the London University, after having been a lecturer in Philology at the Petrograd University, Natalie Grushenkova, a young Russian girl, found solace in Christianity. Having obtained her degree, she renounced Communism and became an active member of the Russian Missionary Society.

Now, as deputation secretary for the society, Miss Grushenkova is touring the world lecturing on behalf of the mission. At present she is in South Australia. She will leave for South Africa in June.

Miss Grushenkova, who is a fluent linguist, speaking French, German, Italian, Swedish, English, Spanish, as well as the old Greek, Anglo-Saxon, Gothic, Latin, and Indo-European languages, is convinced that Russia is still Christian at heart, and it is only under the pain of losing employment or being exiled that the people conceal their true religious feelings.



Marie Ney Branching Out In Theatrical World

NOT content with having established herself as one of London's leading actresses, Marie Ney, the New Zealander, who began her career in Australia with the Allan White Company, is branching out into theatrical management on her own account.

She started with a play in Manchester with a view to a West End, London, run.

Five Sisters Who Are All Talented

FIVE pretty girls, and all talented!

They are Beatrice, Hazel, Brenda, Nell, and Linda McCullough, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. D. R. McCullough, of Brisbane.

Beatrice, who is musical convener of the Lyceum Club, Brisbane, studied the piano and viola at the Sydney Conservatorium, where she obtained her diploma. She is also an L.A.B. and A.T.C.L. She has done a lot of broadcasting, has given demonstration lectures for the Musical Association, and, in her spare time, is an enthusiastic member of the Ladies' Chess Club.

Second daughter, Hazel, who is a Bachelor of Science and teaches at Somerville House, is also a keen musician and won the Palling Medal for Pianoforte while at school.

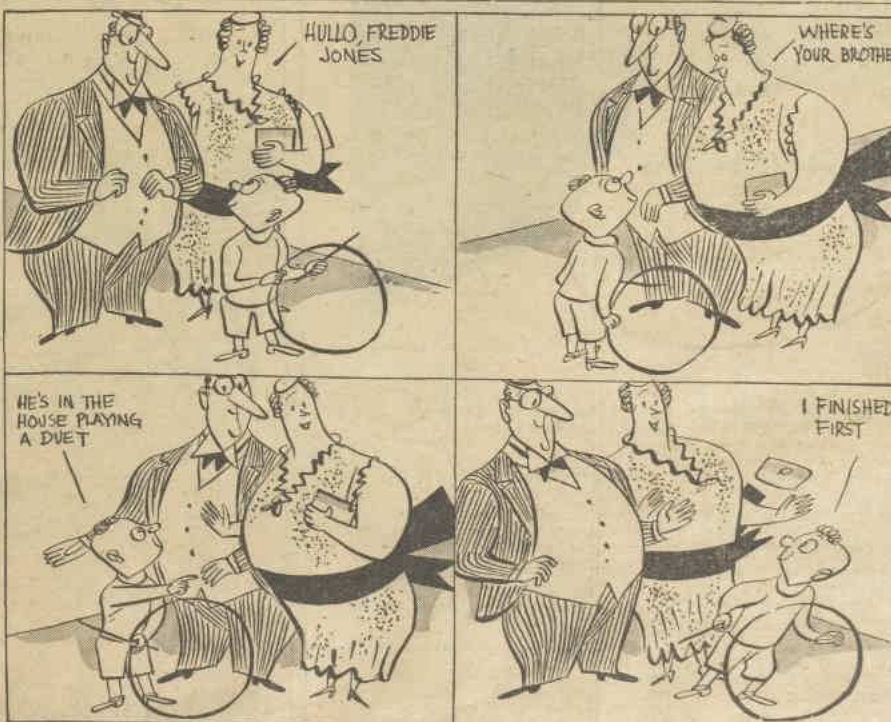
Brenda, the third daughter, is a partner in the Robertson-McCullough School of Dancing and takes a leading part in all the displays.

Next comes Nell, who is also an A.T.C.L. is very clever at designing and making pottery, and teaches this fascinating art at the Montrose Home for Crippled Children. She also won the Palling Medal at school.

The youngest daughter, Linda, is busy studying German, and also helps her sister with the dancing classes.

Each girl has a flair for dressing, and as they all possess good looks they are an enviable group of girls wherever they go.

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WOMEN WRITERS in Vanguard of Our LITERATURE

These Names Rank High

One of the major features of the exhibition of Australian books, which is, perhaps, the most interesting and surprising facet of Australian Authors' Week, is the number and importance of the volumes written by women.

THE list of those who have won recognition, both at home and abroad, is long, and, considering our short literary history, and the even shorter time that has elapsed since women entered this field, imposing.

Victorian-born Henry Handel Richardson (Mrs. J. G. Robertson) is one of those whose names first leap to mind when a survey of Australian literary endeavor is being made. Critics in England and America were quick to notice and acclaim the splendid work in her first novel, "Maurice Guest," published in 1908, and those who praised her in those early days had their prophecies more than borne out when the three books making up her famous trilogy, "The Fortunes of Richard Mahony," appeared.

This author's work lacks the sensational pages and meretriciously "clever" touches that would undoubtedly make it better-known among that great reading public which can provide a novelist with ocean-going yachts and several cars, or condemn her to comparative financial obscurity.

But by a relatively small audience—numerous enough overseas to be important—Henry Handel Richardson is regarded as an outstanding figure, one whose writings will undoubtedly remain when more talked-of books are sifted out on to the dust-heap of mediocrity.

IN Helen Simpson we have another woman whose reputation in her own land pales beside the acclaim her books

have brought her to other English-speaking countries. Miss Simpson, although she has written for the stage, is best known by her novels. "The Woman On the Beast" was a particularly fine example, both of her ability as a story-teller and of her craftsmanship. "Boomerang," a novel that could be compared with any book written by a woman of recent years, won her the distinction of the James Tait Black Memorial Prize for 1931. Her latest book, "Saraband For Dead Lovers," will be no disappointment to admirers of her talent.

Other Famous Figures

THE name of Katherine Susannah Pritchard is better known in this country, as is her work, than that of either Henry Handel Richardson or Helen Simpson. "Coonardoo," joint winner with "A House is Built" of the first Bulletin Novel Competition, brought her name well before the public, but even before that she had made her own circle of admirers with earlier novels.

Possibly no book written by an Australian, and very few written by any woman, has met with the unanimous praise that critics gave to Miss Christina Stead's "Salisbury Tales" on its publication in London. It was compared, and not unreasonably, in scope and understanding and craftsmanship with the most famous classic collections of its type. The "Salisbury Tales" is certainly a splendid achievement, and one that, even without Miss Stead's later book, "Seven Poor Men of Sydney," would qualify her for an eminent position in the ranks of contemporary writers.

SUCCESS came to G. B. Lancaster with the publication of "Pageant," one of the most colorful and capable of Australian historical novels. This book sold extraordinarily well not only in the Commonwealth but overseas, and, as a picture of the Tasmania of a bygone



KATHERINE S. PRITCHARD

day, has certainly given the author a definite place in Australian letters.

Mention has been made of "A House is Built." This novel of early Sydney was the work of two women, Marjorie Barnard and Flora Eldershaw, and is an excellent piece of work, and a fine kaleidoscope of the era with which it deals.

Poetry and Criticism

TO do full justice to the fine work that has been done, and is being done, by Australian women in literature would demand a book rather than a short article. Still unmentioned are novelists of the calibre of Winifred Birkett, whose "Earth's Quality" was recently reviewed by us, Henrietta Drake-Brockman, author of "Blue North," Mary Mariore, and, among the writers of juvenile books, Ethel Turner and Mary Grant Bruce.

Then there are the writers of verse: Mary Gilmore and Dorothea MacKellar, whose names have become household words, and Zora Cross, some of whose best sonnets have not yet achieved their full recognition. Nor, in a country sadly lacking in critical standards, should Nettie Palmer be overlooked. Mrs. Palmer's flair for work of good quality, her honesty of outlook, and genuine critical ability place her in that numerically inconspicuous, out-numbered band of Australian critics who know.



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We are offering a smart striped Folk Weave Fabric in blue/brown, rose/brown, green/brown, orange/brown and brown/light brown. 31 inches wide. Usually 1/6 per yard. Special, per yard

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The smartest and most moderately priced Tartan Checks in rich tonings. Double width. Per yard

FADELESS CRETONNE

A different Cretonne—fadeless and charming patterns in the loveliest of shades—self tones—not previously shown. 36 inches wide. Reversible in tan, blue or green. To see it is to buy it for one of its hundred uses. Per yard

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MARQUINETTE

Heavy British Marquissette in eera shades. 38 inches wide. Special Price, yard

1'6

11/9

1'4

3'6

1'11½



A CHARMING PICTURE of the Gilson-Morris wedding group. The ceremony took place recently at St. Mark's, Darling Point, and was performed by Rev. Canon Howard Lea. The bride was Miss Edna Irene Morris, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Morris, of Strathfield, and the groom, Mr. Horace William Gilson, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Gilson, of Bar Beach, Newcastle. The four bridesmaids were Misses Heather Sowden, Gwen Pendlebury, Joyce Hewston, and Eime Bent. —DAYS.

DON'T ... FORGET

The exhibition of recent paintings by E. A. Harvey on view at the Macquarie Galleries, 19 Bligh St.

The annual luncheon of the Ex-Voluntary Aid Detachments will take place at the Blackland Galleries, May 3. Ex-V.A.D.s are asked to communicate with Miss Friend, 1 Woodside Avenue, Hurwood.

The dance which will be held at Hordern Bros., April 30, arranged by the ex-students of St. Scholastica's Convent.

Household goods and surplus clothing, etc., will be gratefully received by Mrs. C. Hordern, honorary secretary of Graythwaite House, for the forthcoming sale in aid of the funds. Ring 22067 for further particulars.

The Authors' Ball, to take place at Farmer's Blackland Galleries, April 13, at 8.30 p.m.

That Lady Hore-Ruthven will be present at the bridge afternoon at the Blackland Galleries, April 26, in aid of the Church of England Homes.

The annual dance arranged by the ladies' committee of the Grenville Life-Saving Club, to be held at the Pickwick Book Club, April 13.

The setting of the foundation stone of the Spurrway Memorial Home by the Archbishop of Sydney will take place at the Boys' Home, Carlingford, April 13, at 3 p.m.

Classes in first aid and home nursing are being held at head office and various suburbs by the St. John Ambulance Association. Telephone HW8535 for further particulars.

The bridge party to be held at David Jones', April 12, 2 p.m., in aid of fund for furnishing new preparatory common-room at Newington College.

The Business Girls' Mammagut Parades at Hordern Brothers, April 12 and 24, at 6.30 p.m.

The Plain and Fancy Dress Masked Ball, to be held by the United Country Party of N.S.W. at the Blackland Galleries, April 27.

The Silver Jubilee Ball committee has issued invitations to 400 centres in New South Wales to conduct dances on Empire Night (May 24) to celebrate with ball at Farmer's Blackland Galleries, in aid of the T.H. sailors and soldiers.

The garden fete organised by Mrs. A. J. Hore, to take place at the Girls' Home, Carlingford, on April 27, in aid of the Church of England Homes. Mr. Justice Bayce will perform the opening ceremony.

PROTECT your Children's Eyes

In the controversy about the harmful effects of too much homework on children, parents are neglecting a more serious aspect—the harmful effect of bad light on children working in the late afternoon and at night.

RECENT American research showed that pupils remote from the windows in a schoolroom were backward, and that the pupils in the well-illuminated room were alert and responsive.

A fact brought out by the investigation was that over a period of 25 years only 22 per cent. of the days could be classed as clear by the Weather Bureau. This small percentage of clear days indicated the extent of havoc caused to school children's eyes and their education through the lack of proper lighting for use on dull days.

The true solution lies in seeing that electricity adequately makes up for the deficiencies of fading daylight.

At a school in Pennsylvania, electricity is so controlled that the fading of daylight automatically switches on four 500 watt lamps.

A NEW MASSAGE

BRANCH Neurotics, Hysteria, Mental and Nerve Troubles, Character Kinks—mild sub-normal cases—corrected by new methods.

At the Old Address—**MRS. J. BENNET** (19 Years' Constant Service), STATION HOUSE, RAWSON PLACE, CITY. Phone: M4110.

FREE TO YOU!

Sensational purchase of entire mill output of the famous "Red Line" double dull silk stockings. All shades. This stocking is worth 3/11 pair. We offer to you three pairs for 1/6. Post free. Money-back guarantee. With 1 pair we will include, absolutely free, a box of Genuine "La Paillette" Face Powder, worth 2/6. Don't miss this opportunity.

FURTHER SPECIAL FREE OFFER. Every person answering this ad. will be entitled to an opportunity of obtaining a pair of the finest-quality Shadow-Stripe Milanese Bloomers, worth 4/6, absolutely FREE.

Address only: **THE SALVAGE STORES (Regd.)**, 30 York Street, Sydney. Mention the Women's Weekly.

THE loss of wealth is loss of dirt. An sage in all times assert; The happy man's without a shirt. —John Heywood.

Sent in by A.B., East Camberwell, Vic.



Recipe for Trim Slenderness

Take one part Gossard Talon Step-In:

Slip it on and slide up the Talon fastener. Note how the satin finished "all-way" stretch elastic moulds your figure to natural looking slenderness, how the concealed boning in the satin paneled front and the top back prevents the girdle from rolling over.

Add one part Gossard Uplift Brassiere:

See how the dainty lace sections uplift, and mould the bust to a youthful, rounded curve. Observe how the elastic section of the lace diaphragm band gives greater breathing ease. Garnish with a new autumn costume and sally forth.

GOSSARD

Lane of Beauty

Sold by:

Farmer & Co. Ltd.

McDowells Ltd.

Grace Bros.

Anthony Hordern & Sons Ltd.

Murray Bros. (Parramatta) Ltd.

Intimate Jottings

Did You Know That—

Beverley Shepherd now proud possessor of own plane and will make air-taxi arrangements for those in need hasty flights?

Drowning Damsels, Beware!

MY astrologer tells me that Captain Holford was born under the watery sign of Aquarius. . . . All aquarians, it seems, have flair for retrieving damsels from watery grave. . . . Some say the Captain has gone into special training for next surging season. . . . Others aver he's so sick of hearing his praises sung that the next damsel in his vicinity loses her hold of terra firma at her peril. . . . Just to learn 'em, he'll probably let her drown, so there!

Gordon Rowell, University student, all jubilant at winning scholarship in dentistry, which takes him to Chicago.

Flight Over Himalayas

SIR PHILIP GAME and son Philip recently enjoyed exciting aerial flight over Himalayas. . . . Views superb and visibility excellent. . . . About to leave Delhi by air when last mail sent to Sydney friends. . . . Jodhpur next port of call. . . . Philip amazed at dust of Northern Plains, and says Australian efforts in that direction quite outclassed.

Dancing on Manoor

DANCING debut made by Lady Hore-Ruthven on board Manoor last Thursday night. . . . First partner on packed deck Mr. F. Bridgeman, who trod careful measure. . . . Electrician responsible for romantic lighting effect due for pat on back. . . . Dresses very lovely. . . . Mrs. Monty Walker made late entrance in frock of Margaret Rose pink lace. . . . Like many young girls, Judy Reading favored unadorned black.

Mrs. R. L. Patrick steered the yacht Thera to victory at Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron's race for women helmsmen on Saturday.

Daughters Love Bush

COUNTRY pursuits, specially riding, much favored by Mrs. Keith Richard's trio of daughters. . . . After school years in Sydney, and holidays at Austinmer, have great longing to return to bush. . . . Father's homestead on property near Cootamundra being extended in consequence. . . . Trip to England looms in coming year.

Globe-trotter Returning

AFTER exceptionally interesting tour of globe, Violet Roche shortly expected in Sydney. Has met and stayed with many notabilities, including Mr. and Mrs. William Backhaus at Geneva home. . . . Returned traveller will have rousing welcome at 5 to 7 party at Clifford, Macleay St., April 26. . . . Mrs. David Knox, Doris Flitton, Dora Payter, and Linda Paul joint hostesses.

Emelie Hooke, Australian soprano, recently chosen for soloist with performance of Torquay Municipal Orchestra. Now studying with Sir Henry Wood.

Unexpected Return

MOLLIE BELL's friends who waved her farewell on board Orsova ten days ago have surprise in store. . . . Mollie returned from Melbourne and is again in Rose Bay home. . . . Adventure reminiscent of Mr. and Mrs. Tim Whitney's sudden return from world honeymoon tour from Fremantle.

A.D.C. to the King

CAPTAIN EDGEELL, R.N., so popular during service with R.A.N., now appointed aide-de-camp to the King. . . . Family settled in London flat. . . . Daughter Betty engaged to naval officer at present in West Indies. . . . Marriage to take place on fiance's return to London at end of year. . . . Mrs. Edgell looking forward to winter, which she prefers cold and foggy.

Paradise for Pets

MR. AND MRS. E. HIRST left Sydney last week for trip to England. . . . Delightful home is Springmead, Ingleburn. . . . Veritable paradise for children, so varied and plentiful are birds and animals of all descriptions. . . . Two large macaws, minus chains, preside on either side of front door. . . . Unless provoked, will not attack stranger within gates. . . . Dalmatians favored breed of dog, and Welsh mountain ponies abound.

Lottie Dearn, well-known Sydney pianist, off to Newcastle to act as adjudicator for local cisteddod.

London Laurels

VARIED career adds interest to Angela Parsselles. . . . Born of Greek parentage in Jerusalem, made name for herself over radio in Australia. . . . Now in England, and being heard over air. . . . Angela began successful climb up ladder by winning Andrew McCunn scholarship. . . . Made stage debut in Sydney revival of "Floradora."

Not So Chic!

AIDES Holford, Ponsonby, and Gifford all present at Royal Sydney Golf Club last Friday. . . . Mrs. Bill Owen and Mollie Street showed latest arrivals points of interest. . . . Tennis fashions at club too varied for chic effect. . . . Shorts obviously not tailored, and skirts too long "pour le sport." . . . Irene Anderson wore navy belted sports coat of satisfying line.



TWO FAIR EQUESTRIENNES—Miss Peggy Walder, of West Wyalong and 44 Macleay Street, and Miss Winifred Gillespie, of Town Road, Rose Bay.



—Freeman



Loves To Ride

EVER since tenth birthday Betty Bowden, English actress visiting Australia under J.C.W. management, has made a hobby of footlights. . . . First part was role of Japanese boy, and nothing has since been such pleasure to act. . . . While in Melbourne Betty, who is blue-eyed and svelte, learnt to ride. . . . Likes her steeds quite mettlesome. . . .

Genuine Surprise!

SURPRISE party for Mrs. John Charley worked gaily to schedule last Saturday night. . . . Accepted invitation for husband and self to dine at friends' house and, on arrival, was whisked off to Hotel Australia for large dinner party. . . . After hunger satisfied, party enjoyed "Merry Widow" film. . . . Dr. and Mrs. Reg. Bettington, Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Banks, and Mrs. Tim Whitney also Chevalier fans.

Mrs. John Robertson, of Togamain, Hay, has fancy for all red, and bright at that. Chose ensemble in said stunning shade for tea for two at Royal Sydney Golf Club on Friday.

Dinner Dance Fashions

VERY dashing was split skirt worn by Bea Meekes at Hotel Australia on Thursday night. . . . Helen Hughes, with outsize in black armlets and green and black floral frock, dined and danced with Stewart Jamieson. . . . Masses of pale blue tulle made frame for blonde beauty of Peggy Hesse. . . . Most unusual was scarf of brown nylon worn severely across front of neck of Mrs. Dick Allen's pink gown. . . . Ends fell to hemline at back.



Cabbages and Cocktails

MRS. ROY KERR'S newly-furnished flat at Rose Bay scene of jolly house-warming on Saturday. . . . Nearly hundred guests helped to despoil outside cabbages of decorative cocktail sausages. . . . Ken Kerr and smart wife from Sutton Forest brought rural atmosphere with them. . . . Tweeds and brogues much in evidence. . . . Lady Wade, Mrs. Kerr's mother, assisted hostess with good cheer.

Mrs. Pat Rothe added pockets of cerise grosgrain to a smart shopping ensemble of black-and-white box checks on a week-end visit to town.

Vice-Regal Guests

SIR ALEXANDER AND LADY HORE-RUTHVEN sampled Australian hospitality on Saturday night. . . . Vice-Regal guests entertained by Sir Philip and Lady Street at Onslow Avenue home. . . . Flowers in profusion added to charm of reception rooms. . . . Officialdom represented, with small leavening of younger social circles. . . . Evelyn Lynch and Beatrice Tange supplied musical accompaniment to reception.

Reluctant to Go

TIM CLAPP couple in two minds about forthcoming world tour. . . . Have just placed every antique in correct corner in Gladswood Gardens flat, and bade leaving such attractive roof-tree. . . . Will sail shortly for America, where several months will be spent. . . . London to follow. . . . Mrs. Clapp always most picturesque figure with grey marcel and school-girl complexion.

Mrs. J. A. Davenport is on her way to London to join her talented daughter, Dulcie, who is appearing with Leslie Henson in "Lucky Break" at the Strand Theatre.

Stockbroking Jubilee

VAGARIES of Stock Exchange have failed to disturb serenity of Mr. Harold Thompson. . . . For past fifty years Mr. Thompson member Sydney Stock Exchange. . . . Even when in position of chairman, refused to be unduly upset by bears and bulls. . . . Fellow brokers now congratulating him on achieving half-century on Change.

Manhattan restaurant reopened with splash last Saturday night. Jean Anderson with much-favored partner, Claude Realy, sampled floor and Al Hammett's band.

First Australian Visit

THE three English actresses to play in "Laburnam Grove" all have touch of auburn in their wavy locks. . . . Ella Daincourt is humorous to finger-tips. Twinkling eyes and much enthusiasm for Australia. . . . Is sister-in-law of Captain Sheldoff, of Orient Company. . . . Also possesses brother—Ramsay Nuthall—in Young. . . . Ramsay motored family 400 miles to meet her in Melbourne.

Have You Noticed That—

Jean Black has joined ranks of blondes? Contrasting hair looks well with suntan complexion.

Jane Lane

SPORTS STYLES

have a
Crisp Autumn Charm...



Cosy Pullover with smart black design and contrasting collar, cuffs and basque. High neck fastening. Powder blue, royal blue, cherry, bottle, and brown with white. S.S.W., S.W., W. Special, 6/11

Sports Skirt of rich Donegal Tweed. Well-cut, with pockets for extra charm. Brown, beige and grey tonings. S.S.W., S.W., W. O.S. Price 12/11



Cardigan of finely woven wool. Very neat, practical, well-fitting style with good finish. Contrasting stripes on cuff and pocket. In black, navy, grey, red, brown, Nile green and beige. Sizes S.S.W., S.W., W., O.S. Marvellous value at 13/11



Polo Pullover in a fascinating fancy stitch. Collar and cuffs distinctively trimmed with contrasting stripes. Colours: Beige, almond, cherry and cream. Matchless quality at this price. Special 8/11

Knoppe Tweed Skirt in soft shades of grey and fawn with two-toned fleck. Well-cut and finished with smart buttons. S.W., W., O.S. Price 25/-

Fine Brushed Wool Jacket, smartly belted and buttoning cosily right to the neck. Most attractive finish of gay contrasting stripes. In new colourings of rust and yachtsman blue. S.W., W. Price 16/11

HORDERN BROTHERS

World-famous COMPOSER & Australian BUTCHER!

Twenty-seven years ago a young Melbourne butcher with a deep love for music wrote a letter to Franz Lehar, the world's greatest composer of light opera, whose 65th birthday falls on April 30.

This was the first step of a friendship which must rank as one of the most remarkable in the musical history of Australia, and which may soon result in a visit to this country by Franz Lehar.

LITTLE did that butcher realise that his letter would bring back many others, besides autographed scores and photographs, and that the day would come when he would sit beside Lehar in theatre-box and restaurant, his honored guest in Vienna.

The butcher is Mr. Allister Allum, now of 13 Empire St., Footscray, Victoria. He works at the Melbourne abattoirs, rising most mornings between two and three o'clock. For relaxation, he plays the violin as an amateur and reads all he can about musical happenings here and overseas.

It was the first Australian production of "The Merry Widow," in 1908, that prompted Mr. Allum's initial letter. He sent the composer a programme and newspaper critiques which lauded Carrie Moore and Andrew Higginson. Not knowing the full address, he wrote simply: "Franz Lehar, Vienna, Austria."

The acknowledgment was brief: "Many thanks and hearty greetings. Glad to hear 'The Merry Widow' is a success in Australia." When Mr. Allum described the premieres of "The Count of Luxembourg" and "Gipsy Love," Lehar replied at greater length.

Visit to Vienna

HE had got to the stage of calling his Australian correspondent "dear friend" and of sending him autographed scores when war put a temporary end to communication. Lehar spent the war years in enemy territory, and Mr. Allum heard rumors that he had been captured by the Russians.

However, the friendship was not forgotten. Soon after the signing of the peace treaties Lehar wrote that his operetta, "The Three Graces," was to be produced in London. Then came Press extracts and further photographs and scores.

Mr. Allum told of the final appearance in "The Merry Widow" at the Theatre Royal, Melbourne, of Gladys Moncrieff, before her first visit overseas, and Lehar replied with an invitation for Miss Moncrieff to visit him in Vienna. Professional engagements prevented her from accepting.

Frequently the composer suggested that Mr. Allum should visit him, and at the beginning of 1929 he found himself able to go. When told the news, Lehar wrote back that his new operetta, "Frederick," was to be produced in the spring of that year, adding:

"I am pleased that you will be coming to Europe. I also would like to see part of the world, particularly Australia."

The butcher-violinist from Footscray arrived in London at the end of May, knowing no one, and was greatly cheered to find waiting for him at his hotel a photo-postcard of Lehar bearing the word "Welcome!"

A few days later Mr. Allum reached Vienna. His train drew into the Westbahnhof at 9.30 p.m., and there on the platform he saw the great Franz Lehar waiting. In a moment the composer's arms were round his Australian pen-friend, and Mr. Allum found himself being hugged in true Hungarian fashion.

THROUGHOUT his Vienna visit Mr. Allum was made to feel like Royalty. A Sunday afternoon at the racetrack, when Lehar was recognised and greeted on all sides, was followed by attendance at the operetta "Juliska" for the farewell appearance of the famous Hungarian star, Sari Fedak.

Both by conversation in Vienna and by letter, Mr. Allum has tried to induce Lehar to visit Australia. The long journey deters him, but he says that if he comes he would like to conduct some of his own operettas with full orchestra.

Sir Macpherson Robertson, another of Lehar's Australian friends, intends to visit him during his present tour abroad. Before he sailed from Melbourne, Sir Macpherson Robertson expressed strong hopes of being able to arrange a reciprocal visit.

HOT HOLBROOK says: I blend, I stir, and I brew the sauce of the House of Holbrook. The Watch Appetizer.

Britain's Proudest Achievement!



Pretty, witty Nellie...
A Merry Rogue
(Samuel Pepys)

Anna NEAGLE
Sir CEDRIC HARDWICKE

Naughty, roystering Nellie... from orange-seller to King's mistress—in the photoplay supreme!

Nell Gwynn
with a cast of many hundreds

A British & Dominion Production, directed by Herbert Wilcox.



PLUS Sidney Howard
IT'S A COP
He's in the police force now... and an absolute riot!

2
G
B

FOR EVERYBODY

The Birth of the British Nation

1935 is the King's Jubilee Year, and it is fitting that at such a time we should hear the story of England's beginning. Week by week, George Edwards will broadcast the history of those eleven hundred eventful years from the coming of Julius Caesar to the Landing of William the Conqueror. In these half-hour dramas he will tell the brave story of such men and women as Caractacus, Boadicea, Sexburga, Alfred the Great, Canute the Dane, Ethelred the Unready and Edward the Confessor.

Each Thursday Night at 9.15, commencing April 18.

FOR the CHILDREN

The Missing Link

Have you ever heard of the animal called the Aye-aye? Did you know there was a deer so small that it can stand on the palm of your hand, provided you can coax it there? See that the kiddies tune in to "The Missing Link," George Edwards' great new adventure serial, which will tell them the story of evolution in the most enthralling fashion. Also they will hear how they can obtain a specially compiled book on the strange animals of the world. This is a book they will be proud to own.

Three nights a week at 6.8, commencing Monday, April 22.

2
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B

PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

WE LIVE AGAIN

Anna Sten, Fredric March, (United Artists).

TOLSTOY'S "Resurrection" has been previously adapted for the screen. This version excels chiefly in the beauty of its settings and in its impressive array of picturesque detail. It has been handled poetically by Rouben Mamoulian. He sounds the lyric note of spring with the blossom-laden boughs of the opening scene, and uses the changes of season and of weather to typify the budding and bitter fruit of the stolen romance between the young prince, on leave from Moscow, and the simple peasant girl brought up on the country estate and half adopted by his aunt. The sequence in the church on Easter Eve is notable. So also is the harsh contrast between the luxurious dissipation and arrogance of nobles and military and the docile humility of the peasants, the squalor of the prison and the hopeless weary march to Siberia.

But the film has been sentimentalised, and, in consequence, loses dramatic strength. The seduction has been surrounded with glamor; the trial scene has been toned down; and the full horrors of the prison have been glossed over. Anna Sten, unlike Tolstoy's Katusha, has a beauty that the eyes love to rest upon, but she has no great subtlety or emotional power. Fredric March passes with fair success from serious youth to fashionable pleasures and then to repentance and the life of self-denial.—Piana, com. Apr. 5.

HERITAGE

Franklyn Bennett, Peggy Maguire, Margot Rhys, (Expeditionary Films).

TO call this film an "Australian Cavalade" has some justification. Though there is nowhere here the dramatic tension of Noel Coward's chronicle, nor yet the same wide sweep or quite the sense of the restless march of events, the stirring narrative of Australian history from the first English settlers to modern times has been effectively illustrated in a series of well-selected incidents. The continuity and interest are skilfully maintained by means of a thread of story concerning some early immigrants and their descendants. Yet it is in the presentation of these fictional characters that patent weaknesses occur. Lack of pace and conviction is noticeable. Franklyn Bennett makes a dashing figure of a pioneer, but his voice is too light. Peggy Maguire, a pretty little arrival by the Bride Ship, is not very easy as a modern girl. Margot Rhys, delightful to look at, acts with more certainty than the others.

It is for its pictorial excellence, however, and for its capable direction, that the picture is to be commended. Certainly as to the first it is far ahead of any film produced in Australia to date. The group in the courtyard before the up-country trek is composed like a Hogarth; scenes in the Governor's kitchen and in the country inn have a beautiful quality; and one glimpse of fowls and farm beasts by an upturned wagon suggests a Gainsborough pastoral.—Lyceum, com. April 13.

HERE IS MY HEART

Bing Crosby, Kitty Carlisle, (Paramount).

BING CROSBY'S admirers are well catered for here. They get from him three new numbers, one of which he sings as a duet with his own gramophone record. He is a millionaire crooner, Paul Jones, taking a vacation from radio on his yacht. Learning that a particular curio for which he has a fancy has been traced to Monte Carlo in the possession of an exiled Russian princess, Alexandra, he naturally steers straight for his objective and the usual romantic sequel.

However, Paul's posing as an hotel waiter in order to be near his princess is pleasantly diverting, especially when he depens the disguise by cloaking his choir-boy features with false moustache and beard. And in this part of the film there is some delightful comedy work contributed by Roland Young and Reginald Owen, as Alexandra's princely cousin, bankrupt like herself, but in Young's case, at least, sufficiently aware of the ways and means of problem to attempt a highly unorthodox solution. Kitty Carlisle does the naughty aristocrat tolerably well as far as appearance goes, but slips on the patrician speech at times.—Regent, com. Apr. 5.

THE MAN WHO RECLAIMED HIS HEAD

Claude Rains, Joan Bennett, Lionel Atwill, (Universal).

WAR and the pressure of armament arms make the sombre background of this picture. We are shown how these meaty forces crashed through one man's life in Paris during 1914-15, and can hardly fail to apply the argument to the present-day world, troubled by rumour of wars and competitive armament. It is a thoughtful, gripping drama, a little slow to begin, and with unnecessary pauses here and there. The photography also lacks brilliance. But the fine acting of Claude Rains as the studious author living contentedly with

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—
excellent.
★★ Two stars—
good films.
★ One star—
average films.
No stars no good.

wife and child in his attic apartment until the newspaper proprietor (Lionel Atwill) tempts him back to journalism, makes up for anything.

Rains gives you the intellectual dominance of the man, his disregard of personal ambition and his tender devotion to a pretty, sweet nonentity for whose sake he consents to put his brains at the service of the politically aspiring Atwill, discovered once before to be untrustworthy.

Then, when the cause of peace, which he has so vehemently espoused, is cynically thrown away by his employer and his domestic happiness betrayed, comes, in a terrible scene, the concentrated passion of revenge by which integrity at least can be redeemed. Joan Bennett and Atwill play their parts appropriately.—Civic, com. April 5.

THE SECRET BRIDE

Barbara Stanwyck, Warren William, (Warner Bros.).

IT is not clear why the State Governor's daughter (Barbara Stanwyck) and the Attorney-General (Warren William) are contracting a sudden marriage over the border unbeknownst to their friends. But without this circumstance at the beginning the plot would lose one of its necessary strands. That would be a pity. This well-knit story of political intrigue moves from the jump with admirable economy and force.

There is no difficulty in spotting almost at the outset the prime mover in the villainy, and one fully expects his final act in the closing scene. But the drama of the situations throughout holds interest. The secret bride and groom play with pleasing naturalism and a good little study of a cheery, free-spoken typist, innocently embroiled in crime, is provided by Glenda Farrell. Grant Mitchell always a sound actor, suggests very well the half-demented condition of the unfortunate business secretary. A very competent production.—Capitol, com. Apr. 12; King's Cross, com. Apr. 13.

IT'S A GIFT

W. C. Fields, Kathleen Howard, Baby LeRoy, (Paramount).

W. C. FIELDS' name in the cast of a film is enough to awaken an anticipatory smile. His bland patience in harassing circumstances and the benignity of his manner make him a most likeable clown. But his antics are not quite enough to carry an entire film. Here he is practically the whole box of tricks, the other characters being merely feeding parts.

His clumsy mishaps in the grocery store fall after a time. We have seen George Wallace carrying on with equal success in the same line of business. But, fleeing in the middle of the night from his wife's curtain-lectures to a disturbed sleep on the balcony, Fields suffers more laughable misfortunes. Here again, however, the episode might have been briefer. The start and the finish of the journey to the golden west with his family in an incredibly antique car, and their untidy picnic on the way in private grounds, bring the happiest moments.—Regent, com. Apr. 5.

WHEN A MAN'S A MAN

George O'Brien, Dorothy Wilson, (Fox).

UNDER a title like this we look for a doughty deeds. So we are well prepared when we see our old acquaintance, George O'Brien, at the beginning of the film, waking from his last sleep in a palatial flat that is being dismantled by order of the bankruptcy court, to find that he will go straight as a homing pigeon to the Wild West and will arrive at just the ranch where he can prove his essential manliness. Privately we do not credit that our George squandered his inheritance on expensive ladies, as he says, and we await with confidence some spectacular feats of horsemanship and an all-round display of sterling qualities.

Like a wise man, he does not fulfil our expectations all at once, but works up to them "gradual-like." But when towards the end the heroine (Dorothy Wilson) is nearly buried in the well shaft, and there is a race against time by the villain (who is trying to prevent his neighbor's ranch from obtaining water) and her other savior (Paul Kelly), and O'Brien, our hearts went satisfactorily pit-a-pat. We hoped that the thirsty cattle did not really suffer much.—Capitol, com. Apr. 12; King's Cross, com. Apr. 13.

WARNER BAXTER'S Views on WOMEN



MR. AND MRS. WARNER BAXTER (Winifred Bryson), in real life, attending a preview.

Left: WARNER BAXTER, appearing with Myrna Loy in the racing film entitled "Broadway Bill," to be released shortly.

JUST what do male stars think of women? What type of woman do they prefer? To take a particular case, what does a popular star like Warner Baxter think of women?

By a recent plebiscite, Warner Baxter was voted one of the biggest box-office draws among players for the screen. What are his opinions of the sex to which so many of his ardent admirers belong? In spite of his obvious appeal to women audiences, he is not in his private life what is called a "lady's man"; there has never been any suggestion of complications to disturb his marriage.

BAXTER has had unusual opportunities of studying women. He has lived in Hollywood for many years and, in a varied assortment of parts, he has played opposite a great number of leading ladies. Even before he took to acting he met, in the way of business, all kinds of people of both sexes.

In succession he sold farm implements, typewriters, insurance policies; and at one period he worked in a garage.

"Women are of tremendous importance in a man's life," is the opinion of Baxter. "If any man thinks they are not, he's deceiving himself—or he has been deceived."

He is quite definite about the type he admires. To him the essential is that a woman, to gain his approval, should be "utterly feminine." Likewise he regards her taste in dress as a matter of vital importance.

Notices Clothes

NOT long ago an old acquaintance came to interview him for her paper. He did not like the hat she was wearing, told her so, rushed her out to a shop, and chose another, paid for it, and escorted her to a tea-room on the boulevard, where he gave her the interview. And everyone, including the editor, was pleased.

He explains: "I always notice women's clothes, consciously and appraisingly. The instant I see Winifred (Mrs. Baxter) in something new I know whether I like it or not. If I do not like it, I must have her change it at once."

Baxter believes that an actor is a better judge of character than other men because his training enables him to recognise sincerity when he meets it.

So far he sounds rather difficult to please, but his concluding remarks show tolerance and understanding.

"A man should not expect too much from a woman," he says, "unless he sets the pace for her. When he marries, he must establish the standard of what the shared life is to be."

It is his firm conviction that a man can hold the woman he loves to the best advantage if he never forgets the little things of everyday existence.

"Women in love," he thinks, "are—or would like to be—spoiled children. No woman in love is a gold-digger. I have found that a woman often cares more for trifling tokens of affection than she does for a costly gift."



MYRNA LOY, starring opposite Warner Baxter in "Broadway Bill."

What are Myrna Loy's Views on Men?

And now it would be interesting to know what Myrna Loy, starring opposite Baxter in "Broadway Bill," thinks about men!

OUR natural curiosity to discover what Myrna Loy, whose frocking for "Broadway Bill" has had to submit to Warner Baxter's expert scrutiny, thinks of men, is apparently doomed to remain unsatisfied. She has not so far put her views on record.

But then she has had a very busy life. Possibly she has not yet found time to think about men at all, much less to formulate her considered opinions.

She was born on a ranch in Montana, and her childhood was mostly spent on horseback. She also swims and plays tennis, and before she went into pictures she taught in a dancing school. For the last two years she has been continuously before the camera, working without a holiday in such pictures as "The Prizefighter and the Lady," "Manhattan Melodrama" and "The Thin Man." More recently she has been appearing in "Stamboul Quest" and "Evelyn Prentice."

Though Miss Loy has been so hard at work, she has had a certain amount of variety in the men she has played with, and she probably could furnish some views on the male sex if she would. In "Manhattan Melodrama" for in-

stance, she played opposite to two of the most popular actors on the screen—Clark Gable and William Powell. The connection with Powell, of course, was followed up in "The Thin Man" and "Evelyn Prentice," and has been considered one of the most successful screen partnerships. In "Stamboul Quest" she played with another strong romantic lead, George Brent.

However, now she is planning a holiday from the screen for a while. She wants to go to Europe. This will be her first trip across the ocean.

SHE doesn't have to worry about screen costumes, anyway. Kalloch, who designed the gowns for her latest appearance, has very decided views himself, and has given much thought to what would suit her best.

"Never should a wardrobe submerge a star's individuality," he declares.

"The personality of a player should be stressed, and Miss Loy has been definitely typed as exotic. But in the coming production she has been visualised as an out-of-doors American girl. Though the heroine of the story is wealthy, it would be the acme of bad taste to make her gowns bizarre, because in the script of the picture she simply isn't that sort of girl!"

"On the other hand, Miss Loy has Oriental eyes, and a certain exotic air about her that has been so thoroughly exploited that her fans would miss this quality if it were taken away."

"So I have given her youthful gowns with a very definite modern sophistication and chic—quite wearable, but in keeping with her type as well as her characterisation."

It sounds as if Mr. Baxter ought to register approval.—E.M.T.

5

GOOD REASONS WHY LACONIAS ARE Australia's National Blanket

AND EACH OF THESE FIVE POINTS IS GUARANTEED

Laconia Blankets are available in the following sizes: 72 in. x 54 in.; 78 in. x 54 in.; 90 in. x 54 in.; 81 in. x 63 in.; 90 in. x 63 in.; 90 in. x 72 in.; 99 in. x 81 in. Cat sizes: 40 in. x 30 in.; 52 in. x 32 in.; 56 in. x 36 in.; 60 in. x 40 in.

5/2

PATON

Laconia BLANKETS

MAKE "Good Night" A CERTAINTY

Good-bye Hollywood Diet! NOW Goes

FAT

A NEW AND BETTER WAY!

EAT BIG MEALS, yet TAKE OFF UGLY FAT

Fastest Safe Way Yet Known—No Thyroid

No Dangerous Drugs—Enjola treatment gets you Slim or costs you Nothing

Entirely Harmless!

You can have the svelte, slender figure men admire and women envy. You can wear the kind of dresses you want to wear; play the games you want to play; romp with the children; get more out of life! Without risking heart-trouble through exercises; without foregoing hearty meals of tasty foods, YOU CAN BE SLIM—the new GUARANTEED ENJOLA Way!

UGLY FAT IS DANGEROUS...

Fat causes interference with heart, kidneys and blood vessels. Diabetics, gout with excess fat. Insurance companies know from their records that life is cut short by as many as 10 years when people are overweight. Lose fat now by taking Enjola—No Thyroid!

back! ENJOLA reduces swiftly, but safely. You control the rate of reduction. To lose a pound daily is practicable—and you can reduce even more.

★ Slim Hips, Waist, Bust—Years Younger in Looks

Lose those ugly extra inches with Enjola. Wear attractive styles! Take in your present dresses! You can do it. It needs no determination. Involves no danger. A spoonful of Enjola before meals and the fat departs! Once again you become really POPULAR—not just because people know you, but because they admire you.

AVOID WEAKENING SALTS, MERE "ELIMINANTS," UNCERTAIN THYROID CAPSULES

If you are one of those who have tried other slimming treatments without beneficial results—don't despair. Enjola is different. Nothing else equals it! Get a bottle to-day—under this GUARANTEE—

If you are not delighted with the way Enjola Treatment takes off your pounds of ugly, unwanted fat, you can have back the 5/6 the test will have cost you.

NO STARVING—NO "MENU SYSTEMS"—No "Exercises!"

◆ New Safe Liquid Enjola Method Takes off Fat Fast and Easily—if not—NO COST!

Start losing fat TO-DAY! Extra quick, positively safe, Enjola Reducing Tonic ENDS FAT—creating new Energy, New Zest, New Charm. Lose fat all over, or just where reduction is needed. . . Without risk, delay, or trouble of any kind! It's Amazing!

HOW MANY POUNDS DO YOU WISH TO LOSE? HOW FAST?

You lose as much as you wish the Enjola way. When you're down to normal, you stop. And you hold the slim, slender, graceful figure you've won

WITHOUT THYROID!

Without starving

Without injurious, fatiguing Exercises!

Hollywood now fights Fat a NEW WAY

Note the Slim Figures of the RKO Stars!

FALSE Colors

Continued from Page 12

DIANA laughed. The laugh held a little catch. She felt as though he had cast a spell over her. As though he and she were alone in all the world.

"That's very nice of you," she said. "I, too, have enjoyed myself. . . . But I must go now." Her voice shook slightly, as did the hand which lifted her glass.

Antoine had scrawled rapidly on paper, and now with something of a flourish he extended a clean plate on which he had folded that paper.

"In addition, ma'm'selle," he said, with a curt and reproachful glance at Maurice, who should, in his opinion, have called for more champagne.

Diana looked up. There was bewilderment in her eyes, and, seeing it, it came to Maurice that she had not understood. She did not realise that he was a gigolo, a paid dancing partner. She had built up around him some edifice of misunderstanding. . . . Something within him seemed to break.

He said sharply: "What does this mean, Antoine? Are you mad?" He took the bill from the plate, fumbled in his pocket and tossed his last thousand-franc note into the hands of Antoine.

For just one moment Antoine's eyes started from his head; then changed and deepened with a meaning, sar-

2GB Highlights

SATURDAY, April 13.—7.15, Happy Valley Boys; 7.45, An Evening with Darby and Joan; 9.15, Feature Sessions: "Roberta," Jack Hylton and Paul Robeson; 9.45, Glen Southern, "The Voice from Hollywood."

SUNDAY, April 14.—3.30, Pages From the Past; 7.0, Mr. C. Jinarajadasa, M.A. (Cantab.); "The Empire, India, and World Federation for Peace"; 8.15, Memories of Morocco; 8.45, George Edwards in "The Old Curiosity Shop"; 9.15, Personalities on Parade; 10.0, Evensong.

MONDAY, April 15.—2.45, Radio School of Domestic Science; 4.0, A Conversation in a Colorado History Store; 5.30, "Swiss Family Robinson"; 7.50, Inspector Scott; "The Case of the Frame of Death"; 8.30, Frank and Archie.

TUESDAY, April 16.—3.30, Dorothea Vautier: Musical Personalities; 6.35, "The Sweetest Music This Side of Heaven"; 8.45, The Voice of the People; 9.0, George Edwards as "Dr. Samuel Johnson."

WEDNESDAY, April 17.—10 a.m., C. Jinarajadasa: Newer Ideals in Child Education; 3.30, Dorothea Vautier, Feature Session; 8.0, Moments of Melody with Gladys Moncrieff; 9.0, Happy Harmony from Vienna; 9.45, Easy Chair.

THURSDAY, April 18.—10.45 a.m., George Edwards in "The French Revolution"; 9.15, The Birth of the British Nation; "The Arrival of Julius Caesar"; 9.45, The Land of Nod.

FRIDAY, April 19.—9.0 a.m., "The Crucifixion" (Stainer); 8.0, Two Octaves; Duets from the Classics; 8.35, Famous Songwriters; 9.30, A. M. Pooley; 10.0, Notable British Trials; Kate Webster.

donic smirk. He counted the change. He received exactly ten per cent. of the bill for his tip. He assisted Diana with her cloak.

Maurice and Diana walked to where the glass awning, with its rose lights stretched out across the pavement. There Maurice sent a boy to call a taxi, and as they waited for it he said: "Is this to be the last—the only time—we shall meet?"

Diana's heartbeats seemed to fill her. Reason told her to reply that it was Romance whispered that she must see him again, and Romance won.

"I'm staying in Paris another week," she said. "At the Hotel Magnifique in the Avenue de l'Opera."

The taxi had arrived. The boy was standing by it. The door was open. Maurice bent over Diana's hand.

"I shall remember this night—always," he whispered.

The car whirled Diana into the darkness, and Maurice walked into La Vanite. In its entrance he encountered Monsieur Delacroix, and Monsieur Delacroix was alone.

"What is this foolery?" he snarled. "Antoine tells me the girl would have bought more champagne."

Maurice looked at him very levelly. "The girl bought no champagne. I bought it, and I could afford no more."

He walked past Monsieur Delacroix, and for once that voluble gentleman's tongue could find no words to say.

Please turn to Page 46

WANTED TO PURCHASE

OLD GOLD, Dental Gold, etc. E. E. Smith, 113a Pitt Street (near Hunter Street) 888

fiery redness

Don't risk the pain and unsightliness of sun-scorch. As you know the sun first dries and then burns the skin—that is why you should retain the natural moisture of the skin with Hinds Cream.

Soft and smooth, this fragrant liquid cream is delightful to use. It seeps gently into the skin without clogging the pores . . . soothing . . . refreshing . . . beautifying.

Before exposure to sun, wind or dust smooth it on. We know you will be delighted. Your skin will grow softer and more petal-smooth day by day.

1/- and 2/6 everywhere.

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HINDS

HONEY & ALMOND CREAM

Buy the 1/6 economy size which contains 4 times the quantity

Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores.

When Somebody's ill in your House !

perhaps critically ill, or convalescent.—Benger's Food is the most easily digested and most highly nutritious Food you can give. Because of its ability to nourish when other Foods fail, Benger's Food is used and recommended by Doctors all over the world. The Benger Booklet contains useful information and dainty recipes for Invalids, post free from Benger's Food, Ltd., 350, George Street, Sydney.

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No. 1 also — 3/- No. 2 also — 5/6
Made at MANCHESTER, Eng.

BENGER'S Food

Best TRADE MARK.

Help Kidneys

If Kidney Trouble or Bladder Weakness makes you suffer from Getting up Night, Nervousness, Headache, Stomachache, Blisters, Burning, Smarting, Itching or Acidity, try the new discovery, CRATES (Grape-fruit).

Guaranteed to end your troubles in 8 days or money back. At all chemists.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

April 13, 1935.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

31

Wayward, Fleeting Loveliness of Poppies!

Captured by Bertha Maxwell in this Enchanting Collection of Traced Linen... And Exclusively Designed for Your Home or Your Treasure "Box"

VERY needleworker loves poppies. Their grace and elegance are admirable for decorative linens, their bold simplicity makes them easy to render in stitchery, their wayward fleeting loveliness suits the leisure hour of afternoon tea or late supper. Here is a whole collection of linens appropriate for every occasion on which hospitality is dispensed. Read on, and decide what you would like to have for your little parties—then just make it.

AS you can see at a glance, this fascinating poppy design is simple enough for the beginner or busy woman—and rich enough in arrangement for a wealth of satin stitchery.



A CLOSE-UP of the exquisite Bertha Maxwell exclusive design—featuring the loveliness of poppies. Work it for your home or your "box." This design is available on a 36 x 36, 43 x 43, or a 54 x 54 inch cloth. Available only at The Australian Women's Weekly at price quoted.

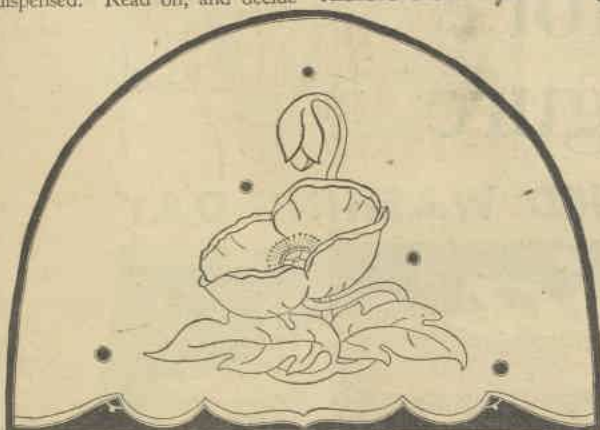
IT is not given to everyone to be beautiful or famous, but one of the most lasting ways in which we can express our love of beauty is to take up our needles occasionally and add a few stitches to something which we can use and enjoy, and then pass on to others after us.

Everyone simply must have a supper cloth or two, and they are such lovely things to make that it is a good plan to have one always on hand for use in the home, for the glory-box, for a present to a friend.

The poppy design, which is shown on

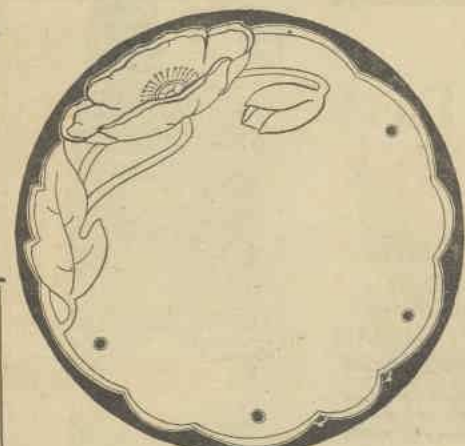


A SKETCH showing the lovely and exclusive poppy design on a 36 x 36 supper-cloth. The price of this is 6/-, post free.



THE design traced on to a 13 x 19 tea-cloth. The other side is traced with scallops to match front. On superb quality cream or white linen, 2/6 post free.

HERE you see the 9 x 9 d'oyley carrying the poppy design. Serviettes and sandwich d'oyley also obtainable in this enchanting collection.



this page, will suit every kind of worker: it is simple and easy for the beginner or for the busy woman, and rich enough in arrangement for a wealth of lovely satin stitchery.

There are three cloths, 36 x 36 inches, 45 x 45 inches, and 54 x 54 inches; a traycloth measuring about 14 x 20 inches, an ample cosy (13 x 19), with flower and leaves on one side, the other side traced with scallops to match the front; a small napkin measuring about 12 x 12 inches; a 9 x 9-inch d'oyley, and a delightful little 5 x 12-inch sandwich d'oyley.

Two linens are used, a pure white of good quality, and a heavier cream linen. Following is the price list—we pay postage:

5 x 12 sandwich d'oyley, 1/-; 9 x 9 plate d'oyley, 1/-; 13 x 19 tea-cloth, 2/6; 14 x 20 oval centre, 2/6; 12 x 12 serviette, 1/-; 36 x 36 supper cloth, 6/-; 45 x 45 supper cloth, 8/6; 54 x 54 supper cloth, 12/6.

The designs are procurable only from The Australian Women's Weekly, and may be called for or ordered by letter.

The Colors

WHITE linen is beautifully embroidered in white embroidery cotton: it is one of the most lasting forms of needle art, and launders perfectly. Colors in real shades may be used freely on white linen, but it is important that they be of good quality to endure frequent washing.

The cream linen is ideal for colors, and on this material the needle-painter may let her fancy run as she wishes, and enjoy herself with lots of skeins and lots of filling stitches.

For a fashionable, sophisticated effect, cream cotton on cream linen is the dernier cri in the needle world, and gives an indescribable effect of old lace and ivory.

If you decide to work in colors, these are some of the shades you may use: For the flowers, all yellows, orange, gold, scarlet or dark red, and every known shade of pink; for the leaves, stems and bud calyxes, greens of all clear tones, no muddy or fainful shades ever appear in poppy greens. The fluffy centres of the flowers, shown by small dots and lines, are golden or black; the rounded top of the seed capsule which just shows through the stamens should be green. In colored work, the scallops may be cream, ecru, or green to match the leaves.

The Stitching

THE quaintly irregular scallops follow the same angles as parts of the leaves, and so make a perfect harmony with the floral part of the cloth. They should be well padded, then neatly buttonholed, with a picoté bar here and there for strength and ornament. Scallops always strengthen the edges where they are used, and are more durable than any other kind of edging except, perhaps, a good hem. When the scalloping is finished, a tiny needlepoint

finish can be added all round.

The flowers give great scope for lovely stitching. Embroidery owns much of its charm to the beauty of the threads which are used, and in a design of this nature, a lot of lustrous thread will appear on the surface to catch the light, and give the shining effect which is so beautiful in solid needlework.

Along the petals of the flowers there appear double lines; these can be lightly padded, and either richly satin-stitched, or smoothly buttonholed.

Buttonholing is excellent as it has all the massed appearance of satin work, and has also its own tiny curled edge for emphasis.

The centres can be expressed in outlining and French knots or dots, with a little satin-stitching on the tops of the seed heads.

The stems may be padded and satin-stitched, or outlined along each side. The leaves will look very well done in buttonholing, a stitch which always seems suitable for leaf edges; good outlining is also correct, with veins either satin-corded or outlined.

Eyelets about the design add interest and needle-effect, and may be worked by running once, cutting twice and whipping firmly. They are effective also

if padded and satin-stitched into shining spots.

CLEVER fingers may try their skill by treating the design as applique, especially on the cream linen. The flowers are large enough for this purpose. Details of veining and centres can be added after the main piece of applique is in position. If the flowers are applied, the leaves and stems should be well stitched to preserve a good balance.

Press the edge well before cutting away the spare linen.

Clever Ideas

TO KEEP the tea from becoming stale, and to give it a really delicious flavor, keep a piece of orange peel in the caddy.

DO NOT throw away sour milk. If you are making cakes or scones where the recipe calls for milk, use it—it will make your cakes very light.

FOR GIVING a real touch of smartness to a low-necked dress, and bringing it up to date, make a velvet bow and stitch it to the front of the frock to cover the main part of the low neck. Have very wide velvet and a big, full bow.

SEALING WAX will mend a thimble. Melt a stick of it in the flame of a candle, and let a little of the hot wax drop inside the thimble. With your fingers gently but firmly press inside, so that it fills in the crack.

NO NEED to despair over a milk pudding burnt on the top. After removing the burnt skin from the top, add more milk and butter—and rebake the pudding in a slow oven.

FLOWERS CAN be sent through the post without fading if their stems are stuck into holes cut in a raw potato.

How I ended my stomach trouble



"I can eat what I please and digest it with ease."

If you suffer from indigestion, if you cannot enjoy a meal without pain, wind, distension, and a feeling of weakness and low spirits, let nothing deter you from trying 'Bisurated' Magnesia. It is the supreme remedy for stomach trouble; with over 20 years' proof of its unflinching efficacy. Perhaps you are even now dreading your next meal. Then why not make it the occasion for putting 'Bisurated' Magnesia to the test? Get a bottle of 'Bisurated' Magnesia, powder or tablets, from your chemist and take a little after your meal. Eat whatever you fancy. The result will be a revelation to you. The contents of your stomach will be made as bland and soothing as milk, instead of turning acid as before. The customary pain and wind will not occur and digestion will be completed with ease and comfort.

'BISURATED' MAGNESIA
Banishes Stomach Ills

Every package bears the oval 'Bismac' Trade Mark—BISMAC



BOILS

... Stop the nagging pain with

... REXONA

Mrs. Elsie Campbell of Dee Why writes: "I think Rexona is wonderful. My little boy, aged 7 years had three boils on his knee, and all I did was to use Rexona, and I found it a good healing ointment."

Always use Rexona Ointment and Soap for...

Scalds, blisters, bruises, sore feet, chapped hands, itching, sunburn, heat spots, itching, and all skin complaints.



Rexona
the rapid healer
OINTMENT & SOAP

REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

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Just think of it—

250 CANDLE POWER
PURE BRILLIANCE

At less than 1d. per hour

Look at the Prices. Look at the Features.



LOW PRICE
NO WORK
NO GLASS CHIMNEYS
DRAUGHT PROOF
PERFECT SAFETY
NO SMOKE

MANTLES, 7s4 each
BUILT SPECIALLY
FOR KEROSENE
WILL BURN PETROL
ALSO



Rain Automatic Long Life Generators

"Royal" Lamp 77/-

"Regal" Lamp 64/-

"Scout" Lantern 49/6

Ask your Storekeeper or write to
COLEMAN QUICK-LITE CO., 500 KENT ST., SYDNEY
(Near Liverpool St.)

BUT little do men perceive what Solitude is, and how far it extendeth. For a Crowd is not Company; and Faces are but a Gallery of Pictures; and Talk but a tinkling Cymbal, where there is no Love.
—Bacon.

Sent in by M.B. Raymond Terrace, N.S.W.

OLD fools are more foolish than young ones.—La Rochefoucauld.
Sent in by B.H. Raymond Terrace.

In the year 2000.
Landlady: And this is the bathroom.
Modern Miss: Yea, show me the television arrester.

Fashion Even Unto Blankets



HOW COSY she looks snuggling under these new blankets. Notice the new twelve-inch colored borders. They're the latest idea from Paris.

—Photo by courtesy David Jones.

Latest Decrees from Paris

To-day fashion holds sway even over blankets, and as well as warmth and cosiness they lend real beauty and charm to the bedroom. The very latest ideas from France are twelve-inch borders, all-over checks, and luxurious softly-colored satin-bound affairs — all to tone in with the decorative scheme of the bedroom.

GENERALLY speaking, blankets are finer in texture and much lighter in weight. Australian manufacturers each year are improving their blanket output, so that to-day the shopper can be assured that she is buying not only bed coverings of warmth and quality, but the smartest designs.

The very newest feature in blankets is the extremely wide border—to be exact, twelve inches wide. It's a French idea, so you can imagine how smart it is. These borders are in the latest modern bedroom tonings—blue, jade-green, and dusty-pink—and blend delightfully with the natural, creamy tones of the blankets themselves. David Jones have them in soft, durable, and pure Merino wool in sizes to fit single bed, 54 x 78 ins.; three-quarter bed, 63 x 81; double bed, 72 x 90; large double bed, 81 x 90; While wide-bordered blankets are the newest feature, there are a number of other fashionable types from which to choose. There are all-over, colored blankets to match the bedroom. The new shades include soft pink, green, blue, maize, and helio. These colored blankets are finished with satin bindings to match and are reasonably priced.

Of course, the colored blankets can be matched with colored sheets—something to remember when you are pondering over a gift for your own or for some other fortunate girl's "box." And the lay-by is a boon to many. Gone are all

Worst of all for your figure



....THE OLD-FASHIONED WASHING-DAY



DON'T DEVELOP that Washing-day droop



CHANGE WASHING-DAY TO RINSO-DAY

Fifty-two washing days a year—fifty-two reasons why a woman loses her figure, if she washes the old-fashioned way. Bending over tubs until you are too weary to stand erect again is the quickest way in the world to develop those unlovely middle-aged contours. Protect your figure by changing to modern washing-days —with Rinso!

LITTLE WORK AND NO WORRY WITH RINSO

Dirt just soaks out of the clothes when Rinso gets to work on them. And Rinso is no shirker—not one speck of dirt escapes. You'll have gloriously clean clothes and snowy linen after the easy Rinso washing-day.

Rinso

A LEVER BROTHERS PRODUCT



You May See It... Made Up

Our Aristocratic Jumper In Scarlet and White.

David Jones' and Farmer's have it on display—the perfect jumper for smart occasions. Those living within the metropolitan area may see it any day in the Wool Department, ground floor of either store. You'll find full directions for making on the knitting page.

those lolly-pink and hard blue shades. The latest tonings are in soft, pleasing colors to harmonise with bedroom furniture—Margaret-Rose, Jubilee-blue, green, maize, and helio. You will be following royalty if you choose all-over colored blankets for your trousseau, as Princess Marina set the fashion for her recent marriage to the Duke of Kent.

Another range in colored blankets, made in fine quality wool but not bound with satin, is obtainable in soft tonings at prices within the range of the average purse.

The last, but not least, line in colored blankets is the famous British Jaeger. These are of finest quality with satin-bound ends. David Jones are showing a large variety of colors, including sage, rose, sky, gold, camel, and helio. These imported blankets are quoted at 37/6 each and upwards.

Even the kiddies have not been forgotten in the new colors, which are baby-blue, baby-pink, green, and gold. Brighten up the children's room with some of these all-over colored blankets in fine-quality wool, finished with self-colored satin bindings in useful sizes.

For cot blankets Jaeger is really supreme. There are two sizes: 23 x 36in., 30 x 40in. What delightful blankets are the little Cuddlesots, so dainty, warm, and light, with a pocket in one corner to hold baby's favorite toy.

Just as I was leaving the department the assistants were unpacking some of those very smart check blankets—white grounds with check designs carried out in blues, pinks and greens.

By the way, did you know that the Country Women's Association was responsible for the extra length added to single blankets? For some time they worked to impress on the manufacturers the necessity for making this particular size longer. All women will welcome the change from the former 72in. to the present 78 and up to 90in.



A Ring of Happiness — or a Vicious Circle ?



YOUR wife's wedding ring . . . did it marry her to YOU or to a daily round of monotonous toil? Did it make her a bride . . . or merely a housewife?

She sweeps, cleans, launders, irons, cooks, day after day. She endures a routine which would break a man's heart because of its eternal sameness. And only on rare occasions does she complain . . .

Because she seldom complains you imagine she is content . . . you do not realise that brooms, flat irons, washtubs and the sweltering heat of the kitchen stoves are driving romance out of her life . . . keeping her away from friends . . . wasting away her youth. It isn't fair! It isn't necessary!

Why should your wife toil over a steaming washtub when electricity will handle the complete



weekly laundry for a cost of a penny? . . . Why should she be a slave to the kitchen when she could do better cooking, in cool comfort and a fraction of the time, for less than a 1d. a person per day with an electric range? Why should she sweep, iron and toil herself into middle age when electricity could do the housework for her and save money for you at the same time?

Practically every electrical appliance of to-day, modern—rapid—safe—economical! can be bought from an electrical retailer on the easiest of terms. You CAN afford them — and they would SAVE money for you from the moment you first brought them home. A chat with the nearest electrical retailer will open your eyes to new possibilities of happiness and economy.

LISTEN IN!

"BEAU GESTE"—Station 2CH—Every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, 7.55 p.m.

"CITIES OF PERHAPS"—Station 2SM—Every Thursday Evening at 7.15 p.m.

"SCHOOL OF DOMESTIC SCIENCE"—Station 2GB—Mon. to Fri., 2.45 p.m.

DO IT WITH

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THE ELECTRICITY DEPARTMENT

The Municipal Council of Sydney

TOWN HALL, SYDNEY

EP-14



HIS BODYGUARD

The bodyguard of every boy and girl is wholesome, nutritious food.

Granuma is a whole-wheat food that builds health and strength. Made from the finest selected wheat, Granuma retains all the essential food elements—the germ, the bran, the pollard—which Nature embodies in this health-giving cereal.

A bodyguard for young and old, easy to digest and filled with a delicious nutty flavour. Serve every day with milk, cream, honey, fruit or jam.

Order a packet from your grocer.

A PRESENT IN EVERY PACKET

Save the Bonus Labels for Valuable Presents.

All the Family Will Enjoy GRANUMA BISCUITS

- 7 ozs. Granuma.
- 5 ozs. Self-Raising Flour.
- 3 ozs. Butter.
- 3 ozs. Sugar.
- 1 Egg.
- 1 Pinch of Salt.
- 1 Tablespoonful Water.

Mix Granuma, flour, butter, salt, and sugar dry. Add beaten egg and water to dry ingredients. Mix well, roll out very thin and bake in a moderately quick oven.

GRANUMA PORRIDGE MEAL

CONTAINS THE WHOLE OF THE WHEAT...

Manufactured by INGLIS LTD., 396-404 Kent Street, Sydney

CIRCLE and CHAIN

Continued from Page 6

OOTA PIERRE laughed harshly and her dirty, fat-armed cheeks quivered. "A thousand dollars! No woman born is worth a tenth of that except it be that she has knowledge of certain arts. No matter, thou shalt have her, only stop thy moaning and play the part of a man. Before the Rodcoats came to the North... but never mind, get on with what you are doing; the maiden shall be yours."

Alex fumbled with a cartridge and it slipped from his unsteady fingers and rolled in a half-circle among some decaying grouse entrails that littered the floor.

He half sneered in the direction of the old woman as he asked her:

"Where can we get the money to buy her? Since the Mounted Police stopped you dealing in charms and such things we haven't enough to eat."

"More shame on you that you cannot hunt like the rest of the tribe. A thousand dollars! As easy to grasp a thousand handfuls of the river mist as it rises in the morning!"

"Then it is not possible?"

"I did not say that, my son. Other things have value besides dollars. Such a thing is on its way to us now. I have known that for some days. A natural sound that passed for a laugh escaped from the lips of Alex. He had lived too near his mother's witchcraft to have a great deal of faith in it, though he knew that she possessed certain powers that were indeed strange. His laughter ended suddenly, for a knock that was imperative in its haste sounded on the door. His mother looked at him strangely and there was triumph in her glance.

"It is here," she said quietly. "Open the door."

Alex got up from the floor, but he was forestalled, for the door swung open and a man staggered into the cabin. It was Seymour, the half-breed, and he was a terrible sight, for his moccasins were torn in ribbons and one half of his face was so badly frost-bitten that it was turning black. His right arm was thrust through his open coat and rested inside his mackinaw shirt. He stumbled against the stove and then fell on the floor, where he lay on a blanket. The two Indians watched him, the man with fear, for Seymour had a bad reputation, the woman with cunning, for she saw that the half-breed was clutching desperately at a gunny-sack in his left hand.

Oota Pierre knelt down by the half-breed and began to knock the powdered snow from his shoulders. He screamed and swore.

"Mind my arm, darn you! Mind my arm!"

The old woman surveyed him and her thick lips curled in a sneering grin. Taking a pair of large scissors from a nail on the wall, she began to cut the coat away from Seymour's arm. Presently it lay bare to the bare light of the cabin and it was a terrible sight, for it was swollen to twice its normal size and was of a dark, dull red color. The glands under his arm-pit were enlarged enormously, and the pulse there could be seen beating. Oota had seen

Day-Dream

A dream one night
Had lost its way
And asked some moonbeams
Down to play.
In spite of advice
The south wind gave,
They buried care
In a lonely grave.
On mischief bent,
For else to do,
They pierced the dewdrops
Through and through.
They dived in the pools
Of fairy eyes,
And dried their wings
With the fireflies.
A night so mad
They never knew,
And then came dawning,
Grey and blue.
The voice of the wind
Sent warnings far,
And called for aid
To the morning star.
They searched with haste,
But could not find
A trace of silver
Left behind.
For when in the east
The sunrise shone,
The dream and the moonbeams
Both were gone.
The moonbeams on
A primrose bank
To magic slumber
Faintly sank.
And in dark eyes,
By moonlight wrought,
A day-dream trembled
Into thought.

—EDITH CARROLL.

advanced cases of blood-poisoning before, but never one as bad as this. "How come?" she asked. "Got a fox in a trap. It bit me. Curse it!" "Well, what do you want me to do?" "Do, you fool! You have skill in such matters. You cured Kiteanga Tom when the grizzly clawed him." "He was not so badly off as you are." "Don't waste time. I'm in hell with the pain!" "Cures are expensive. The herbs I use take a great deal of finding." "I'll pay you well. Fifty dollars." "Fifty dollars!" Her voice was scornful. "Is not your life worth more than that to you? No matter, I will see what I can do."

She knew that Seymour was as good as dead. Turning to Alex she said: "Put all the blankets in the corner over there. Undress him and lay him there."

Stepping forward, she attempted to take up the gunny-sack, but the half-breed pushed her with his sound arm and swore. Oota smiled. She knew that she would not have to wait very long before she saw what the sack contained.

While Alex helped him to the rough bed the woman busied herself with a pot on the stove. As she pounded the mass of herbs it contained she smiled grimly.

Two days later Seymour became delirious, and as words tumbled in mad torrents from his lips, the Indian woman listened and smiled. That night Seymour died.

Please turn to Page 35

HOT HOLBROOK says: No sugar is used in brewing my ale. I call it 'Holbrooks' Pure Malt Vinegar.

Opportunity!



TERMS: PER WEEK

LOW DEPOSIT

Superseded Models!

Same very slightly shop-soiled; but this fact in no way detracts from their flawless performance. Early buying advised. Each one a Radio Bargain unapproached in the city.

RADIOLETTE

44, 5-Valve Electric Set.

Usually £19/10/6.

To Clear at... £12

RADIOLA

55E, 6-Valve Electric

Set. Usually £37/10/6.

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AIRZONE

555, Table Model

Superheterodyne.

Usually £18/19/6.

To Clear at £15/15/6.

AIRZONE

535, Super Console

Model, with Magnavox

Speaker.

Usually £19/19/6.

To Clear at £16/16/6.

GENALEX

DAPPER

5-Valve Table Model

Superheterodyne.

Usually £16/19/6.

To Clear at... £10

OCEANIC E2

5-Valve Electric Set,

Magnavox Speaker.

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To Clear at... £8

ZENITH

Table Model, with

Magnavox Speaker.

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To Clear at... £7/10/6

KRIESLER

7-Valve All-Wave Elec-

tric Set, with Magnavox

Dynamic Speaker.

Usually £39/10/6.

Reduced to £20 to clear

All Sets Guaranteed for 12 Months. Terms apply to Metropolitan Area. Cash must accompany Country Orders.

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HAYMARKET, SYDNEY.

EARLY AUTUMN BLAMED FOR SORE THROATS

DEALING with the prevalence of sore throats, a Doctor of the Commission for Health attributes this condition to the early autumn. The report states: "We have had practically no summer and the weather has been more like autumn. Because of this many people are suffering from sore throats." 'ASPRO' makes an invaluable gargle for sore and relaxed throats. Prepare the gargle by crushing and dissolving three 'ASPRO' Tablets in half a glass of water. Stir well before using. Repeat the gargle every 2 or 3 hours as required but make a fresh one every time. Don't let the mixture stand over night. 'ASPRO' not only acts as a soother but it is an effective antiseptic for sore throats because of its germicidal qualities. Make sure you have a packet of 'ASPRO' in the home.



GARGLE WITH 'ASPRO' EVERY DAY

CLERGYMAN USES 'ASPRO' GARGLE FOR RELAXED THROAT.

Dear Sirs, Gardiner, S.E.6.
I use 'ASPRO' Tablets occasionally but my wife frequently uses them for Neuritis.

This last week I had the worst attack of relaxed throat I ever had. The usual remedies failed to act. I thought I would try two 'ASPRO' Tablets in half a cup of water as a gargle. The gargle proved soothing and most effective, the best I have yet struck; it seemed to act like magic, so I thought I would send the information on. I shall not fail to recommend it to others I meet.

9FB/35 Rev. C. A. — (Sgd.).

QUINSY & SORE THROATS RESPOND TO 'ASPRO.'

McHenry Street,
Murray Bridge, S.A.

Dear Sirs,
Your 'ASPRO' has been a wonderful boon to our family. I suffered for years with Neuritis and raging Headaches, but 'ASPRO' has brought me such relief that I wouldn't be without it.

My sister also was subject to Severe Attacks of Quinsy, but has stopped attacks in the early stages by letting 'ASPRO' dissolve in her throat, and also taking it with hot lemon drinks at intervals. Other so-called medicines have failed, but 'ASPRO' soothes and induces sleep.

(Sgd.) Mrs. A. CHAMBERS.

CIRCLE and CHAIN

Continued from Page 34

HIS dark soul had barely started on its long journey when Oota dragged the gunny-sack from underneath him. She plunged her hand inside it and drew out a pelt that gleamed and shimmered in the light cast by the dirty oil lamp on the shelf. A gasp of amazement escaped her as she saw what she held. She looked across to where the frightened Alex was standing.

"Now, my son, thou can get the girl in the morning. After that it would be well to get the Redcoats here. We want no trouble in the matter of Seymour's death."

The Indian nodded.
"Not so bad! Not so bad!"
Nic, the Greek, took the magnificent pelt of the silver-cross fox, and holding it by the nose shook it gently. Every hair rose upright and the skin took on its full beauty. It was as if it received new life from some unseen source.

Chief Dan grunted: "He's mighty good!"

"Oh, there might be a red hair here and there. 'Taint often there's a perfect silver-cross."

to hear that Dan had drunk himself to death as a result of the two cases of rum arriving at the Ranch here just after the mounted police had left. Which occurrence was to cause him much annoyance at a later date.

IN Vancouver Levinski, the Jew, stared across a desk at his partner Nic, the Greek, and growled. He was feeling sore with the whole world, as he always did when he found himself parting with money or its equivalent. He passed a worried hand over his sleek, greasy hair, and then addressed his companion, who was grinning a little.

"You take it so calmly," he said. "Here's this . . . this masted grafter workin' us and you do nothin' but grin. It makes me sick, I tell you, it makes me sick!"

"Take it easy, Vinny, my tad. If you want anything in this world you've got to pay for it. Even if La Belle is a Cabinet minister he's got to make a decent livin', ain't he? Be reasonable an' see it my way. We want the concession to trade up in

ASKING FATHER

"DAD, what was the greatest war song ever written?"

"Here comes the bride," my son."



"He's all good, I tell you. Nothing wrong with him."

"Where'd you get him?"

"Traded daughter for him."

The Greek smiled. "Not a bad deal at that. Girls aren't so much use on a trap line." He stuck out a pendulous bottom lip and eyed the Indian speculatively. He was afraid to name a price for the fur in case the chief had an idea as to its real value. Yet if he made an offer and it was too small, Dan might take umbrage and refuse to deal with him.

"What'll you take for him?" he asked.

"I take seven hundred dollars."

"That's a lot for one pelt, Chief. But we're old friends. Let's say six hundred."

Usually the Chief's mind was as indefinite as cigarette smoke in a typhoon, but for once he was firm.

"Seven hundred, an' mebbe you pot-latch me two cases of rum as well."

Nic, the Greek, smiled ruefully. "All right, Chief, it's a go."

And so it was that the pelt entered the possession of Nic, the Greek, and added one more link to the chain of circumstance. In the spring he was

Rakkin Land among the Esquimaux an' La Belle can get it for us by dropping a word in the right quarter. He's worth his price, now ain't he?"

"But he ought to be above graft, a bird with a position like he's got. If I had it I'd . . ."

"If you had it they'd have to put a burglar alarm on the carillon in the tower at Ottawa or you'd be hockin' the bells one at a time. Don't be silly. We'll make it up afterwards. We can get back a hundred times over what'll fix him."

"It's the principle, Nic, it's the principle."

"Bunk! There ain't no principles in the fur trade. We've got to part with a bit of 'jack' to get more, so get used to the big idea."

Levinski sighed and then spat into the waste-paper basket.

"All right," he said. "What's it goin' to cost to square this bird?"

"I've an idea about that part of it."

"Out with it, an' I hope it's better than your usual run of notions."

"He's got a wife, La Belle has."

"So'd Adam, an' a lot of gooi it did 'im."

Please turn to Page 38

IT'S NICER WITH MUSTARD



Always mix mustard yourself—fresh daily. The best results will be obtained if water is used, and the mustard allowed to stand for 10 minutes before using. This ensures the complete release of the essential oils which aid digestion. But—it must be

—Keen's Mustard

STARS of the autumn night at SNOWS

Being orchidaceous this season is easy, at these prices!

29/11

YOU CANNOT BUY CHEAPER!
(We refund difference in cash—if you can!)

39/11

39/11

49/11

such GLAMOUR! such VALUES!

- 29/11**
Thrilling, romantic styles in Sand Marocain . . . and if you yearn for covered shoulders, or split skirts . . . they're all here! A wealth of glorious colors! SSW, SW, W.
- 39/11**
Sand Marocain and Satin conspire to stagger masculine hearts in this style! The soft draped bodice is new—mark our words! All colors and in all sizes to W.
- 39/11**
Just one of dozens of styles in printed Crepe—gay with newest style capers! Deep back, clinging skirts, contrast "Marina" ties at waist, etc. Every coloring. SSW, SW, W.
- 49/11**
Glamorous two-piece evening gowns in luscious printed Sand Marocains. The coat features dolman sleeves . . . the frock goes in for the new harness back. All colors. SSW, SW, W.

KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

She's not
worried about
getting
old



No one would ever guess she was over forty. With her fresh complexion, clear eyes and bounding health she seems more like a girl in her twenties. She knows the secret of keeping and looking well. She eats two tablespoonfuls of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN twice daily.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN exercises that part of the body which needs it most—the intestines. Very gently and naturally it performs its work of cleansing and clearing the intestines—sweeping away all impurities and poisons.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN will keep you regular because it contains the "bulk" which most foods lack, yet which is essential if you would avoid constipation. Delicious with cold milk or cream. No cooking required. At your grocer's—in the red-and-green packet.



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FREE—Send your name and address to Kellogg's Pty. Ltd., Box 8, Botany, Sydney, for an interesting health booklet and diet series—they're FREE.

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every hour of the day



You can't enjoy life if you are troubled with one or a multitude of Everyday Ills, 90% of these ill are due to Constipation, which wears out your bodily machine long before its time. Just as Constipation is the ONE CAUSE so all you need is the ONE REMEDY—Beecham's Pills—to remove the cause. Purely vegetable, these pills assist kidneys and liver—cleanse blood and purify the system. They keep you healthy, and are the secret of Happy Youth, Healthy Maturity and Vigorous old age.

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Com. Sat., April 13
J. C. Williamson's New English
Comedy in 3.
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J. B. Priestley's Sparkling Comedy.

IT'S TIME FOR ...
ROSE PLANTING

Make Room for the Queen of Flowers
... Roses Will Grow Anywhere—but
Give Them Space and Sun ...
Says the OLD GARDENER!

NO garden is complete without its roses... with their exquisite beauty, their color, their delicate perfume they grace every garden. And this month you must get down to solid ground work, wise planting, and watchful care, so that you will make a great success with these lovely flowers. Read carefully what the Old Gardener has to say.

ROSES never fail to delight and gladden us. Wherever they are, they stand out as the aristocrat of the flower family. And to my mind, no garden is complete without this Queen of flowers.

To be a successful rose-grower, we must choose the situation in which to plant the roses, wisely and carefully: north-east for preference, to catch the morning sun. The plot must be studied as to the drainage. Roses thrive best in well-drained, sweet soil.

If the drainage is bad, artificial drains must be made with agricultural drain-pipes, which have an outlet to a lower level. The plot must be deeply trenched where necessary, and the subsoil thoroughly broken up. A good dressing of lime is beneficial.

Rose beds should be made so that the flowers can be cut without there being any need to walk upon the bed. Long, narrow beds are ideal. One can work the plot, dig, weed, spray for insects and diseases, and cut the flowers quite easily by working from both sides.

Some Expert Tips

HAVING prepared the plot thoroughly, the next consideration is the planting. Remember, roses, when planted, are there for many years, so when digging the hole, put in plenty of good, loamy clay, thoroughly mixed with well-decayed manure. On no account use fresh manure or any chemical fertilisers at planting time.

Roses like plenty of room for root development. When the hole is dug to receive the rose, a little mound of earth should be left in the centre of the bottom of the hole. The plant then is placed on the top of the mound, and the roots spread out in a natural fashion.

Before planting, examine the roots and cut out any broken, bruised, or damaged parts. Place a little soil around the roots, thoroughly stamp round, fill in, and water well.

They'll Grow Anywhere!

ROSSES will grow almost anywhere, and in all classes of soil. If the situation is sandy, then dig out a good deep, wide hole, and fill up with suitable soil. Radiance is one of our best sandy-soil workers.

A good plan for a beginner is either to get someone who is an authority on rose-growing to put you right, or visit a garden where the grower has been successful. I am sure he or she will welcome you, and explain methods which have brought success.

In making the rose garden, don't be greedy and plant more than you can look after; better to make the garden gradually, and you will find by the time you have completed your rose garden, you have become a successful gardener by hard work, careful management, care and observation. Such is the way to success, for there is nothing like practical experience to become a successful rose-grower.

Choose from These

NOW I will give you the names of choice varieties which should be worth pride of place in your garden:—

Dame Edith Helen: Has beautiful pink, perfectly-formed buds, and a glorious perfume. The foliage is a rich green color, and mildew proof.

Annie Laurie: Fleam-pink with golden yellow base.

America: Rose pink with long buds, and very fragrant.

Etoile de Hollande: One of the best roses grown—with beautiful perfume, a strong grower, and good bloomer, one of the outstanding roses for exhibition purposes.

Radiance: Both red and pink, prolific in bloom, strong grower, sweet perfume.

Talisman: The color of this rose is hard to describe. In bud stage the color on the outside has a buttercup yellow. As the bud opens, the inner face shows a deep coppery red, and then changes to pink or gold as the bloom ages.

HOT HOLBROOK says: For the unexpected just a few lasty sandwiches can be quickly made with Holbrook's Anchovy Paste & Co.

R. G. Hill: Is a dazzling red—another beautiful exhibition rose.

Hadley: A splendid red rose, vigorous grower, and one of the most popular.

Rose Marie: A rich rose pink, mildew-proof, very fragrant, strong grower, flowers last over long period.

Shot Silk: The coloring of this rose is very beautiful, and also hard to describe. It is cherry-cerise, shot with salmon-orange flushed rose, with a deeply vivid buttercup yellow.

It's
easy

to get every scrap of dirt, grease or burn in substance off aluminium. Use Steele... It polishes also. A 6d. packet contains 5 pads and special soap—enough for 5 weeks.

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PERFUMES OF DISTINCTION
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A PLAIN, STRAIGHTFORWARD MESSAGE TO
SUFFERERS

LUNG TROUBLE

Suffering not only of body, but also of mind, a feeling of blank despair and hopelessness, with sleepless nights, a cough which racks the whole body, slummy night sweats, the loss of strength and weight, shortness of breath, no inclination for food and frequently not able to retain anything in the stomach, always tired, and those dread haemorrhages.

RELIEF FROM, AND THE COMPLETE CLEARING OF THESE SYMPTOMS THROUGH

MEMBROSUS (Regd.) DRY INHALATION TREATMENT

is reported daily.

You, too, should avail yourself of this golden opportunity to use a treatment which offers this wonderful benefit. Can you picture the difference in your outlook upon life, if you could go to bed at night knowing you would sleep without being disturbed by coughing or night sweats, to get rid of mucus without trouble or effort, to actually enjoy your food, and as gain strength and weight. To wake up bright without effort, and free from the fear of haemorrhages, to be able to carry on and enjoy life to the full, and to find that people no longer stare at you or fear to be in your company? Membrosus Dry Inhalation Treatment is giving this relief daily, and it is also available for you.

CATARRH
HAY FEVER
ANTRUM TROUBLE

Regular reports reach us from previous sufferers of the wonderful results and lasting benefits obtained from using Membrosus, definitely proving that this Dry Inhalation Treatment is incomparable in relieving and dispelling for ALL TIME agonising symptoms which hitherto was believed impossible.

The runny nose, the blood stream, clearing away the toxins and germs which cause the trouble. Head aches disappear, hearing and sense of smell are frequently restored; the constant sneezing fits and running eyes and nose, and the disgusting hawking and spitting are soon things of the past. You wake in the morning with the nostrils and throat quite clear, and you are able to mix with others without embarrassment. Membrosus—the wonderful inhalant treatment—will do this for you.

ASTHMA and
BRONCHITIS

A DIFFERENT INHALATION TREATMENT

This dread malady with its serious complications which has defied medical science in its search for a cure has met its doom, finally, definitely. No longer must Asthma sufferers lead lives of misery and torture, or endure sleepless, pain-tormented nights with choking, coughing, and gasping. If you wish to be down and sleep at night without fear of an attack, for the lungs to be easily brought away, and the wheezing to stop, for the tight, bound-up feeling never to worry you again, to breathe freely at all times, to lose the shortness of breath and to be able to walk up a hill and play games without discomfort, and for the attacks to become less severe and less frequent, and then make a complete and lasting recovery... then use MEMBROSUS, the Inhalation Treatment.

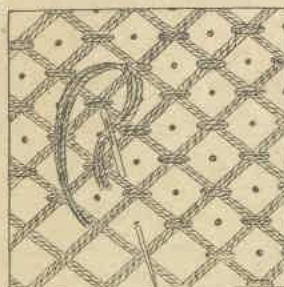
MEMBROSUS INHALATION
TREATMENT (Regd.)

If you are a sufferer from any of these complaints, send at once a stamped, addressed envelope, mentioning your complaint to MEMBROSUS, c/o IRVINE LTD., Chemists, 181 VICTORIA RD., DRUMMOYNE, N.S.W. Sole Distributors for Australia and New Zealand.

After Three Hundred Years

Comes a Happy Revival
in Jacobean Work . . .

By OUR HOME
DECORATOR



DIAGONAL TRELLIS and knots—another delightful stitch, and so easy to do . . . work the trellis diagonally and couch this down with a horizontal stitch. Work a French knot in every space between the trellis stitches.



A FENDER STOOL can be a frequently thing . . . when shown up to the fire on cold winter nights there will be no regrets for the odd hours spent on the embroidery of it.

The revival of crewel work is a happy thought just now when our interior decorators with the variability of human nature reject the ultra-modern furniture we were just becoming accustomed to and insist on more conservative lines and, in some cases, reversion to definitely period styles.

JACOBEOAN work is fascinating to do—and quickly done—and the veriest novice need have no fears, for Horden Bros. have an instructor under whose expert guidance the most intricate stitch proves a simple matter indeed. This is a free service for all those who make their choice from the delightful range they are showing.

Cushion covers, fire-screens, and strips for fender-stools (as illustrated) come complete with the wools for working, and for those who live in the country and cannot avail themselves of the services of the instructor, there is a beautifully illustrated book on Jacobean work, with explicit directions for 3/9.

These designs are copies of pieces handed down through the years, and in fancy take us back hundreds of years to the new era of extravagance that came into being when the second Charles came to the throne of England. People had been living very sober lives under the restrictions of Cromwell, and they welcomed Charles, with his love of luxury and gaiety, his Continental ideas, and his hosts of foreign friends.

Trade, which had been slowly expanding, gained new impetus, and ships brought back from the East exquisite examples of Indian craftsmanship, in particular the painted calicoes or Palamores—these were all much alike—a Tree of Life springing from decorative

could at least have the new bed-hangings worked in the same style, with similar flowers and birds, altered only to suit the limitations of crewel-work, or when the individuality of the designer asserted itself.

Thus it is that we find in most of the pieces of Jacobean work preserved in the Albert and Victoria

With Parties in the Offing—Make Savoury Cheese Paste!

There are such things as surprise parties where your guests are tactful enough to bring supper along. But alas—some people, empty-handed, surprise you with an equally empty country! So we suggest a far more useful filled and refilled with Copha Savoury Cheese Paste. It's good on biscuits and if you are out of biscuits, too, it's equally good on toast. And there's quite a large slice of your supper problem solved! Here's the recipe, quite a simple affair, but we find it highly appreciated.

COPHA SAVOURY CHEESE PASTE

3 ozs. Pure Copha (grated).
3 ozs. Cheese (grated).
Salt, Pepper, and Cayenne.

Use a dry variety of cheese. Rub ingredients together on a board until smooth. Put in a jar and use when required as a sandwich filling or spread for toast or biscuits. This paste keeps very well.

If you prefer a Toasted Cheese Paste, grate a small meat dish well with Copha. Put in the grated cheese and bake until it forms a thin, tough film. Lift with a fork, place on a wire meat stand and return to oven until dry. Place on board and crush to powder with rolling pin; add the small quantity of melted fat from the baking dish.

Copha is the most versatile shortening—it can be used in such a variety of interesting dishes. And what's more you can keep it in quantities, as large as you like—it never goes rancid. You need less Copha than other shortening, too, because it contains no moisture. So in your own recipes, where you would use 1 lb. of any other shortening, use only 1 lb. of Copha and add 2 tablespoons of water and a pinch of salt. One other point, store Copha in a cool place but NOT in an ice chest or refrigerator. There are many very special recipes in the free and post-free Copha Recipe Book—you are sure to want a copy, so write to:

EDIBLE OIL INDUSTRIES PTY. LTD.
Department WW, Box 2025EE, G.P.O., Sydney.

Ask also for a copy of the Copha Vegetable Cookery folder and learn how to cook vegetables so that they retain all their natural juices and flavour—***



LAI D WORK—one of the unusual but effective stitches employed in Jacobean work, to fill in small leaves, flowers, and acorn cups. Take threads across the shape and sew these down with small stitches in contrasting wool.

Museums a decided Eastern influence.

Later, during Anne's reign, the patterns for crewel-work began to change—the flowers became more English and the mounds began to disappear, isolated sprays and borders with sprays between began to appear, and the all-over patterns became thin and dainty.

And now after three hundred years women are finding a fresh interest in Jacobean work with its subtly-blended shadings . . . there are no hard colors in crewel-work . . . and the finished piece has the mellowness of an old museum piece.

Easter Surprises

THE story of "Jack and the Beanstalk" inspired the idea for the unique Easter attraction for children which opened at Grace Bros. this week. In a clever setting of the popular fairy tale the children meet Jack the Giant Killer, the Giant himself, and all the well-known characters of the old tale.

A thrilling feature is an enormous golden Easter egg, a peep through the magic door of which provides thrill on thrill to delight the kiddies. Still another feature is a simple Easter painting contest for which big prize-money is offered. This Easter attraction will be continued at Grace Bros. until April 20.

Another Easter surprise and one that will be welcomed by scores of women-folk will be the Grace Bros. fashion parade at Tate's Cafe in the Strand Arcade, which will run for one short week, commencing this Wednesday.

From 3 p.m. to 5 p.m. each day, latest fashions from abroad in day wear, evening wear, bridal wear and sports wear will be presented.

Millinery is not forgotten. Chic Parisian models of all shapes and sizes will be displayed by attractive mannequins.

Well, my Face
is my Fortune,
really..!

... SO NATURALLY, I USE
PALMOLIVE!



I'm not fooling myself either, when I insist that Palmolive's lather is different—soot of creamy and velvety-feeling. You can actually feel it getting down into your pores and really and truly cleansing. You'll love it for baths!



Everyone is spreading
the news about Palmolive!

CATARRH, ANTRUM

and SINUS diseases scientifically treated without operations.

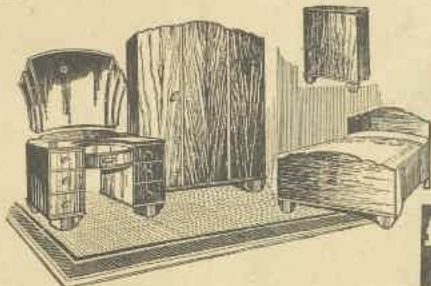
Catarrh Treatment, 20/- (posted); Antrum and Sinus Treatment, 30/- (posted). Results guaranteed.

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THE RADIO CHEMIST.
c/o, Cressie's Pharmacies, Valley,
BRISBANE

MARCUS CLARK'S

For Quality FURNITURE



The
"Bristol"

£25/10

A suite of finely grained walnut veneer

The "Bristol" Bedroom Suite. 5ft. Wardrobe, interior full-length hanging space, with rod, one-third sliding tray, and shelves, nicely figured doors. 3ft. 6in. Kneehole and Well-top Dressing Table. Fitted Lowboy. Rich Walnut Veneer, £25/10/- Bedstead to match, 4ft. 6in. Price ... £4/17/6. 7/6 deposit **40/- dep.**



This
Suite

£16/10/-

The "Hampden" is made of finest Oak

The "New Hampden" Pacific Oak Bedroom Suite. 4ft. 6in. Wardrobe, interior two-thirds full-length hanging space, with rod, one-third sliding trays and shelves. 3ft. 6in. Bowfront Dressing Table. Large mirror. Price is only ... £16/10/- 4ft. 6in. Bedstead to match is priced at ... £5/7/- 2/9 deposit **25/- dep.**

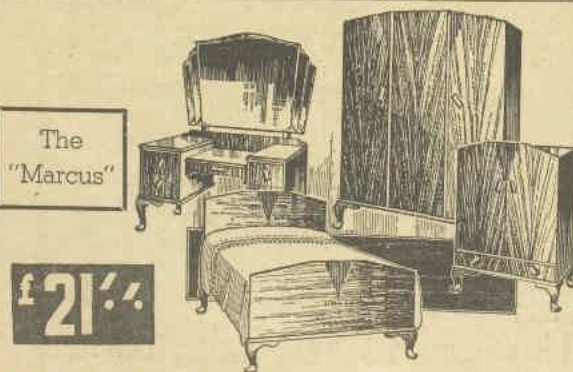


The
"Elite"

£16/10/-

It's made with Full-polish walnut finish

The "Elite" Full-polished Walnut Finish Dining Suite, comprising: 4ft. 6in. Sideboard with carved pediment, linen and cutlery drawer, and roomy cupboard space. 5ft. x 2ft. 9in. Table; four shaped back comfortable Chairs, Fabrex covered. If you're bent on home-planning here's the Suite! Price ... £16/10/- **25/- dep.**



The
"Marcus"

£21/-

Rich Walnut is used ... a charming suite

The "Marcus" No. 2, a Bedroom Suite of rich Walnut. 4ft. 9in. Wardrobe, interior, two-thirds hanging space and one-third trays and shelves. Dressing Table has four deep drawers and latest type mirror. Fitted Lowboy, Price ... £21/- 4ft. 6in. Bedstead to match. Priced at ... £4/15/- 7/6 deposit.

Marcus Clark & Co. Ltd., Central Square, Sydney

CIRCLE and CHAIN

Continued from Page 35

"DON'T be bitter, Vinny! La Belle's wife wears clothes, so she's one up on the Eve woman an' that's just it. We don't want any beastly cheques being traced to us or anything like that. So what's wrong with sending him that silver-cross pelt we've got in the vault? It cost us seven hundred an' two cases of 'hooh.' If we send him the money it would mean two thousand 'bucks' at least. Anything less would be an insult to a man in his position."

"Wish somebody would insult me with less, much less. I'd stand there an' be insulted all day long."

"Be serious, an' soak the idea in."

"It ain't bad as ideas go, 'specially yours."

"It seems a damned shame, though, to part with a pelt like that to a woman that ain't even a good-looker."

"That don't concern us. All we want is the concession."

"Well, have your own way. Have your own way."

"Now you're talking sense. Come on, an' I'll blow you to lunch at the Georgia."

Levinaki rose and a faint smile curled his lips.

"Well, that's one thing certain I'm going to get out of this deal, anyway."

They left the office each thinking the other not such a bad sort after all.

Anyone who has seen a porpoise gambolling about the bows of a ship will have a fair idea of the general appearance of Horace La Belle, Dominion Cabinet Minister. He was sleek, fat, and fond of frivolous meanderings. Many times had the wings of scandal brushed against his black frock coat, but only once or twice had an odd feather or so of dirty grey been left stuck to the cloth. However, his constituents were very ordinary, easy-going folk, who had an idea that being represented in Parliament by someone with a seat in the Cabinet added lustre to the whole county. Judging him by the amount of public improvements he had forced the Government to carry out in his district, he was a great success. After all, a man can be judged by his works even if they are Public Works that the taxpayer eventually has to pay for.

WHEN the insured parcel containing the silver-cross fox reached him he was in London attending a meeting of an Imperial Conference on something or other. Inside the parcel was a small card carrying nothing but the names of Levinaki and his partner. La Belle knew instantly the great value of the gift, and the message it was intended to convey. It concerned the simple matter of that trading concession. Well, that could be very easily arranged and everyone would be happy.

Waving the pelt gently in the air to admire its gleaming beauty, he thanked the Lord that his wife was back in Ottawa. Many things could be bought with a skin such as he held in his hands, and why pay for something one already had? He looked across the room at a typewriter and desk that stood in one corner and a peculiar smile curled his lips. Tossing the fur with studied carelessness across the back of a leather chair he stared out of the window of his flat to where the towers of Westminster shone greyly in the morning sunshine. His mind was picturing a golden head of curls against the black and silver of the pelt. To La Belle every woman had a price.

There was a knock at the door and the secretary he had hired from a bureau came in to begin work for the day.

"Ah, good morning, Miss Riley. Glad to see you're on time, for there's a large mail to answer. What it is to be a man of affairs. The great responsibility almost frightens one at times, but one's country must come first, of course, of course."

The girl, who was as slim and as lovely as hawthorn in bloom, took off her hat and smoothed down a mass of shining curls. As she crossed to her desk she gave La Belle an amused look, for she was entirely aware of how he was feeling about her.

Like most orphans, Dorothy Riley was no fool, and, like most girls who have to earn their own living from an early age, she was just a little hard-boiled. She was always ready to take advantage of any chance spin of fortune's wheel and equally ready to help that wheel stop at her own number. If this Canadian was a little "dippy" about her, it was just too bad for him and, it might be, profitable for herself. As she opened the post La Belle watched her with eyes that positively watered with desire. At last a pile of letters lay awaiting his inspection and the girl addressed him.

"Are you going to read the Canadian ones first?" she asked.

He was standing in front of the leather chair directly between the girl and the fox pelt.

HORT HUBBARD says: I have a variety of Oliver called Small Queens. They are economical and tasty.***

"We'll let the mail go for a while," he said. "Just tell me what you think about this."

HE stood on one side and the girl caught sight of the fur with the sunlight from the window shining full upon it. She gasped her amazement and then:

"Why, it's a silver fox! How perfectly gorgeous!"

Jumping up, she crossed the room to it.

"It's not a silver fox," grinned the Canadian, "it's a silver-cross, which is far more valuable. That one's worth some thousands of dollars."

"Oh! May I take hold of it?"

"Of course. Here, let me place it about your neck."

Deftly he placed the fur around the girl's shoulders and stood back to see the effect.

"A perfectly beautiful fur on a perfectly beautiful woman."

The girl was staring at herself in a mirror over the mantel.

"For ... for Mrs. La Belle, I suppose?"

The Minister chuckled. "That depends!" he murmured, as he watched her stroking the fur with slightly trembling fingers.

"Depends?"

"Yes, it depends on circumstances. It seems a shame that it should leave the charming shoulders wearing it now, doesn't it?"

Dorothy turned away from the mirror and eyed him squarely.

"I've heard of things like this," she said quietly. "I suppose you are making me an offer?"

La Belle laughed and, going close to her, he patted her shoulder gently.

"You're a sensible girl. I thought you'd have brains as well as beauty."

"Eh! What's the offer?"

"Well, it's now Saturday morning and ... er ... we could be back here on Monday before the Conference meets."

"Brighton, I suppose?"

"Or some quieter place, if you prefer it."

"I'd rather go north, I think."

"As you wish."

"Then make it Scarborough."

"Fine for me!"

He took up an "ABC Guide" and looked into it. "There's a train at 2.30. We could have lunch and catch that."

"But I must go and pack a few things."

"I guess that's true. Perhaps it would be wiser if we met at King's Cross just in time for the train."

"May I wear the fur?"

La Belle shrugged his shoulders. "For a kiss on account."

She put her arms about his neck and gave him a sharp kiss.

"Better beat it. We'll tackle that mail when we return."

The girl put on her hat and powdered her nose, the Canadian watching her with a large grin on his face.

"Some chicken! Some chicken!" he was saying to himself.

"And I'll see you later," said Dorothy, turning at the door. "Don't forget to be there."

He waved his hand.

Outside the large block of flats the slightly hard-boiled Miss Riley was saying to herself: "The big, fat slug. The big, fat slug!" She walked along until she came to Bond Street, and there she turned into the first furrier's shop she came to.

After that she made for a railway and steamship ticket office in Piccadilly. Coming out of there she hastened home to pack her bag. At two o'clock she was at the station waiting for the train to the north to pull out. But it was Paddington Station she was at, and not King's Cross. Dorothy was always careless when it came to remembering names, and she seemed to have a great deal too much luggage for a simple week-end.

DICK CARLEON was standing on the track at Port St. Jean in Northern British Columbia. Every now and then he would stamp his feet impatiently and stare down the line to the East. It was now a year ago since he had told Red of the tracks he had seen in the snow and since he had gone out to find the body of the old trapper frozen stiff in the snow.

Suddenly the darkness of the night was stabbed by a beam of light as a train rounded the big bend and tore along over the great steel bridge across the Fraser. Dick saw nothing of its beauty when the searchlight from the train shone on the snow-covered freight sheds and the jack-pines lining the track. He was too excited to do anything but think of the precious burden the on-coming train was carrying towards him. In his hand he was still holding the telegram he had received only an hour ago.

The train came to a screaming halt and out of an icicle-hung sleeping-coach there came a girl clad in a warm overcoat and a pulled-down hat. She ran swiftly to Dick and clung to him quite heedless of the few people standing about.

"It's wonderful to see you again, dear," she said chokingly.

Please turn to Page 42

PROUD of HER CLEAR SKIN



Constipation is the leading cause of skin troubles and most other ailments.

So rid yourself of constipation and its poisonous ways by taking a mild, gentle laxative—one that does not grip nor upset your stomach, and be sure you get a popular member of our social set.

CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS FOR THE STOMACH & LIVER

BEAUTIFUL LIPS

Men say so!

These are the lips that men want to kiss. Never coated with paint. They are soft and natural. You, too, can have beautiful lips by using Tangee. It isn't paint, but has the remarkable property of intensifying the natural color in your lips. Tangee's cream base softens dry lips.

Also Tangee Theatrical, a deeper shade. Tangee Rouge gives the same natural color as lipstick.

UNTOUCHED—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look, make the face seem older.

PAINTED—Don't risk that painted look, it's so wearing and men don't like it.

TANGEE—Intensifies natural color, restores youthful appeal, and ends that painted look.

World's Most Famous Lipstick

SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR AUSTRALIA, R. G. TURNLEY and SON, Melbourne.

ROSE PETAL ROUGE

Enhances Beauty of the Eyes!

"No woman should use a pronounced rouge. It looks so vivid that half the charm of youth is lost. Youthful makeup should 'speak in a fascinating whisper.' If it does that it is truly irresistible!"

That is the advice of Kathleen Court, spoken sincerely and without prejudice—advice which the most delightful doubters in Continental Society have tested and proved—advice which led to the introduction of "Rose-Petal" Rouge—a delicate and dainty colour-secret created to keep skins youthful and to throw up the beauty of the eyes. Get a 1/9 box of Kathleen Court's "Rose-Petal" Rouge and see a miracle of modern beauty science!

Four "VAREX" Applications...

Heal Bad Leg

W.D.H. states that an ulcer which had given him pain for five years was completely healed after four applications of Varex. A simple, soothing, and permanent remedy. No resting required. Permanent results. Write to-day for free booklet and all information to Ernest Healey, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Varex Ltd., 2nd Floor, Dymally's Building, 424N George Street, Sydney. ☎☎☎

STAMMERING CURED

by Specialist. MEDICALLY SCIENTIFIC METHOD. WRITE for free booklet. L. W. Graham, M.P.S., etc. 4th Floor, 201 Macquarie Street, Sydney. N.S.W. Laine staff N.P.A. and R.A. Hospitals. Low fee. ☎☎☎

ROSS for HEIGHT

Check age 14, gain 2 lbs. in 8 weeks. No Angerment. 21 - 24 - 26 - 28 - 30 - 32 - 34 - 36 - 38 - 40 - 42 - 44 - 46 - 48 - 50 - 52 - 54 - 56 - 58 - 60 - 62 - 64 - 66 - 68 - 70 - 72 - 74 - 76 - 78 - 80 - 82 - 84 - 86 - 88 - 90 - 92 - 94 - 96 - 98 - 100 - 102 - 104 - 106 - 108 - 110 - 112 - 114 - 116 - 118 - 120 - 122 - 124 - 126 - 128 - 130 - 132 - 134 - 136 - 138 - 140 - 142 - 144 - 146 - 148 - 150 - 152 - 154 - 156 - 158 - 160 - 162 - 164 - 166 - 168 - 170 - 172 - 174 - 176 - 178 - 180 - 182 - 184 - 186 - 188 - 190 - 192 - 194 - 196 - 198 - 200 - 202 - 204 - 206 - 208 - 210 - 212 - 214 - 216 - 218 - 220 - 222 - 224 - 226 - 228 - 230 - 232 - 234 - 236 - 238 - 240 - 242 - 244 - 246 - 248 - 250 - 252 - 254 - 256 - 258 - 260 - 262 - 264 - 266 - 268 - 270 - 272 - 274 - 276 - 278 - 280 - 282 - 284 - 286 - 288 - 290 - 292 - 294 - 296 - 298 - 300 - 302 - 304 - 306 - 308 - 310 - 312 - 314 - 316 - 318 - 320 - 322 - 324 - 326 - 328 - 330 - 332 - 334 - 336 - 338 - 340 - 342 - 344 - 346 - 348 - 350 - 352 - 354 - 356 - 358 - 360 - 362 - 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FOR Young WIVES ... and MOTHERS

By MARY TRUBY KING

Many mothers of babies whose ages vary from 8 to 10 months have wisely been awaiting the cool weather before commencing to wean from the breast.

The best time for weaning is between the ninth and the twelfth month.

AFTER the twelfth month, babies left at the breast become increasingly difficult to wean.

At the ninth month, whether weaning is begun or not, the gradual introduction of semi-solid foods should begin. (To be described in a later article.)

Needless to say, no baby should be weaned before the eighth month, unless under doctor's orders.

The following instructions apply to the weaning of a normal healthy baby of 8 or 9 months (weighing from 17 to 19 lbs. naked), who has been fully breast-fed.

The complete process of weaning should not be accomplished under five or six weeks, except in abnormal circumstances.

The humanised milk may be given from a small cup and by spoon. An egg-cup may be used during the first week, till baby becomes used to the new method. If the child has previously been taught to drink boiled water from a cup and spoon, the introduction to weaning will be easier for all concerned.

The method usually adopted is to gradually cut down the length of time at the breast at the 10 a.m. feed, during the first or preparatory week.

Mothercraft in Japan

DR. KAGAWA, the noted Japanese evangelist now visiting Australia, has secured the rights of Miss Truby King's book, "Mothercraft," for translation into the Japanese language.

Dr. Kagawa is arranging for a demonstrator and lecturer on Truby King methods to visit Japan at the expense of the Empress, who has devoted a considerable sum of money to advance the science of mothercraft in Japan. The entire royalties from the sale of Miss Truby King's book in Japan will go to the fund established by the Empress.

giving a gradually-increasing quantity of milk-mixture to take the place of the breast milk, until, at the end of the week, baby is not put to the breast at this hour at all, but, instead, receives 8 ounces of milk-mixture.

For the making of the humanised milk, you will require to have a graded glass measuring-jar (procureable from any chemist), a standard-size household tablespoon, a piece of doubled butter-muslin, for straining purposes, a small saucepan, a knife and standard-size teaspoon. Also a jug, some of the best fresh milk procurable, a packet of Karilac No. 2 (procureable from all chemists), and boiling water.

Begin by scalding the butter muslin and all utensils to be used.

To Make 10 Ounces of Humanised Milk For Use During "Preparatory Week" of Weaning. Full Strength.

Fresh milk, 4 ounces.
"Karilac" sugar, 2½ level teaspoons.
Water to make total up to 10 ounces.

N.B. The above is full strength. On the first day, use only 2 ounces of fresh milk (instead of the 4), and each day increase the amount of fresh milk by 1 ounce, until on the fifth day, 4 ounces of milk is reached. Remember each day to make up the total quantity of milk-mixture to the 10 ounces with water.

Method: Stir the milk. Pour the required quantity into the graded measure. Measure out the "Karilac" sugar, pressing level with a knife. Dissolve the "Karilac" in about two ounces of boiling water. Add this to the milk in the measure. Now add water to make the total up to 10 ounces. Stir. Pour into a small saucepan and bring to the boil quickly, stirring all the time. Place lid on saucepan and keep boiling gently for 10 minutes. (Continue to boil the milk-mixture for 10 minutes till the end of the first week of weaning.)

After boiling pour the mixture back heat it first so that it will not crack, into the glass measure (being careful to and make the total quantity up to 10 ounces, once more with boiled water, as some of the water may have boiled away.

Now strain through the scalded muslin into a scalded jug.

Cover the jug with a scalded saucer and cool the milk-mixture rapidly by standing the jug in running water in the sink, or in changes of ice-cold water. When the mixture is cold, stir well, and place in a cool, airy safe, with the jug standing in a soup plate of cold water and covered by a damp butter-muslin, dipping into the water all round.

If an ice-chest is available the milk-mixture may be kept in it, providing there are no foods in the chest which would taint the milk.

When the 10 a.m. feeding-time comes, stir the milk-mixture well (to ensure an even distribution of the fat content) and pour out the amount needed into a small pan. Heat to blood heat.

On the first day of weaning, give baby one ounce of this humanised milk by cup and spoon, and then slightly less time than usual at the breast. The remainder of the humanised milk may be used for household purposes.

Give one ounce more milk-mixture at this feed daily, followed by less and less time at the breast, till, on the eighth day, baby is given the full 8 ounces of humanised milk at 10 a.m. and no breast milk.

This gradual introduction to the new food is much more satisfactory than asking baby to take a full 8 ounces of artificial food straight away.

(Weaning directions will be continued next week.)



When a **MAN** tells you —

that he is fifty-four and the young folk envy his sound white teeth, that they are following his example in using Calvert's Tooth Powder, that it refreshes his mouth too after a hard day's smoking —

Well, don't you think it is worth trying for your teeth!

Made in England by
P. C. CALVERT & CO., Ltd., Manchester, England.

Sound teeth for a lifetime!



Grace Bros



SPECIAL OFFER!

5,000 READY MADE SHEETS

MADE FROM

Finlays' SHEETING

FAMOUS

Purchased by our London Buyer at a Big Reduction owing to small weaving defects which are hardly noticeable and will not affect the wear. This is your opportunity to replenish your Linen Cupboard at MONEY SAVING PRICES.

LAY-BY FOR FUTURE USE.

QUALITY No. 1 FINLAYS'

READY MADE SHEETS

Made in plain or twill woven quality, pure white bleach, neatly hemmed.

Single Beds, size 54 x 90 ins. **7/6** PR.
Regular Value 9/6. PAIR - **10/11** PR.
Double Beds, size 80 x 90. **10/11** PR.
Regular Value 13/6. PAIR - **10/11** PR.

Quality No. 2

FINLAYS' READY MADE SHEETS

A nice firm plain woven sheeting, pure white bleach, neatly hemmed.

Reg. Value PAIR
Single Beds, size 54 x 90 ins. 11/6 **8/11**
Single Beds, size 62 x 90 ins. 13/11 **10/6**
Three-quarter Beds, size 70 x 90 14/6 **11/9**
Double Beds, size 80 x 90 ins. 17/6 **12/11**
Double Beds, size 90 x 99 ins. 21/11 **16/3**

QUALITY No. 3 FINLAYS'

READY MADE SHEETS

Made from an even woven linen finished quality, woven for wear, pure white bleach. Single Beds, size 54 x 90 inches.

Regular Value - - - 13/6 **9/11** PR.
PAIR - - - - - **9/11** PR.

Quality No. 4

FINLAYS' READY MADE SHEETS

Strong twill woven quality, pure white bleach, hemmed ready for use.

Reg. Value PAIR
Single Beds, size 54 x 90 ins. 14/6 **10/9**
Three-quarter Beds, size 70 x 90. 17/11 **13/6**
Double Beds, size 80 x 90 ins. 21/6 **15/9**
Double Beds, size 90 x 99 ins. 25/6 **18/11**

Qual. 5 FINLAYS' READY MADE SHEETS

Exceptional value in a nice plain woven quality, pure white bleach, neatly hemmed.

Three-quarter Beds, size 70 x 90. Reg. Value **13/11** PR.
18/11 PAIR
Double Beds, size 80 x 90 ins. Reg. Value **16/11** PR.
22/11 PAIR
Double Beds, size 90 x 99 ins. Reg. Value **19/11** PR.
26/11 PAIR

Qual. 6 FINLAYS' READY MADE SHEETS

Nice even woven linen finished quality. Will wear and launder like new. Neatly hemmed.

Single Beds, size 54 x 90 in. Reg. Value **12/6** PR.
16/11 PAIR
Single Beds, size 62 x 90 in. Reg. Value **13/11** PR.
18/11 PAIR
Three-quarter Beds, 70 x 90. Reg. Value **15/11** PR.
21/6 PAIR
Double Beds, size 90 x 98. Reg. Value **21/11** PR.
29/6 PR.

Qual. 7 FINLAYS' READY MADE SHEETS

A strong plain woven quality in linen finish. Will launder like new and give long wear.

Single Beds, size 63 x 90 in. Reg. Value **15/11** PR.
21/11 PAIR
Three-quarter Beds, 70 x 90. Reg. Value **17/6** PR.
23/6 PAIR
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Is your skin as clear and smooth as it should be? Everyone is likely to be troubled by annoying little skin blemishes, with the constant attacks of germs, dust, sun and wind. But the medicated lather of Rexona Soap has protected thousands from these beauty destroyers.

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CH 12, 15

The DWARF

Continued from Page 7

SHE used the word "friend" in connection with him now. In her own mind, quite freely. And instead of being frightened when he seemed to lose patience, as occasionally he did, she liked him all the better for it. Anything was better than the old dreadful impersonality.

Nevertheless, she could not help wondering why he never made reference to her home life. Quite apparently he liked her, and was glad of her advice and assistance. And with those one likes it is natural to speak of things apart from the day's work.

It was about six months after the dawn of the new understanding that Fortescue sprang his great surprise.

For nearly an hour he stood with his back to the fire, watching Joan as she worked. On his mouth, which once she had thought so hard and unrelenting, was the suggestion of a smile. Yet she was conscious of a feeling of tension, as though there was something he wanted to say and found difficulty in putting into words. And when at last he did speak, it was to give her the surprise of her life.

"Look here," he said at last, "you've been working late practically every day this week. You must rest some time. What about having a quiet afternoon at home and then meeting me at, say, the Savoy, for a spot of dinner? Then, if you like, we'll dance."

For a moment she was too astonished to speak. "Thank you," she said at last, in a rather strangled voice; "I should like it very much."

Although she spent the time lying on her bed, there was not much rest for her that afternoon. Her brain was far too active for tranquillity. There had been a quality in Fortescue's manner which in the last few months had become increasingly evident. If it had been any other man of her acquaintance she would have taken it for diffidence.

And, associated in some baffling fashion, that look in Aunt Helen's eyes when she heard of the new and astounding programme for the day's finish puzzled Joan as much as the actual invitation.

When, radiant in green charmeuse, which made her coppery-gold hair a veritable halo about her head, and, by contrast, made her eyes shine clear and limpid, she saw Fortescue hurrying to meet her across the foyer of the hotel, his look of distinction more than ever redeemed the facial ugliness which, with the recent softening of his expression, was not anything like so obvious as formerly.

A waiter, hovering rather purposefully at the bottom of the shallow steps which led to the restaurant, ushered them to a corner table which overlooked the river. Joan noticed how entirely persona grata Fortescue was in those surroundings. Observed, too, that he appeared to be of considerable interest to the occupants of nearby tables. Several times she saw heads craned to catch a glimpse of him. But of this Fortescue himself was unconscious. It was as though, the mask of aloofness forgotten, he sought to establish a new and mutually sympathetic understanding.

Unconsciously Joan responded. Now she saw the real human personality of the man, she knew that for all its camouflage the soul behind that rugged exterior was white and shining. Somehow this came as no surprise to her. She felt that she had known it all along.

Then, as his eyes wandered for a moment impersonally about the room, suddenly his face stiffened into an expression that was partly anger and partly contempt. Startled, she followed his glance—to see that a table which hitherto had been vacant was occupied now by Frank Mills and Florence Dubois. It was the first time she had seen the former since their parting, and for a moment she felt rather faint.

His appearance had not improved since the last time she saw him. Obviously he had put on weight, and the increase in bulk was not an improvement. Then, again, as he turned to speak to Florence, his manner was just a shade too confident, and at her reply his laugh too loud. At that moment it came to her with a shock of realization that the trouble with Frank Mills was, and had always been, that he was not quite a gentleman. And then, instantly, her brain cleared. It was as if miraculously she had been relieved of some intolerable burden. She could have laughed aloud.

Their eyes met, and Frank's face drained suddenly of color, and though a second later he had regained self-possession, his bow was awkward and shamefaced.

Glancing with a quick flicker of suspicion to ascertain to whom that bow was directed, Miss Dubois' expression changed instantly to one of intense cordiality. Her smile, however, was directed not towards Joan, but at Fortescue—a broad, sweeping smile conveying a goodwill which verged perilously on the fulsome.

Please turn to Page 44

INDIGESTION AGONY ENDED FOR GOOD



SYDNEY SUFFERER PRAISES THIS FAMOUS REMEDY

We publish this letter because it is so obviously genuine, even without name; a convincing picture of gratitude for the sure effect of this new-principle remedy—De Witt's Antacid Powder.

11th June, 1934. Moosman, Sydney, N.S.W.
Dear Sirs,

What users say of De Witt's Antacid Powder is correct in every particular—I can confirm it. If any person has suffered more intensely than I from indigestion, painful, distended stomach, acid eructations (gas) and from all those discomforting and heart-breaking signs of a thoroughly disturbed digestion, then I feel profoundly sorry for that person. I bought your Powder because, for one reason, I had already bought everything else and, for another reason, because the ingredients named on the canister appeared to offer something different—something with possibilities of affording relief. They did, very promptly, too, and that relief has been sustained. To-day I am well—truly well!—full of the joy of life and for the first time in years hungry for my meals! I now take De Witt's Antacid Powder only after the principle meal. Your preparation has not let me down, and I do think I should register public testimony of the virtue of at least one proprietary medicine that can fill its claims in full.

(Signed) Mr. Moosman.

De Witt's Antacid Powder, with its perfectly balanced formula of proven ingredients to relieve stomach troubles, is now bringing peace and happiness to thousands of one-time sufferers in all parts of the world.

De Witt's Antacid Powder neutralises excess acidity, protects the inflamed stomach linings from the hot, burning acids, and actually digests a portion of your food.

Gone for ever are those awful pains caused by indigestion, flatulence, dyspepsia, gastritis, ulcerated stomach. No more days spent in agony and dreadful restless nights.

Why endure the pain and danger of digestive troubles a day longer? You can get immediate relief and finally rid yourself of your trouble entirely. Get De Witt's Antacid Powder to-day. If you wish for a free test supply, send coupon now.

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

Recommended for

INDIGESTION FLATULENCE
ACID STOMACH HEARTBURN
GRIPING PAINS GASTRITIS
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ULCERATED STOMACH

Sold by all Chemists and
Stores, in sky-blue Canister,
Full Month's
Treatment—2/6

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To E. C. De Witt & Co. (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.
(Dept. 2214), P.O. Box 22,
MELBOURNE

Please send me, free and postage paid, a sample of De Witt's Antacid Powder.

Mr. _____
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Miss _____

Address _____

LOVELINESS with ECONOMY!

Nature's Beautifiers . . . Herbs, Flowers, Vegetables and Fruit, Offer Fine Grist for the Beauty Mill!

BEAUTY can be bought to a certain extent, but it can also be cultivated at a cost of next to nothing. The hints given below show you that, with the aid of nature's gifts, you can give yourself various beauty treatments that will greatly improve your looks.

CITRUS fruits are really wonderful for you—for your health and for your complexion. So if you would enjoy better health and have a better complexion than you ever had before—eat more oranges and grapefruit.

Oranges are invaluable not only for cooling and clearing the blood, and acting as an antiseptic, but they have minerals which feed the nerves, and they are so soothing that a great many people find them a good remedy for sleeplessness.

Orange juice taken the last thing at night and first thing in the morning will work the miracle for you.

Grapefruit are said to be almost as good for you as oranges. They act as a general tonic, but contain more acid.

The humble lemon solves many difficulties. It is a practical and efficient aid to beauty. It is hard to beat as an astringent lotion.

It is good for bleaching the skin. Some say to dab it on to the skin with cotton wool, but I would not advise too constant use on the face, unless diluted with rose water or cold water. Better still, melt two tablespoons of cold cream, one ounce oil of almonds. Then, as this mixture cools, stir in juice of two lemons and use it this way for bleaching the face.

It is good for the hands and for keeping the nail tips white. And taken first thing in the morning in cold or hot water it is splendid for banishing pimples, spots and other complexion troubles.

Moreover, it is good as a final rinse after a hair shampoo—just the juice

of one lemon in a cupful of water. Try it, you fair-haired readers, and all you who are troubled with greasy hair.

Parsley and Sage

WH.O. has ever heard of parsley tea? Splendid for the complexion, and it is simply made. Wash a handful well in salt and water. Place it in a jug, add a thin slice of lemon and pour boiling water over it. Let it infuse for a little while, and then drink like ordinary tea!

Sage tea made in the same way has the same tonic value as parsley. But sage has additional value in that it makes an excellent dentifrice—very strengthening to the gums. Use it rather strong.

Common Stinging Nettle

VERY few are aware that the stinging nettle is considered one of the finest blood purifiers known.

The leaves should be picked young and well washed. Put into saucepan with a spoonful or two of water and cook slowly until tender. Then pass through a sieve. Return to the saucepan and add a lump of butter. Serve on toast.

This is said to be the equivalent of spinach in its medical qualities. So in country areas where it grows with abandon use it to your health and complexion's advantage.

Celery, asparagus, carrots and even radishes are good for the complexion. A tired and muddy-looking skin re-

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

By Evelyn

liquid from stewed cucumbers is fine for softening and whitening the skin.

Rosemary for Loveliness

YOU can make yourself a delicately-fragrant face lotion, which will soften and whiten your skin and renew its vitality, by using sprigs of rosemary.

Gather a goodly quantity of sprigs and put them in a large saucepan, bring to the boil and allow to boil rapidly for a few minutes, then allow to simmer for about half an hour. Simply strain the liquor off through a colander, and then, before bottling, strain it again through butter muslin. It will now be ready for use.

One could go on and on with health and beauty recipes from Nature's box, but space does not allow. At a later date I will give you more. Sufficient here, however, to set you well on the road to radiant health and beauty.

Compacts

IF YOU have a high, unbecoming forehead, a soft fringe will effectively disguise it, and will in time help the hair to grow down.

A GOOD way to take the discoloration from elbows is to use cold cream and lemon. Massage the elbows with the cream both night and morning, then apply the lemon juice to the skin and, when dry, rub in cream again.

IF YOUR arms and legs are hairy, mix two teaspoonsful of peroxide of hydrogen, 10-volume strength, to half a teaspoon of ammonia. Beat till cloudy. Add powdered pumice, enough to make a thick paste. Spread on, leave to dry, and remove with cold water.



BEAUTY IN THE WHEELBARROW SUN-CHAIR.—Evelyn Venable, of Paramount, as lovely as the flowers surrounding her. By the way, this novel invention in white wood upholstered in Venetian-red, is most comfortable and practical for sun-bathing purposes. Solid wood wheels enable one to move it about, following the sun, and the cushions are sun-fast.

vives magically with a fast day—eating only asparagus and drinking lemon juice and parsley tea.

Carrots and radishes should be grated or sliced.

Beauty in Elderflowers

ELDERFLOWERS are not cultivated here to the extent they are in the Old Country, but if you ever feel tempted to grow them you'll benefit exceedingly.

The flowers should be plucked from their stalks, and to one quart of flowers add one and a half quarts of boiling water. Leave overnight, then

strain and mix with one tablespoon of eau-de-cologne. It will keep indefinitely bottled, and is ready whenever your skin needs a mild bleach.

Elderflower water is also astringent. And mixed with a little glycerine, the

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

PATIENT: I have a theory that the faults and failings of delinquent children, and grown-ups, too, for that matter, have their root in some physical condition or disability. Whether you agree with me or not I should like to know what you suggest as the proper treatment for a delinquent child.

SOME children, without any special effort on the part of parents, grow to maturity in an uneventful way. They never steal, or play truant, or get into very serious mischief, or display anti-social tendencies of any kind.

Others, despite everything the parents may do, reveal all kinds of undesirable qualities. Sometimes they even start on a criminal career.

These latter children are usually a puzzle to parents. But science knows what is wrong. Tremendous strides have been made in the study of delinquent children, and children of less strongly marked anti-social tendencies.

When a child gives more trouble than the average, especially when the issue is persistent lying and stealing, or running away from home, or lack of affection, or deliberate viciousness, the first thing to think about is the child's physical health.

There is no gainsaying the fact that a healthy child ten to be a well-behaved one. A certain amount of naughtiness is normal, but that is something quite different from incorrigibility.

Certain defects, such as eye-strain, bad teeth or tonsils, adenoids, and a host of other physical handicaps, may be responsible for incorrigibility and even criminality. Anaemia, heart or kidney disease, St. Vitus' Dance, malnutrition, tuberculosis and other wasting diseases may be to blame.

IF your boy or girl is giving you trouble beyond what is reasonable and natural, think of some possible physical condition as a cause, and be sure to have the child thoroughly examined.

EXERCISE FOR BEAUTY



THE EXERCISE demonstrated by this lissom young girl is somewhat advanced, and only supple limbs will be able to manage it. With hands behind your head, put hands and feet on the ground, and extend the right leg, pointing straight. Then do this with the left leg. It's wonderful for a general limbering up, each morning.



..BY A DOCTOR..

The next consideration should be the mental equipment of the child. Mental backwardness, if it is not actual enfeeblement, may be the real reason for a child's misbehaviour. One scarcely can expect boys or girls to conduct themselves in accordance with the usual standards if brain cells are diseased or absent.

Sometimes such abnormalities are present from birth, sometimes a severe illness or an injury is responsible. Often the organic mental defect is so slight yet so highly important in its influence on thought and behaviour that only an expert in mental disorders is capable of detecting as well as evaluating it.

Such so-called "border-line" cases may give rise to the greatest problems. Having sufficient intellectual power to reason and plan, yet possessing at the same time a defective mind that cannot be taught to control itself, may cause a person to readily become a criminal menace—just because he seems to be normal, and actually passes for normal.

Neither should the general nervous constitution of delinquents be overlooked. There are those who are unstable and high-strung. Their misdeeds are merely a reflection of sick nerves. There are cases where unusual ideas of a neurotic nature obscure the mind, the cure of which cures the delinquency.

Lastly, glandular unbalance must always be considered. It is astonishing to consider the number of delinquents who are cured by gland treatment alone.

HOST HOLBROOK says: I have sliced Olives ready for sandwiches. Have you ever tried an olive sandwich? Ask



This **TRIPLE ACTION**
makes my teeth whiter, healthier



Before a tooth can be polished it must be clean—that is why Listerine Tooth Paste **FIRST** cleans away film, stains and discolorations and **THEN** polishes. That also is why Listerine Tooth Paste makes teeth so much whiter and gives them such sparkling lustre. It **protects** teeth and gums, too, by counteracting fermentation acids—the chief cause of decay and infection.

Give your teeth this **TRIPLE** care. No single purpose dentifrice is adequate, you need the **TRIPLE** action of Listerine Tooth Paste—a **COMPLETE** beauty treatment for the teeth. Get a tube to-day—1/3 large size.

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"WHO'S AFRAID OF THE BIG BAD BREATH?" The answer is, Nobody, if Listerine Antiseptic has been used, for it instantly makes the breath sweet, pure, agreeable beyond power to offend others. Of all chemicals, 1/4, 1/2, & 1/8 of a bottle, Lambert Pharmacal Co. (Aust.) Ltd.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE



HOST HOLBROOK SAYS:

"Olives are an attractive and appetising addition to a well served meal.

My Manzanillas are for cocktails, and for Hors-d'oeuvre I have Spanish Queens, or Olives stuffed with sweet pimentoes.

I also have Olives sliced ready for sandwiches or garnishing."



HOLBROOK'S

OLIVES

OL.

NOW, RUN ALONG WHILE I TIDY MYSELF BUT DON'T GET DIRTY BEFORE GRANNY COMES—

MY GRANNY'S COMING TO SEE US TO-DAY IN HER CAR, SO I'M NOT TO GET DIRTY

OH, DASH IT, JIMMY, I'VE GOT SOME NEW MARBLES AND I WANTED YOU TO HAVE A GAME, BUT I 5'POSE YOU COULDN'T

WELL, I COULD JUST HAVE A LOOK AT THEM

IT'S A GOOD THING FOR YOU MY BOY THAT I HAD SOME SOLVOL

I CAN HEAR THE CAR MUM....

HERE'S A SHILLING FOR A DEAR LITTLE BOY!

DIRTY HANDS, GRUBBY KNEES... it takes SOLVOL to get them clean in half a minute. There's no need to scrub and rub. SOLVOL's creamy specially solvent lather penetrates deep into the pores and floats out every particle of ingrained dirt. The kiddies will be glad you've started using SOLVOL because it's as gentle as a fine toilet soap. Use it often yourself to keep the charm of soft white hands in spite of housework.

23-76-19

ENTER OUR BIG Recipe COMPETITION These Cash Prizes To Be Won

Weekly we hold our recipe competition to encourage women in the gentle art of cooking, and to help them to try new recipes. First prize is £1, second prize 10/-, and there are four consolation prizes at 2/6 each.

SEND in a recipe. It need not, of course, be original, but should be tested and proved a "winner." Mark the envelope clearly, "Best Recipes."

Here are this week's prize-winning recipes: Doesn't cocktail jam sound thrilling? . . . also steamed caramel crumb . . . paradise square?

COCKTAIL JAM.

Use equal quantities of dried fruits, apricots, apples, glace cherries, prunes, peaches, and figs, using 1lb. of sugar to each lb. of fruit.

Soak fruits (dried) 24 hours before cooking, well washing them first, keeping the water in which the fruit has soaked for the making of the jam. Put all into the preserving pan and boil dissolved, then boil about 20 minutes until it will set when tested. Just before boiling pour in one wineglass of rum or brandy. Stir in well and seal down when cold.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. H. Honeysett, Ainslie, Canberra, F.C.T.

STUFFED OX HEART.

Remove all scraggy pieces from a fresh ox heart, and wash it carefully. Then cut a pocket for seasoning made from breadcrumbs, herbs, chopped onion, pepper and salt. Add a little dripping, and moisten slightly if necessary. Stuff the pocket full of this mixture and sew up.

Make a paste of flour and dripping, about 1lb. flour to 1 tablespoon dripping. Roll out thin and large enough for the heart. Cover heart entirely with the paste, and place it in a flowered cloth, leaving it to simmer gently for four hours. Thick gravy will flow out as soon as the cloth is removed, so it is wise to remove the cloth on a large dish. Serve with green peas and mashed potatoes.

Second Prize of 10/- to Mrs. R. Elliott, 15 Kenton St., off Cardwell St., Adelaide.

STEAMED CARAMEL CRUMB

Four ounces plain cake crumbs, 2 eggs, 1oz. sugar, vanilla, 1oz. loaf sugar, 1 pint milk.

Place sugar in a saucepan, add 1 tablespoon water, and cook until mixture becomes brown. Do not allow to burn. Add the milk to this caramel and keep over a gentle flame until the milk and caramel are well-blended. Place crumbs in a basin and cover with caramel. Separate eggs, beat yolks with sugar, add essence and stir into the crumb mixture. Finally, have whites beaten stiff, and fold them into the pudding. Butter a mould thickly, sprinkle with heavy crystallised sugar, pour

Diet Hint

The Lettuce

By R. E. FIGGIS

QUITE a good friend to the average person, palatable, and digestible, a good source of minerals, and if it is a green lettuce it is about the richest vitamin supplier known—and seeing that no cooking is required, none of the vitamin content is lost. Some recent work at a London Laboratory has shown that the outer leaves of the plant that have had the benefit of the sunlight are from ten to twenty times as rich in calcium (lime) as the inner or white leaves. This is true also of the iron content, for the lettuce is a good iron supplier, and everybody needs a daily ration of calcium and iron to keep them fit and well. Save and use the green leaves.

In the mixture and steam gently for 1 hour. Serve with thin boiled custard.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss C. Helwig, 77 Cascade St., Paddington, N.S.W.

ORANGE JELLY (original)

This orange jelly is made from the peelings, seeds and cores of oranges left over from drinks, fruit salads, and from oranges peeled and cut up. Wash the oranges well before using. Then put all the peelings, seeds, and cores that are left after using the oranges into a china washbasin, cover them with water, and leave till next day. Should there be a "further supply" of peelings, the next day, put them in with the rest till the basin is nearly full. Add more water as required. The third day, and in all till the skins are tender, stir well with a wooden spoon, and strain. Add the juice of 1 large lemon to every 8 breakfastcups of the liquid, and 10 breakfastcups of sugar. Boil till it jellies. Bottle and leave uncorked till the following day.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. A. Elwing, Rockhampton, Q.

HOT CROSS BUNS (without yeast)

Eight ounces flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoonful baking powder, 1 teaspoonful allspice, 1oz. castor sugar, 1oz. currants, 1oz. butter, 2 eggs, a little milk, pastry. Mix dry ingredients, rub in butter, add currants (cleaned and dried). Add eggs (beaten) and milk if necessary. Form into buns, lay pastry crosses on top of each. Bake for 10-15 minutes. While still hot, brush over with little milk and sugar. Dry for a minute in oven.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Allardice, Welwyn Crescent, Coorparoo, Qld.

PARADISE SQUARE

Molten 3 cups stale cake crumbs, with hot water. Add 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1/2 tsp coconut, 1/2 cup walnuts, 1/2 cup dates, 1/2 cup raisins, 1/2 teaspoon each of ginger and mixed spices. Mix thoroughly and place between two layers of rough puff paste. Prick top with fork, and bake in a fairly quick oven. When cold cut in squares.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D. Tischer, 104 Seventh St., Mildura, Vic.

Circle & Chain

Continued from Page 38

"GOD! I can't believe it!" said Dick. "I've arranged for you to stay the night with the judge and his wife, and tomorrow we are to be married in his house."

"That's great!"

"I've got a horse and cutter outside the track, dear. Come along."

Dick tucked the girl into the cutter and wrapped a bearskin robe about her with loving hands. When her luggage was in the back he drove off towards the town, the bells above the horse jingling merrily in the frosty air.

"Tell me how you managed it all, sweetheart."

"You mean how I got here?"

"Of course."

"Well, Dick, I came into a legacy, and after I bought the ticket to here I still had some money left to help us get settled."

"That's wonderful, Dorothy! Gosh, I only wish . . ."

"I wish I could have given you the wedding present I've always wanted to."

"Oh, never mind about that as long as we have each other. You may tell me what it was, though."

"It was an animal that visited my line about a year ago, and he was a beauty. He would have looked great about your neck."

"Oh, what was he?"

"A silver-cross fox. They're most awfully rare, you know."

"Are they?" answered Dorothy in a subdued voice.

Then there was silence broken only by the swishing of the runners and the jingling of the sleigh bells.

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L.T. PIVER PARIS

ARE YOU Entertaining During EASTER WEEK?

Here are ways to heighten your reputation as an expert cook

By RUTH FURST Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

Some it may seem early to be thinking of Easter holiday fare, but our cookery expert feels sure that the majority will appreciate help in advance. Next week is bound to be a rushed kind of week to thousands. Irregular hours, much coming and going, but always meals to be prepared and served, for the hungry must be fed.

NOW on this page-to-day you will see a suggested menu for Easter dinner. There is, as you will note at first glance, nothing elaborate about it.

I do, however, guarantee that if you prepare these dishes according to the recipes given, and serve in the manner suggested, your family and guests will be surprised and delighted.

Select any recipe you fancy from the others given—they will help you cope with the expected or unexpected guest (as well as the family's appetite!) without undue cost, time or trouble.

NORMANDY SOUP

One pint stock, 1 pint milk, 2 carrots, 1 onion, 1oz. plain flour, 1oz. butter, chopped parsley, salt, cayenne.

Wash and scrape the carrots. Cut the red part into small fancy shapes with a cutter. Grate finely the rest of the carrot, making about 2 tablespoonsful. Peel and chop the onion finely. Melt the butter, add the grated carrot and onion, and cook carefully without browning. Add stock and cook slowly till vegetables are soft. Cook the fancy shapes of carrot carefully in water till soft. Drain. Strain the soup, add the milk and the blended flour, and stir over heat till it boils. Season with salt and cayenne. Add the fancy shapes of carrot and serve very hot in soup tureen.

ROAST LAMB

Leg of lamb, dripping, potatoes.

Wipe the joint with a damp cloth, melt the fat in the baking-dish, place the joint in and pour spoonfuls of the hot fat over the meat. Prepare the potatoes and place round the meat. Put into a hot oven. Leave the heat on for 15 minutes, then lessen heat, and cook slowly the required time, allowing 20 minutes to each pound and 20 minutes over. Baste every 15 minutes, and turn the potatoes once. When cooked, drain the potatoes on white paper. Lift meat on to hot dish. Drain the fat from baking-dish, leaving about 1 tablespoon. Add 1 tablespoon plain flour. Mix well together. Stir over heat till evenly browned. Add all at once 1½ cups cold water, salt and pepper to taste, and stir till it boils and thickens. Strain into a hot gravy boat. Put potatoes into hot vegetable dish and serve all very hot.

GREEN PEAS

Peas, water, sugar, salt, soda, mint, butter.

Shell the peas, and leave in cold water

till required. Put the water, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, pinch soda, and sprig of mint into sauce-pan, and when just warm add peas. Allow to cook slowly till soft when tested. Drain in colander, remove the mint, return peas to the saucepan, add a little butter, and toss over heat for a few seconds. Put into hot vegetable dish.

MINT JELLY

Three tablespoons chopped mint, 3 tablespoons boiling water, 1 cup vinegar, 1 dessertspoon powder gelatine, 1 dessertspoon sugar. Put the mint into a basin. Pour over the water. Allow to stand 5 minutes.

Easter Dinner Menu

Normandy Soup.
Roast Lamb and Mint Jelly.
Baked Potatoes, Green Peas.
Chantilly Trifle.
Black Coffee, Fruit, Cheese.

Put the gelatine, vinegar, and sugar into saucepan, add, when warm and dissolved, pour on to the mint. Stir well. Pour into wetted mould and leave till set. Turn out. Cut into blocks and serve with lamb.

CHANTILLY TRIFLE

One sponge roll, 1 gill sherry, little milk, 1 pint boiled custard, whipped cream, crystallised cherries, chopped nuts.

Make the custard and allow to become quite cold. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla. Place the sponge roll in a long glass dish. Pour over it the sherry, a little milk if necessary, and allow to soak in well. Then pour over the custard. Whip cream, add sugar and essence, and, with a forcing bag and rose pipe, completely cover the roll with roses of cream. Sprinkle with nuts, and decorate with rings of cherries. Serve very cold.

EASTER BISCUITS

Six ounces plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 2oz. butter, 2oz. sugar, 3oz. currants, 1 egg, spice and cinnamon to taste. Sift the flour, baking powder, and



HERE YOU SEE delicious slab cake. Flavored with cocoa and coffee essence, with cherries and nuts, it is fried and then decorated with chocolate and walnuts.

spices. Rub in the butter, and add sugar and fruit. Mix into a dry dough with the beaten egg. Roll out, stamp into rounds with cutter. Glaze with egg, and sprinkle thickly with sugar. Lay on greased Swiss-roll tin. Bake in slow oven till pale brown. Leave on tin till cold, then store in an airtight tin.

MACARONI CHEESE

One pint milk, 1lb. cheese, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 tablespoon bread-crumbs, 1 tablespoon butter, salt, cayenne, mustard, 1lb. macaroni.

Break the macaroni into half-inch lengths. Drop into fast-boiling water, and boil 20 minutes. Drain in colander. Make a white sauce with the butter, flour and milk. Add salt, mustard, cayenne, and the cooked macaroni and 3 oz. of the grated cheese. Mix well. Pour into a buttered pliedish. Sprinkle the top with breadcrumb, and the remainder of the cheese. Place in moderate oven to reheat and brown the top. Serve very hot.

MARBLE CAKE

Six ounces butter, 6oz. sugar, 4 eggs, 4 tablespoons milk, 12oz. self-raising flour, carmine, vanilla essence, chocolate.

Cream the butter and sugar well. Stir in the well-beaten eggs, then the milk, essence, and lastly the well-sifted flour. Divide the mixture into three equal parts. Leave one plain: to the second add carmine, making a nice pink color; to the third part add blended chocolate. Place a spoonful of each mixture alternately in the cake tin which has been well greased. Bake in moderate oven 1 to 1½ hours. When cooked, turn carefully on to a cake cooler.

EASTER RING CAKE

Six ounces butter, 6oz. sugar, 3 eggs, 3 tablespoons milk, 8oz. plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 3oz. sultanas, 3oz. raisins, 2oz. currants, 1oz. candied peel, 1oz. chopped nuts.

Cream the butter and sugar. Add the well-beaten eggs, then milk, flour, and baking powder, lastly prepared fruits. Pour the mixture into a well-greased ring tin. Bake in moderate oven 1½ hours. Turn out carefully and, when cold, ice the top if liked.

SLAB CAKE

Five ounces butter, 5oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 4 tablespoons milk, 1 dessertspoon cocoa, 1 tablespoon coffee essence, 10oz. self-raising flour, 1oz. cherries, 1oz. chopped walnuts, warm white icing, milk chocolate, walnuts.

Cream butter and sugar well. Add the eggs, one at a time. Blend the cocoa with the milk, add coffee essence to it, then add to the butter and sugar, lastly sifted flour, cherries, and chopped walnuts. Pour the mixture into well-greased square tin. Bake in moderate oven 1½ hours. Turn on to cake cooler. When quite cold, cover with warm icing, then, when set, carefully pipe with milk chocolate melted in the top of a double boiler. Decorate with halved walnuts. Leave till icing is quite set.

HOLIDAY PUDDING

Two ounces butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, 1 tablespoon treacle, 4oz. plain flour, 1 level teaspoon carb. soda. Cream the butter and sugar well. Add



EASTER RING CAKE will be the nicest cake of its kind you've tasted since Christmas. It keeps well, and it cuts well, too.

the beaten egg, milk, and treacle, lastly the sifted flour and soda. Pour the mixture into well-greased basin. Cover with greased paper. Steam for 1½ hours. Turn out on to a hot dish. Serve with sweet white sauce.

SPONGE SANDWICH

Three eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup plain flour, 1 teaspoon cream tartar, ¼ teaspoon carb. soda, 1 teaspoon butter, 3 tablespoons water.

Separate the whites and yolks of eggs. Beat the whites to a stiff froth with a pinch salt, add the unbeaten yolks, then sugar gradually and beat vigorously till the mixture is thick and frothy, with plenty of air bubbles on the top. Stir in lightly the well-sifted flour and cream of tartar. Boil the butter and water, pour on to the carb. soda. Mix well, then add to the cake mixture, stirring in evenly. Pour into two well-greased 7-inch sandwich tins. Bake in a moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Turn out on cake cooler. When cold, join together with mock cream, lemon cheese, or jam. Sprinkle icing sugar over the top.

Note: Self-raising flour can be used instead of plain flour, omitting the cream of tartar and carb. soda. Also 1 teaspoon of baking powder can be used in

place of cream of tartar and carb. soda with plain flour.

APPLE TEA-CAKE

One large cup self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 1 apple, ground cinnamon, extra sugar for top.

Sift the flour, rub in the butter and add sugar. Beat egg and milk well together and add to dry ingredients. Put mixture into a well-greased sandwich tin. Peel the apple and cut into very thin slices. Place the slices of apple over the cake mixture and sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Bake in a moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes. Before serving split and spread with butter.

BELGIAN CAKE

Four ounces butter, 4oz. sugar, 1 egg, 8oz. self-raising flour, raspberry jam, walnuts or dates.

Cream the butter and sugar, add the sifted flour. Turn on to a floured board, divide into four. Place two of the pieces into two sandwich tins and press each in well, spread with jam, then roll the other two pieces out and place on top of each piece. Mark into triangles and decorate with walnuts or dates. Place in a moderate oven and bake slowly 30 to 35 minutes. Turn on to a cake cooler when cooked.

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METZ

The DWARF

Continued from Page 40

THE relief with which Joan turned once more to Fortescue was infinite; relief and an abiding gratitude. She was free — free at last. Deep down in her heart was wonder at whatever she could have seen in Frank Mills to cause her a moment's unhappiness.

Fortescue was regarding her searchingly. She had had one shock; now, at what she read in his face, and because of the happiness it brought, came another and still greater one. "Well?" he said.

Amusing that one word could cover all the circumstances and emotion of a situation so tense; could convey so direct and intimate a knowledge, and reveal so intimate a yearning. For, apart from the bare fact of the ring she had worn and then discarded, she had not realised he had known of her engagement or of its termination.

"Well?" she faltered in turn. Under shelter of the carnations that were on the table, he covered her hand with his. "I'll put it more clearly," he said quietly. "Are you still in love with Mills?"

She met his glance bravely. "I'm not still in love with him," she said, "only because I never was in love with him." He would have spoken, but she checked him. "That is true; definitely and finally," she said.

It was as though a little lamp of victory had been lighted behind the eyes that looked so searchingly into hers. At that moment she could have laughed aloud at the old infatuation for that other and lesser man. Mills! With each day spent with this ugly, clean-run English gentleman who . . . She allowed the rest of the thought to go by default.

Then she was conscious that he was speaking. "I'm going to tell you a little story," he said.

She hedged self-defensively. "Fiction, fact, or parable?" she demanded. "Isn't a parable an earthly story with a heavenly meaning?" he said. And upon her nod, "Well, then, it's a parable."

He paused and, rather breathlessly, she said, "Carry on, please."

"Once upon a time," he said, "there was an Ogre who was foolish enough to think that he had within him those qualities of mind and soul which go to please the Fairies. So of these he made them gifts, which he sent, pleading for them to accept. But always they came back, sometimes battered and crumpled, and always with just a printed form to say that they were 'unsuitable.'"

He looked up, and Joan nodded. She knew how long and bitter his fight for recognition had been.

"At last, however, it began to dawn on the Fairies that these gifts were really rather valuable," Fortescue went on. "And so, instead of rejecting them, they sent in return all those wonderful things which are represented by what is known as success, and at the same time demanded more and more of what previously they had found no use for. They kept the Ogre so busy, indeed, that at last he was forced to have assistance. So he looked out for a Cinderella, and when he found her he lured her to his castle."

"Why did he want a Cinderella, anyway?" Joan inquired, interestedly.

"Because," Fortescue said gravely, "at the time the Fairies returned his gifts they used to enclose, also, a minute spell of magic; magic with a cumulative effect. It was not until the Fairies began to see that the gifts he sent were worth while that it came to him suddenly that he'd gradually become transformed from a rather benevolent Ogre into a savage and ruthless one. The worst of it was that instead of being horrified at the change, he was glad. That's why, when he needed help, he looked about for someone he could gobble up."

Joan nodded. "I see," she said quietly.

FORTESCUE, who had been tracing patterns on the tablecloth with his fork, looked up. "Oh, he was an Ogre, all right, this one," he said, convincingly. The fingers, which had resumed their uneasy tracing, were stilled once more. "But imagine his surprise," he continued gravely at last, "upon discovering when she came — not a Cinderella, but a Royal Princess."

There was silence for a moment, and then Joan said, "What did the Ogre do about it?"

"At first," Fortescue said, "he told himself it was just the Fairies having another of their games with him. But strangely, the more he lost this suspicion, and the more convinced he grew that she was a Princess, the less of an Ogre he became. Of course, outwardly, he couldn't change all at once, so he just had to go on treating the Princess as though he was as much of an Ogre as ever. . . . And then suddenly he made another discovery; one he

thought the cruellest joke of all the Fairies had played on him."

"What was that?" inquired Joan, rather startled.

"He discovered that his Princess was under the spell of a Dwarf," Fortescue said quietly.

Almost imperceptibly Joan moved, so that her face was concealed by the carnations.

"A Dwarf," Fortescue repeated slowly, "and a very little Dwarf at that. In fact, perhaps, to look something like the handsome prince she thought him, but behind all the royal trappings, pitifully small."

"How did the Ogre discover all this?" Joan inquired from behind the flowers.

"He sent his — er — Elves to make a few inquiries," Fortescue explained rather hurriedly. "And from what they told him the Ogre knew that any chance of happiness for the Princess was very small indeed. So for her sake, or so he liked to think, and because he — well, anyway, he decided to take a hand himself."

Joan's face disappeared once more behind the carnations. "What did he do?" she inquired.

"He called and had a chat with the Fairy Godmother," Fortescue said calmly.

"You don't mean Aunt Helen?" Joan cried, with the dashed recollection of that lady's cryptic advice the morning her engagement ended.

"It was the first time the Ogre had seen the Fairy Godmother," Fortescue went on, ignoring the question, "though he had answered letters in which she had asked if the Princess was happy in her work, and urging him to see she took proper and regular meals, and things like that. The sort of letters that only a Fairy Godmother could write. So that already there was a kind of bond between the Ogre and her."

BY this time Joan was not so much out of her depth as submerged altogether in a sea of bewilderment. "And what in the world happened then?" she demanded.

"The Fairy Godmother more than confirmed all that the Elves had said about the Dwarf," Fortescue explained. "Things she'd never hinted to the Princess herself. Nothing disgraceful exactly — just little meannesses and small dilapidations — which pointed unmistakably to his being a very small Dwarf indeed. Among other things the Fairy Godmother said that the Dwarf was unhappy because of the smallness of the Princess' kingdom. Also that there was a second princess — rather a staid princess, this, I'm afraid, but much more capable of holding her own — with whom the Dwarf spent all the time when he was not with the first — and real princess."

Fortescue spoke now slowly and deliberately. "The Fairy Godmother went so far as to hint that if the kingdom of the second princess was enlarged by a sudden extension of its frontiers the Dwarf would not hesitate to resign the smaller but so infinitely more precious crown."

He met Joan's eyes, and there was mingled defiance and appeal in his. "And when the Fairy Godmother told the Ogre the name of this second princess, he gave a great shout of joy."

"What do you mean?" Joan whispered fearfully. "Why did he shout with joy?"

"Because that name put the great rest into his own hands," Fortescue said simply. "If the Dwarf withstood that test, then there was an odd chance of the Princess' happiness. If he didn't, the blow would be swift and merciful compared with what her unhappiness would be if the test had not been made. The second princess happened to be a cousin to the Ogre, and it so happened that from the very beginning of the time the Fairies had begun to send him gifts, she had been clamoring for the Ogre to increase her kingdom. So now, in face of what the Fairy Godmother had said — well — the Ogre did so. And, immediately, because he was so small, the Dwarf threw over the real princess and entered into the larger but more sordid kingdom."

There was a long silence. In the far corner of the restaurant the band had turned from jazz to a melody, low-pitched and haunting. But two or three tables away Frank Mills, full-fed now and flushed, was toasting a princess who was herself a thought after his own fashion of repletion. Joan hastily turned her eyes once more to Fortescue, who was waiting, as it were, expectant. "Thank God — and the Ogre — for that!" she said softly.

The tables nearby were vacant now. He leaned over and took her hand. "But that other and so much richer kingdom is still without its king?" he said softly.

She laughed, low-pitched and tremulous. "No!" she said. "The throne has been filled now, for a long time."

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FOR LIGHTWEIGHT TWEED.
WW188A.—A lightweight tweed may be used for this model, with large armholes, and sleeves fitting tightly at the wrists. Skirt is shaped over the hips. Material for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

TAILORED SIMPLICITY.
WW189A.—A simple but dressy style for the new winter fabrics. The collar and rever trimming are of contrast, with a touch on the cuffs. Material for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: ½ yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



WW181A WW182A WW183A WW184A WW185A WW186A WW187A WW188A WW189A

FUR-TRIMMED DINNER GOWN.
WW181A.—A charming dinner frock of graceful lines. The loose raglan sleeves, bordered with fur, give a touch of individuality. Material for 36-inch bust: 5½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

FOR THE WEE MITE.
WW182A.—Let her be daintily frocked in a style like this. It has a shaped yoke back and front, the latter providing the fastening. Pattern for 2 and 4 years. Material required: 1½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: ¼ yard, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

WELL-DRESSED MATRON.
WW183A.—The well-dressed matron can carry off this class of frock to perfection. It is worn with a belt across the back. Neckline is of contrast, terminating in a jabot effect. Material for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: ½ yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 34 to 48 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

AFTERNOON SMARTNESS.

WW184A.—Afternoon smartness is portrayed in this design, featuring raglan sleeves. Front trimming is of contrast, with pleated frilling. Skirt has a seam back and front, with a low inverted pleat. Material for 36-inch bust: 4½ yds., 36ins. wide. Contrast: 1 yd., 36 ins. wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 ins. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

UP-TO-THE-NECK-AND CHIC

WW185A.—Picture this cosy winter coat in a heavy woollen tweed. It may be worn open, with wide revers, if desired. Two-piece sleeves are smart and tailored. Material for 36-inch bust: 3 yards, 54 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

TRICORNE TOQUE

WW186A.—Make yourself one of the new tricorné toques, to complete your winter outfit. They are easily made from the full directions which accompany the pattern. Sizes, 21 and 22-inch head. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

SNAPPY STYLE.

WW187A.—Simple, smart, and very youthful, all three adjectives describe this frock. The cowl front is cut on the cross. Skirt favors low pleats each side. Material for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

OUR FREE PATTERN

GIRL'S FROCK

THIS week's free pattern is a schoolgirl's model, portrayed in two designs—one for school, and the other for best wear. The side fastening is new and chic, while the everyday frock is an ideal sporty model. Pattern is for a girl 12 years.

Material: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide.

Contrast: ½ yard, 36 inches wide.

Turnings must be allowed when cutting out.

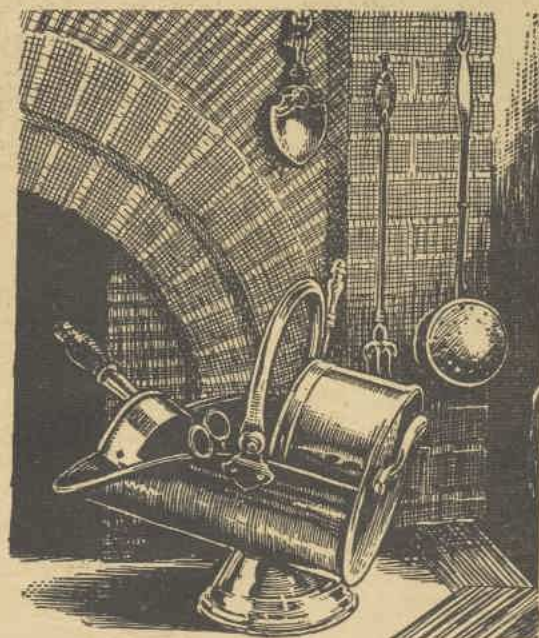
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MELBOURNE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 180, G.P.O., Melbourne.
NEWCASTLE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
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4-35

FALSE Colors

Continued from Page 30

THERE were roses in a box—roses like damask velvet; roses white as virgin snow—a delicious mass of perfumed color, tied with ribbon, and in the knot of the ribbon was a card. On the card was printed the name of Maurice Lemaire, and under the printing was written: "If I call at twelve, will you lunch with me?"

It was the next morning and Paris was gay and sparkling with sunshine that filtered through the green of the trees on the boulevards like spears of gold, that glistened like silver on the plating of the great cars in the crowded streets, that rendered gay the colored awnings of the cafe terraces.

Maurice called. Diana lunched with him, and that was the first lunch of several, as those warm and lazy days drifted past at incredible speed and the end of her week drew near.

She did not go again to La Vanite. Curiously enough, Maurice did not ask her to do so, but she was content to meet him where he chose, when he chose.

How he paid her lunch and dinner bills only Maurice himself knew; what strains were thrown on his slender financial resources only he could tell. But he maintained the pretence. He snatched, in those brief, sun-filled, wonderful days, at a dream, and he clung to that dream and made it reality. He thrust Maurice the gigolo into the background and resolutely, almost defiantly, he forced to the forefront Maurice the man.

And so came Diana's last night in Paris. It was Maurice who suggested Armenonville for dinner. It was an extravagance beyond computation on his part, but he indulged it recklessly, as though he possessed with a last despair in the face of the fate that stood always at his shoulder and reminded him of what he was. So to Armenonville they went, and having dined and danced, sat for some time at a secluded table under the trees, liqueur glasses and coffee cups before them, remote from the throng, with all the dark leaves above them interlaced with tiny lights, above which a fine dust of stars gleamed sweetly beneath a curtain of deep cobalt.

Distinctly, like the shy, sweet whisper of young lovers, music throbbled through the warm, perfumed air. Magical dreams danced in the velvet shadows of the trees.

BUT for Maurice the thousand little lovelinesses of the night were lost. This was the hour of goodbye. He could think of nothing save that. He turned slowly and looked at Diana, his eyes devouring her. In the soft darkness the curves of her throat were like the curves of a white lily. Her hands, clasped loosely in her lap, seemed to be made of cool ivory. Her beauty flung a challenge to him; he found his control slipping. She moved, and accidentally his knee brushed hers; at the contact his pulses hammered and the blood raced like fire through his veins.

"You are very quiet. What are you thinking of?" Diana asked. He met her glance then, hardly, passionately. "Of you," he said shakily. His tone made her thrill helplessly. Two little flames burned in her cheeks, and Maurice, gazing at her, saw them. His thoughts went unevenly—halting, racing. Why had he come here? How could he have stayed away on this last evening, when he loved her, when she was all his world? He moved as though to take her in his arms, and as he did this he seemed to hear faintly, as from a great distance, a voice saying: "This you must not do—this you dare not do."

He drew away from her and spoke with stilted quietness.

"It is good that you leave Paris tomorrow, mademoiselle."

It seemed to Diana that a chill hand touched her heart. "You mean you are glad I am going?" she whispered. He stirred uneasily in his chair. "No, I shall remember you to my life's end," he said unsteadily. "Although"—his voice dropped to a husky whisper—"a gigolo should permit himself no memories."

"A—gigolo—I thought..." Diana began.

"You thought I was a man moving in the same circles as yourself," he broke in hoarsely. "You did not realize that I am what is politely called a paid dancing partner." He paused and took a deep breath. "I make no excuses for myself. I run through a fortune—and as a last resource became a gigolo. And then"—his voice faltered—"I fell in love—with someone as far above me as the stars. Maybe that was my punishment... or my salvation. I shall never go back to La Vanite." He stopped suddenly and, turning, looked at Diana. She was smiling. "It pleases you to mock at me," he



STUNNING COATS

For Our Three-in-One Pattern . . . Free!

As winter is drawing nearer, we present three coats, fullest directions for which are free, and contained expertly in one pattern. These coats efficiently cover all winter's requirements. And for all occasions, armed with this pattern, you'll be smartly attired.

OUR three-in-one patterns are providing a unique service inasmuch as from one pattern you can cut three—and the pattern is presented free to you. Already we have given three sets of frocks especially suited to autumn and winter.

Even the beginner will find it easy to follow—just as easy as all our other very expert patterns. Make the first up for dressy occasions, with sumptuous fur at neck and cuffs. With its side-fastening, and in dark

added quietly. "I do not blame you. I deserve it." For a long moment Diana was silent; then of a sudden she began to laugh.

"A gigolo! A mannequin!" she murmured incoherently at last. She caught wildly at his coat, tugging at his sleeve; then, with the laughter still on her lips and tears in her eyes, she whispered: "Oh, don't you understand? I'm not rich at all. I'm just a mannequin sent over here by a London house to exploit their gowns. When I met you I thought you were a count or someone equally grand. I didn't want to spoil things, so I didn't tell you anything about myself." Her voice broke. "It is I who should ask forgiveness. Oh, Maurice—Maurice."

With a little inarticulate cry he caught her suddenly in his arms. And there, with the night about them, the perfumed air seeming to blow from the garden of Paradise and only the softly throbbing music sounding in the silence, Maurice of Paris and Diana of London found heaven.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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(a) Forward a clipping of matter published, enclosed in a sheet of note paper, showing date and page in which was published.

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PATTERNS

See special notice on the pattern page.



Give VIVID Beauty to your LIPS WITH Michel

Whatever the shape of your mouth, Michel will make it lovelier, fresher, more tempting. For Michel outlines your lips with glowing, vivid color... keeps them soft and appealing. Michel lipstick is truly indestructible... it lasts for hours, and holds its delicate perfume to the last.

The name Michel adds that essential little touch of social distinction, for it is used almost exclusively by fashionable women throughout the world.

Be sure to get the genuine Michel lipstick with the word "MICHEL" engraved on the case. All others are imitations!

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES.

COMFORT FOR BABY...



WHEN KNITTED

IN 'VIYELLA'

Little garments for baby must remain soft and safe through endless washings... must never shrink. Ensure this by making them in Viyella... the perfect yarn for all your knitting—it never fades or varies.

● NOW ONLY 1/- PER OUNCE.

● You can match Viyella Knitting Yarn with Nursery Viyella exactly. Plan a complete Viyella outfit for Baby.

'VIYELLA' UNSHRINKABLE KNITTING YARN

The wool used in Viyella is the best and softest in the world—Australian Merino Lamb's Wool.

FREE KNITTING INSTRUCTIONS

WILLIAM HOLLINS & COMPANY LTD., Grace Building, York Street, Sydney.

Please send me full instructions for knitting the garment illustrated above, and shade card of Viyella Knitting Yarn.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

W.S.W. 13 5/35

AN Aristocrat in WHITE and SCARLET . . .

You'll agree this jumper is lovely enough to set every knitting needle a-flying!

FEATURING the new, wide shoulder effect, this delightful diagonal-rib jumper combines scarlet and white—that much-loved color combination—very effectively. The back, front, and sleeves are knitted up to a certain point, joined together, then all the stitches are picked up on four needles and the yoke is worked round and round as you would for a stocking. Use two needles to make the body and sleeves.

As you can see, this enchanting jumper will be equal to any occasion—it is an aristocrat in design and will remain one throughout its charming life.

Red and white were used for the original model, but, of course, any color scheme could be used. Two blues, or brown and beige, would look equally effective.

Viyella wool in 4-ply was used, and knitting lovers will find it, by reason of its softness and pliability, its strength, a joy to work with.

Now follow expert directions. Materials: Sox. red. los. white 4-ply Viyella knitting yarn; 5 No. 7 bone needles with points at both ends, crochet hook.

Measurements: Bust 32 inches, length 20 1/2 inches, sleeve seam 17 1/2 inches.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; pl, for plain; st, slip; st, stitch; tog, together.

FRONT AND BACK—BOTH ALIKE. Cast on 92 sts.

1st Row: K. 2, p. 1. Repeat these 2 rows 12 times.

Now change and work in following pattern:

1st Row: K. 8, * p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 8, repeat from * to end of row, finishing with k. 4.

2nd Row: P. 4, * k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 8, repeat from * to end, finishing with p. 8.

3rd Row: K. 7, * p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 8, repeat from * to end, finishing with k. 5.

4th Row: P. 5, * k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 8, repeat from * to end, finishing with p. 7.

5th Row: K. 6, * p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 8, repeat from * to end, finishing with k. 6.

6th Row: P. 6, * k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 8, repeat from * to end, finishing with p. 8.

7th Row: K. 5, * p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 8, repeat from * to end, finishing with k. 7.

8th Row: P. 7, * k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 8, repeat from * to end, finishing with p. 5.

9th Row: K. 4, * p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 8, repeat from * to end, finishing with k. 8.

10th Row: P. 8, * k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 8, repeat from * to end, finishing with p. 4.

11th Row: K. 3, * p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 8, repeat from * to end, finishing with p. 1.

12th Row: K. 1, * p. 8, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, repeat from * to end, finishing with k. 1.

1. repeat from * to end, finishing with p. 3.

13th Row: K. 2, * p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 8, repeat from * to end, finishing with k. 1.

14th Row: P. 1, k. 1, * p. 8, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, repeat from * to end, finishing with p. 2.

15th Row: K. 1, * p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 8, repeat from * to end, finishing with p. 1.

16th Row: * K. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 8, repeat from * to end, finishing with p. 1.

17th Row: * P. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 8, repeat from * to end, finishing with k. 1.

18th Row: P. 1, * k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 8, repeat from * to end, finishing with k. 1.

19th Row: K. 1, p. 1, * k. 8, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, repeat from * to end, finishing with k. 2.

20th Row: P. 2, * k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 8, repeat from * to end, finishing with p. 1.

21st Row: P. 1, * k. 8, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, repeat from * to end, finishing with k. 3.

22nd Row: P. 3, * k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 8, repeat from * to end.

Now repeat these 22 rows till work measures 13 1/2 in. from beginning. Now decrease at each end of every row till 32 sts. remain.

Work 31 in pattern, put on spare needle, cast off 20, and work remaining 31, keeping in pattern.

Cast off 12 at neck end, continue to last 2 sts., p. these tog.

Next Row: K. 2 tog. pattern to end.

Next Row: Pattern to last 2 sts., p. 2 tog.

Next Row: K. 2 tog. pattern to end.

Repeat last 2 rows once more, then cast off remaining 13 sts.

Work other side to match.

SLEEVE.

Cast on 40 sts. Work 24 rows in rib as for bottom of jumper. Now work in pattern but increase at both ends of every 10th row 10 times. (60 sts. on needle.) Now decrease at each end of every row till 50 sts. remain.

Work 29 in pattern, cast off middle 10, and work 20 in pattern.

Next Row: P. 2 together, pattern to end.

Next Row: Cast off 2, pattern to end.

Repeat these 2 rows twice. Cast off other side to match.

YOKE.

The yoke is worked in a rib of k. 1, p. 1, with a pattern now forming 4-lobes every third row. Care must be taken when decreasing so that the continuity of the rib is not broken. The holes come



Inspirational! . . . A Petrov sketch of a most charming jumper made in 4-ply Viyella. Knit it in scarlet and white, or choose any other favored color combination. You will find the directions given on this page easy to follow.

directly one above the other, so if you find 2 plain or 2 purl stitches at the end of the needle together, plain or purl them as the case may be, the odd stitch will be taken in with the next decrease.

Carefully sew jumper together, then with the needles with points at each end and with white yarn, pick up 64 sts. along front of jumper; with another needle pick up 44 along top of sleeve.

For back, another 64 on 3rd needle, and 44 along other sleeve on 4th needle. Now work in rounds as for socks.

1st Round: K. 1, p. 1 all round, decreasing at end of each needle by knitting last stitch with the first stitch of next needle.

2nd Round: K. 1, p. 1, decrease as directed.

3rd Round: * K. 1, p. 1, k. 2 tog., make 1 by bringing yarn in front of needle. Repeat from * to end.

Repeat this pattern every 3rd round, decreasing at directed every alternate round (1 plain and 1 decrease) until there are 27 rounds (9 holes) from start of yoke in white. 2 more rounds, decreasing on both. Cast off.

Now with red yarn and coarse crochet hook work a chain long enough to go round jumper at bottom of yoke. Work a single crochet in each st. and sew round. Make another and sew at neck.

Hints to Knitters

Where the work has increase and decreases it is a good plan to tie a piece of colored thread where these come, as otherwise it is difficult to keep them regular and any irregularity spoils the appearance of the work.

Be very careful about the neck line and armholes. Usually the stitches are carefully "picked up" and the edge or border knitted on finer needles. A crochet edge is firm and makes an attractive finish to a jumper with a V-neck and also to sleeveless armholes.

Never join on a fresh ball of wool except at the beginning of a row and darn in all the ends very carefully on the wrong side.

For men's and boys' garments, the borders can be knitted separately and sewn on, if preferred; this is a good plan as the edge lies flat and will not stretch.

When making a garment always be sure to get the exact materials mentioned. This applies to needles or crochet hook as the case may be as well as to actual wool or thread. Even

wools of the same ply do not always produce the same result and alterations, unless done by an expert, generally result in a disappointment. As, however, no two people work exactly the same, always "try out" a small piece of work before commencing the desired garment. Having obtained the correct wool and needles (or hook) the specified size, put on about 20 stitches and work sufficient rows to show quite clearly

how many stitches and how many rows go to the inch. If your sample corresponds to the tension given in instructions, all well and good, if not, you will require needles a size smaller if the work is too loose or a size larger if too tight, but do be sure to get the tension absolutely correct before you start your garment. If not, the measurements will be incorrect and the result disappointing.

WHITER TEETH AND CLEAN, HEALTHY MOUTH



★ Kolynos Dental Cream—the proved antiseptic, germicidal and cleansing Tooth Paste, contains absolutely no gritty abrasive and is entirely free from harmful bleaching action. Yet it is unsurpassed as a cleansing and whitening agent by reason of its unfailing power to remove unsightly stain and wash away the germ-laden "bacteria-plaque" covering from the teeth.

★ Because of its proved antiseptic properties, Kolynos actually kills harmful germs in a few seconds and keeps the teeth and mouth thoroughly clean and healthy.

★ Being highly concentrated, Kolynos is extremely economical—half-an-inch is enough. Kolynos is BEST used on a DRY toothbrush.

★ Buy a tube to-day—Sold by all chemists and stores.

KOLYNOS
The Proved Antiseptic Germicidal & Cleansing Tooth Paste

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

Another delicious dish from Elizabeth Craig's RECIPE BOOK

★ ALMOND CUSTARD GATEAU.
8 (three) cakes, 2 oz. almonds, 2 tablespoons ALMOND CUSTARD.
Split sponge cakes in two. Spread each half with jam and put halves together. Cut in three crosswise and sandwich together with jam. Cover with custard and split almonds. Stab over with blanching whisk cream, sweetened and flavoured with vanilla to taste.
Foster Clark's Creamy Custard is made of the purest and finest ingredients. It's flavour is delicious and it is wonderfully economical. Write for Elizabeth Craig's free recipe book, Melbourne, 14, Thurlow St., Nedder, N.S.W.

Foster Clark's
creamy CUSTARD

CUT OUT THIS RECIPE

TEENY and TERRY

TERRIBLE TWINS

By HARRY EYKE JR.



FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

THE girls and boys of Mushroom Grove decided to hold a bazaar and give all the proceeds to a very poor widow who lived in the district.

It was Friday night when their work was completed. Everything looked tip-top, and now all that they waited on was the welcome appearance of their good and loyal companion, Wunderlust. He was always interested in anything they did, and had promised to call round that night to see if everything was just right.

It was just eight o'clock when Wunderlust rose from his armchair. "I trust you'll excuse me," he said, "I won't be away more than half-an-hour, and I'm sure Fred will look after you. I just have to look over some stalls."

These remarks were addressed to a nice, round, amiable man, namely, Mr. Winkleworth, who had come to Mushroom Grove for a fortnight's holiday. He had accidentally met Wunderlust in the street when he had spent but four days in this town, and as they had been friends of some years' standing Wunderlust insisted that he spend the remainder of his vacation with him.

This he had readily agreed to do, so that accounted for Mr. Winkleworth's presence at Wunderlust's home.

Wunderlust was soon out of the house and walking briskly down the street in the direction of the bazaar.

On reaching the stalls, he was greeted by a band of merry children who were all eager to hear what he thought of their work. When he told them that everything was perfect and they couldn't have done better, they all scampered home and waited for the next day, that being the opening day of their bazaar.

Wunderlust returned home and spent a very enjoyable evening. Imagine his sorrow next morning when, reading the newspaper, he discovered that one of the stalls had been burnt down.

Mr. Winkleworth was also upset when he learnt of the fire and straightway hit on a good idea.

"I've got it," he said, "so the children won't be disappointed. I'll dress up as a magician. I don't need a shed; I can just sit in a chair in the sun anywhere. There's lots of tricks I can do, and perhaps in that way I'll make some more money for them."

Wunderlust and Fred both thought this an excellent idea.

And Mr. Winkleworth was certainly a good magician, for he handed a £5 note as his takings for the day to the children that Saturday night.

Jill's Letter

MY DEAR JACKS AND JILLS,—
It costs quite a lot of money, thought, and care to bring up girls and boys. A B. D. of course, that means a great deal of sacrifice on the part of parents.

But, if you succeed in life, your parents will have no regrets. They will have the satisfaction of knowing that you were a good investment.

The famous French statesman, M. Clemenceau, once spoke to the students of his old school:

"We are going to part," he said, "I to die and you to prepare to live. . . . Forget me, roll up your sleeves and work out your destiny."

Do all you can for your parents; work hard at school; play hard to make your body healthy; and work hard when you set your foot on the ladder of business.

The man who sticks to his job determined to win through is just as much a hero as a soldier in battle. Each has a task to perform, each a duty to do.

Good-bye for one short week.
Cheerily Yours,
JILL.

Why Wash?

By THELMA HUMPHREYS

I DO so hate to wash my face. And neck and hands as well. For why they always must be clean is more than I can tell.

It only wastes a lot of soap. And dries my face, too! I'd like to play and never wash. The same as dangle da.

I wonder why I'm here at all. And not all washed away. For Mummy often washes me A dozen times a day.

Price of 5/- to THELMA HUMPHREYS (13), 601 Forest Rd., Buxley (N.S.W.).

THE FOOLISH RAT

By VALERIE DEARING

THERE was once a rat called Pinkie, and he lived in an underground spot next to a large potato field. Every day he used to carry home one or two large potatoes. This he did because he thought that he would have a hard job finding food for his winter storage.

After many visits his burrow became full right up to the entrance, and not being able to remove the potatoes, which he had placed so tightly together, he had to seek an empty burrow and all the weeks of hard labor he had spent in digging up potatoes were wasted.

When the ploughman came with his team of horses a few weeks later to dig up the potatoes he discovered Pinkie's old burrow, and he was very surprised to find so many potatoes and wondered who had put them there.

Two Honor Cards to VALERIE DEARING, 7 Flers Av., Earlwood.

Clever Jacks and Jills

Price of 5/- for the best letter goes to PRUGY MORRIS (14), Hill St., Sherwood, Brisbane.

For the best cutting of the picture entitled "Blind Man's Buff," IRVINE GOLDEN (13), 129 Flinders St., Thornbury N.D., Melbourne, wins the first prize of 5/-.

Price Cards are awarded for next best to DAVID SMITH, c/o E. H. Smith, Nambour, ROMIE BARNES, 45 Walker Avenue, Bakersfield, N.S.W., and SYLVIA STEPHENS, Westlake, Canley Vale Rd., Canley Vale, N.S.W.

Address all letters and contributions to JILL, Box 1551E, G.P.O., Sydney.

About Ourselves

MARGARET GARREARD, of Lismore (N.S.W.), is very fond of tennis and swimming; K. THOMPSON, of Nambour, writes a very interesting letter; WINIFRED NEILSON, of Nambour, Flinders Line (Qld.), would like some pen friends; age 12-13; NEVILLE NEILSON, of Nambour (Vic.), is going to Sydney this Easter; HECTOR SMITH, of St. Mary's (N.S.W.), is fond of sketching.

RANSOM MURPHY, of Sturgesford (Qld.), writes a very interesting letter; MARJORIE FAULKNER, of Avondale (Qld.), is one of our new members; JANET CONNELL, of North Sydney (N.S.W.), and RAZEL HILL, of Auburn (N.S.W.), write good verse; KATHLEEN FITZGERALD, of Wallangarra, via Inverell, has a pet lamb.

GWENDOLINE WILKINSON, of Albury, writes a very interesting letter; JACK MASON, of Bendigo (Vic.), has an Alsatian pup for his pet!

DON BAXTER, of Auckland (N.Z.), is fourteen this June; VICTOR ROENNELDT, of Goklain (N.S.W.), is fond of reading comic; JEAN DUNSTAN, of Lake Catharine (N.S.W.), is fond of swimming; VALDA GROOM, 131 Park Street, Richmond (Tas.), is fifteen years old and would like some pen friends.

REBEA ARRENTY, of Forestville, is quite a good painter; MARGARET MASON, of Warracknabeal, likes reading jokes; UNA AYLES, of Glenmaggie (Vic.), has six cows, three horses, two sheep, two little calves, one ewe, a cat, a dog and a rooster, for her pet.

DELICIE RYAN, of Richmond (Vic.), likes writing stories; NORMA BURGESS, of Kingscote (S.A.), does clever sketches; DORIS NUDGE, of Tallowood, via Millthorpe, rides three miles to school every day and is fond of playing cricket; ANGLINA GIGENTI, of Victoria Estate (N.H. Qld.), writes clever verse.

PEGGY HAWKES, of Coonamble (N.S.W.), owns a little black pony called "Bessy"; BEATRICE CROSWELL, of Sunshine (Tas.), is recovering from her recent accident; ESTELLE SLEEP, of Broken Hill (N.S.W.), attends Broken Hill High School and is in the LEVY PT. GUILD; of Monmouth (Vic.), is fond of entering into competitions.

FOR FUN & FANCY

TEACHER: Have you heard of Julius Caesar?
Pupil: Yes, sir.
Teacher: What do you think he would be doing now if he were alive?
Pupil: Drawing the old-age pension, sir.
Price Card to JOYCE CUMMINS, Bathlyn, 32 Eddy Rd., Chelwood, N.S.W.

Jack: I haven't slept for days.
Bill: What's the matter?
Jack: I sleep at night.
Price Card to EDNA FAIRIE, Morahah, Cassella Rd., via Mudgee, N.S.W.

Niece (at cricket match): I see the police are here, Auntie. Auntie: And I'm not surprised. Doodle, I overheard a s-e-e-e-s speaking about stealing runs, as we came.

Price Card to BERTHA CROSWELL, Box 2, Southport, Tasmania.

Pat: Why are you wearing so many coats on such a hot day?
Jack (carrying paint pot): I was going to paint my fence, and it says on the pot to obtain best results put on three coats.

Price Card to MINNIE AYLES, Glenmaggie, Gippsland, Vic.

Mr. Brown had just finished reading a composition written by his son, the subject being: "Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh."
"Yes," said Mr. Brown. "That is very good, but you left out one thing, and that is, what did Sir Walter say to the Queen when he spread out his cloak to step upon?"
"Oh," exclaimed the small boy, "he said, 'step on it, baby!'"

Price Card to PATRICIA MCGOWAN, Winton St., Colah, N.S.W.

Teacher: Now, Mary, can you tell me to which family the gorilla belongs?
Mary: I don't know, Miss. We have only lived in our flat a month, and do not know the neighbors.

Price Card to IRVING PITTARD, 125 Park St., Mounse Ponds, Vic.



FISHING. Price of 5/- to GLADYS LEWINSON, 19 Kent St., Waverley, N.S.W. for this original sketch in black and white. Color in nicely with paints or chalks and send entry to Jill, Box 1551E, G.P.O., Sydney, before April 26. Price of 5/- for brilliant effort.

Farmer Smith: That Jones boy who used to work for you wants me to give him a job. Is he steady?

Farmer Brown: Well, if he was any steadier he'd be motionless.

Price Card to JACK SIMON, 3 Martin St., Hamilton, Newcastle, N.S.W.

Baile: Here, waiter! This steak is positively burned black.

Waiter: Yes, sir. Mark of respect, sir. Our head cook took Syd yesterday.

Price Card to DOROTHY HAZEL, Coghlin St., Kapunda, S.A.

A TRUE STORY

By A MOTHER

whose physician told her
ten years ago how to keep
her children well



HERE is a mother, who, with her three children, has been enjoying the blessings of perfect health ever since her doctor told her the secret ten years ago!

She is Mrs. J. A. Sullivan. Her letter and the pictures she sends with it of these happy, healthy children, tell the story better than we can.

"I am enclosing several photographs of my youngsters," she writes. "We are enthusiastic Nujol users, and have been ever since my oldest boy, who is now ten, was a baby, when my doctor advised me to give him Nujol."

"I have seen all three of them through all the children's diseases, which invariably come with school age. However, no complications have ever occurred, nor have any bad after-effects developed, and I have always felt that this was due to the regular habits acquired by the systematic use of Nujol."

Why don't you follow Mrs. Sullivan's example, and see what Nujol will do for you when you take it regularly?

Bring up your children on it to be regular as clock-work. It cannot hurt them; it is perfectly pure and absolutely harmless, and it forms no habit. Nujol is just a lubricant and is not absorbed by the body at all. Nujol comes in two forms, plain and Cream of Nujol, which is flavored and is often preferred by children. You can get both forms of Nujol at any chemist.

What is your Nujol story? If you have been a regular user of Nujol, if you are bringing up your children on it, tell us. Address Blanco (Aust.) Ltd., Box 1470, G.P.O., Sydney.



ANOTHER SLEEPLESS NIGHT!

TO enjoy good health you MUST have proper sleep and rest. If you are being kept awake by pain or nervous unrest, take NYAL ESTERIN tablets. NYAL ESTERIN contains Esterin Compound, a new sedative that acts directly on the nerve centres and brings natural sleep to the sleepless. NYAL ESTERIN contains ingredients which are regularly prescribed by the medical profession for the prompt relief of pain. Take NYAL ESTERIN for sleeplessness, rheumatic pains, neuralgia, headaches, toothache, and all forms of nerve pains. Your chemist sells NYAL ESTERIN tablets at 1/3d. a tin of 24 tablets.

NYAL ESTERIN

For this coupon for FREE SAMPLE of Nyal Esterin to The Nyal Company, 411DD, Glades Rd., Sydney, N.S.W.
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
W.W. 12.4.35.

VICTORIAN Family ROBINSON

Continued from Page 5

"O H, fool," interrupted Malachi, tossing back his mane of dark hair, the hair that was so unlike the almost universal fair mop of Vainamu: "Don't you see, if the women say they won't, and Seremy has the men killed, what good done to anyone? Don't you think they see that, too?"

"Maybe," said Micah, sucking gratefully at his cigarette—for the recent scene had troubled his kindly nature, upset what he would have called his nerves if he had known that such things existed. "Maybe; but Seremy, when he gets mad, he doesn't care for anything. Seremy, he'll kill them; you see, unless—"

"Less what?"

The other hesitated a moment; seemed to change the conversation.

"There's my little Eve coming," he said.

A child was running down the slope towards the sea; a girl of some four or five years. All the children of Vainamu were pretty, but this little creature was more than pretty; last, and best of a "long family" that were the pride of the island. Micah, a good-looking fellow himself, had wedded a handsome girl, and remained true to her, in spite of the temptations freely thrown in his way by the little band of outlaw women of whom Rispah, now, was chief and queen. Micah's children were the gayest, the most active, of all the little ones on the island; it was said of them that the six were equal to sixteen, from the point of view of general ubiquity—or, to use the Vainamuan phrase, that "these founded children of Micah and Deborah all over the place like young rats."

Eve came dancing towards her father, arms held out, little tappa frock blowing like a butterfly's wings in the breeze. "Pap, pap!" she cried. "Eve want to see you."

Micah had her in his arms at once, tossing her up and down. "What you want to say?" he asked her. "An' what you going to get for it?"

"Banana fig," Eve replied promptly.

"Two banana fig?"

"Well," he said, laying his head against the child's wavy hair, that shone bright as filaments of spun glass in the sinking sunlight.

"Eve hear the big girls talk," she told him, casting a side glance at Malachi.

"I don't mind your hearing this, Micah interpolated. "It's going to take some handling, if what I suspect—"

"Well, sugarcane?"

"The big girl say," Eve continued, "by-n-by, if Lord Chief he won't listen to us, we frow our petticoats."

Micah slapped his leg. "Stap me!" he cried, "but I thought it might come to that. Throw their petticoats—yes, I reckon—"

He was brought to a full stop by the look on Malachi's face. Clearly the youth did not understand.

"You children, they very useful to you, Micah," he said, staring hard. "Good thing to have children like that; me, when I marry, I'm going to have ten, maybe fifteen, jus' as good—"

Micah laughed. "You got no girl."

MALACHI'S eyes were dark; nothing to be read there, even by that shrewdest of investigators, who had never heard the word detective, but knew the procedure as well as if he had been trained in Scotland Yard.

The youth swung back to the question under discussion. "What's this talk about petticoats?"

Micah was enjoying himself. "You young fellows, you think you knowing everything; but there's things the island has forgot, that's worth remembering. Rispah's not so young as she telling you—No, don't hit me, or you won't hear nothing. Rispah's thirty, maybe, and she very clever; anything she hear from the old people that's dead, she never forget. Rispah knows about the petticoats. Now let me send this little pretty of mine home again, and I'll talk. Sugarcane, you run to mammy, tell her she give you two banana figs and two kins, and here's two kins now."

He smacked a kiss on each of the little round pink cheeks, set the child down tenderly, and watched her run away. Malachi stared with covetous eyes. He could see—he could see children—not girls; he had no use for girls—boys, babies more than babies, boys in steps like stairs, with red hair and brown eyes, with black hair and golden eyes.

Children holding his knees; shouting to be taken up and tossed in his strong arms, above his head. Children, run, handover, finer than any on the island, following him in a procession to Sunday church. Babies seldom out of the arms of a girl with fiery hair and fiery heart, who would be no girl then, but a matron, stately as a palm-tree, graceful as red lilies springing by the sea.

A poet had been born when Malachi first saw light, but he knew it not. If he had known what a poet is, what is his power, and what he pays for it—if he had possessed all this knowledge, unguessed at by the simple folk of Vainamu—I cannot think that he could have set the heavy crown upon his head. Willingly given his light-hearted virile self to the toil of word-smithy, sat with the end of his red pen in

his mouth, of a golden forenoon, when the other men were away swimming, fishing, driving slim canoes through spangled breakers, revelling in the kiss of the life-giving morning sun that does not shine for slaves of ink and pen.

Malachi was a poet; but he lived his poetry, and never knew of loss.

With the thought of the children in his mind, the vision of Eleanor, like a red lily, like a palm, obsessing him, he scarcely noticed that Eve had run away home, and that Micah was handing him back his precious under-box, saying at the same time: "Thanks, Malachi. Now you listen to me, and I'll tell you something."

CHAPTER 12

THERE were no lights in the coralsone building where Charles and Buzacott lay imprisoned. The Vainamuan used candle-nuts for themselves, but saw no reason why their captives should be indulged with lights for reading, when there was nothing for anyone to read on the island, save a very few battered Bibles, or for writing, in a place where no one wrote to anyone else save in the briefest possible manner, under pressure of necessity, using leaves and thorns for medium. So when the sun had set, soon after six o'clock, Charles and the sailor, in the long hot tropic evening, used to sit upon the banks of timber formerly used for benches, smoking the queer hot tobacco rationed out to them by their captors and talking to keep one another's spirits up.

Naturally, it came about that they knew one another before long, as they never could have done under ordinary circumstances. Charles was surprised to learn by experience that a man who had never been to a decent school, or any school, perhaps, who talked bad grammar and dropped an occasional aitch, could be as delicately thoughtful for others' comfort, as tactful, as simply wise as Buzacott. And the sailor, for his part, found himself obliged to shed a good many innate prejudices against what he had been used to call the "laidy-da-kind of swell"; what his sons would have referred to as "the yaw-haw brigade," and his grandfather undoubtedly had called the "macaronis."

Yaw-haw, laidy-da, or macaroni, Charles was a man, and Buzacott could not deny it. They grew to be fond of one another, in this queer, half-lighted prison existence; where only the twinkle of sun-shot leaves in the high-up lancet windows, and the many-tumbling thunder of the seas outside, spoke of a world unconfined by walls in which a man might come and go as he would, kiss his girl and hit his enemy, and work or idle as the fancy took him. Bone-lazy days such as they knew in captivity suited neither of them. Buzacott liked his life to be served in slices, a slice of fierce toil, and a slice of idleness, alternating; and Charles, retired from the cavalry, could not imagine real happiness without plenty of country sport.

It was after sundown, the hour when the men returned from their sea-bath, taken under guard. Charles had thought out many a plan of escape during this daily interval, but the Vainamuan had frustrated all his bright ideas by the simple plan of surrounding himself and Buzacott with a crowd of watchers, who swam and splashed alongside, and never for a moment lost touch with their charges. Buzacott to-day had removed himself a little way from the crowd by taking a long underwater swim, but found, when he came to the surface again his guards were waiting in shallow water, ready to catch him by the leg and loudly reprove him.

He did not seem to mind. He was grinning a little while they pulled him forth and told him that his liberty for that day was ended. When he and Charles were back once more in the coralsone prison, and their evening meal of fish and potatoes had been placed in the wooden food bowls, and they had fed and rested, the sailor, sitting beside Charles on the timber bank said, in a tone that was like a dig in the ribs:

"Did y'ever think where those pearls came from, that the Lord High Muck-a-Muck wears round his neck like a bloomin' pearl—he and that tidy wench they call Rispah?"

"Why, no," answered Charles absently. "I—I suppose they got them off the ship their ancestors came in. Seems to be all there are on the island."

"It's not all," declared Buzacott, and now he really did poke Charles in the ribs with a horny forefinger. "What d'y'e think I went diving for this evening?"

Please turn to Page 50

HOST HOLMROCK says: For picking up table use Holmrocks' Pure Malt Vinegar; it is a brew of excellent quality & etc.



Even in generations past
Cashmere Bouquet made
lovely women lovelier.

Its long-loved fragrance
is the same to-day

The same fragrance that has delighted womankind for 129 years now comes to you in Colgate's Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder. In an attractive jade green box with delicate lace-work tracery, you will find a powder that is fairy-like in its softness . . . that clings—without "caking"—for hours . . . that protects and beautifies every type of skin. You will love Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder—as every woman does who tries it. And all women can afford to use Cashmere Bouquet, because it costs so surprisingly little.

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CR. 35/6

HER HIPS REDUCED 5 INCHES

Friends Wonder How She Does It

A Kruschen Secret

Those friends of Mrs. E. M. D. who have been wondering how that lady is reducing her hip measurement, are now let into the secret. She has been taking Kruschen. Here is a letter from her:—

"I was gaining in flesh and not feeling too well, so I started to take Kruschen Salts, and am now on my third bottle. My hips used to be 47 ins., and the last three months I have got them down to 42 ins. So my friends who used to laugh at me are now wondering. I shall have the last laugh, for when I get my hips down to what I think is right I'll tell them. But I do know this—I am feeling better since taking Kruschen, and am really glad I kept on with it."—(Mrs.) E. M. D.

Here's the recipe that banishes fat—take one-half teaspoon of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water before breakfast, modify your diet, and take gentle exercise. The stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels are tuned up, and the pure, fresh blood containing the six salts of Kruschen is carried to every part of the body. Then follows "that Kruschen feeling" of energetic health and activity that is reflected in bright eyes, clear skin, cheerful vivacity and charming figure.

The action of Kruschen is a combined action. Each of its six salts



supports the others in stimulating the bodily functions from a number of different angles. Thus the exact proportion of the six salts is of supreme importance. That is why every batch of Kruschen Salts is tested and standardized by a staff of qualified chemists, before it is passed for bottling. Kruschen has a world-wide sale. It is taken by the people of 19 different countries. In none of those countries is there anything else quite like it—nothing else that gives the same results.

Kruschen Salts is obtainable at all Chemists and Stores at 2/6 per bottle.

They say I'm the best dressed girl in the Office

"But they don't know that I dye my own frocks! That's the best of NADCO—it doesn't give one away, as inferior dyes do. Use any one of the 30 NADCO colours and you never need worry about the results. The shades are fast, they are even, they are beautiful. You can save yourself a whole lot of money by transforming frocks, lingerie or stockings with NADCO Dyes. They're very easy to use—and remember—NADCO cleans as it dyes."

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MODERN
SHADES
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...and you won't find a flea. I'm doused with Pulvex once a week, and, men, does that make me happy? Before then I lead a very scratchy life. Pulvex is non-irritating, odourless, harmless. Sold by all dealers in tins for 1/7, double size 3/6.

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KILLS FLEAS OFF—KEEPS THEM OFF



In Two Shades, Rachelle and Natural—1/2 lb. Use Oatmeal Cream at night to feed and cleanse the skin. Tube, 1/2; Jar, 2/6 and 4/6.

Dear Nell,
Did you notice Mrs. Kelson at the picnic last Sunday. That woman is 45 and doesn't look a day more than 30. I simply had to ask her how she kept her skin so well. She told me her skin was always clean and new. I told her I was using Oatmeal Cream and she said that was the best thing for her face. I told her I was using Oatmeal Cream and she said that was the best thing for her face. I told her I was using Oatmeal Cream and she said that was the best thing for her face.

Obtainable at all chemists, or from Oatmeal (Aust.) Ltd., G.P.O. Box 24783M, Sydney.

VICTORIAN Family ROBINSON

Continued from Page 49

CHARLES said: "I thought for a minute you were trying to drown yourself, cursed if I didn't. I saw you were far out of your depth, stopping down and not coming up, and I was pretty near going to help you—only I can't swim under water. No go at all off the surface, and anyhow I saw the fellows were after you."

"Well, I wasn't trying to drown myself, and I wasn't trying to escape, though I believe they thought so. I was just finding out, and I did find out."

"Yes."

"Found there were pearls here," Buzacott said, with a chuckle. "Thought I knew the look of some of the shells they have stuck up in the men's house for ornament. I've been pearly, one place and another, in my sailing-ship days. I know the stuff. There's different kinds. The kind they got here is pretty good. Lives in shallowish water, easy to get. Not very many pearls, but what there are, are decent mostly. They haven't been lifting it. There was beds of it, never touched. I had a bit of a game with one of the chaps coming back, and I asked him, I says: 'Why does only the Lord Chief wear them pearls, and the busy they call Fitzpach?' And he says: 'Because they belong to the Lord Chief and no one else may wear them.' And I says: 'What about the girl?' 'Oh,' he says, 'those she had belongs to the Lord High Chief's woman, but Seremy, he's got no wife since the son of Salan took her away, so she made him lend her the pearls, because she can do anything she likes with him or any other man.' 'Oh,' I says, 'and why don't they get some more?' 'Oh,' he says, 'what good would that be, if everyone had them? You can't eat them,' he says, 'nor drink them,' he says, 'so what good are they, 'cept for the High Chief and his wife to wear? We don't hold much with them little things,' he says, 'but they make a mark like, for the Chief. That's what he says, And I said nothing to tell him anything he didn't know. For anyhow he and his mates couldn't get any good out of them."

Charles was thoughtful. "Yes," he said presently, "but what good are they to us either?"

"Just let me get away from here, and come back again with a decent little schooner—I know where you can buy 'em for three or four hundred pounds, along the California coast—and you'd see what good they'd be. Why, if Bully Hayes had seen them little things on the neck of Seremy, he'd never have left the island till he found out where they came from; find out he'd have done, if he had to burn their feet to make them tell. I reckon Seremy, he hadn't then on that day. He don't

wear them all the time, only when he's feeling High Chief-like—and his wife what she stole away, she can't have had any of hers on her or about her, or else."

"What?"

"Or else," said Buzacott, speaking slowly, "he'd have come back sooner."

"Why—do you think—"

Buzacott said, looking at the backs of his hairy hands: "I course I think it."

Once the bees learn the way to the 'oney-pot—"

CHARLES was silent, digesting the new idea. "Seems to me," he said presently, "with all one hears about that ruffian, it would be a case of the frying-pan and the fire for us."

"Maybe. And maybe not. Ye see, I spent most of my time in sail, and I know the kind of Hayes, can't depend on their crews, that sort can't, at least not all the time; but they thinks it's all the time, and there's where the trouble comes in. Maybe you're right. Maybe it would be the fire after the frying-pan, for look ye, Chaine, I know more about Hayes than you—" He told him a little, Charles cursed loudly. "The man should have been hung!"

"But, y' see," the sailor continued, "it would always be a ship—and there's times when I sit here chewing my fingers and listen to the seas outside, that I'd sell myself to the devil for the sight of a sail, and the sound of the anchor going home. Give me a ship and a few sailors, and leave me to deal with anything that comes after."

"God," said Charles, "I'd sell my soul twenty times to see the cliffs of Dover again."

"Eleanor's alive," Buzacott slowly pronounced. "She's alive, and not harmed, by what we've heard, and I reckon we'll see her again, when the real trouble begins, which it will day after to-morrow. Malachi done it, whatever it was that's been done, but he'll hand her over when the time comes, or I'll rip the innards out of him with my hands."

Charles had no comment to make. Buzacott went on: "If we could get a ship, that's all I ask. A ship to go away in—and to come back."

"Come back? If I was away—"

"I know. But look ye, Chaine, all men don't think alike, and if we had all this trouble settled, and them away that wants to go, and them to stay that likes it, why I don't reckon there's a finer place in all the world for a sailor man's home. I'd ask no never if I had Mahamu. Climate, grand; out of the hurricane belt; soil would grow anything people all right, if you learned them to behave—and it takes a man that's been ten years in sail to learn the like; no watches to keep; all nights in; no salt grub and dried potatoes, but chickens and pigs and fruit and fresh vegetables—all the things a man dreams of, and can't get his teeth into, aboard ship; no wakin' up in your watch below 'cause you can't sleep for thinkin' will you ever get a command, and will you keep it when you do; no soft sawdwin' of bloomin' passengers that you'd like to paste one in the jaw, and makin' up to the Old Man because he can put you in bad with the company if he likes; and you wouldn't have to be comin' back to your ship with a sore head and a sore heart, after a week in port when all you got was the evenin's after you'd spent the days bully-raggin' stevedores down at the docks—no, none of that any more, but a man his own master in a place that's like the things you dream when you're about ready to drink aboard, and beginnin' to feel happy and forget there's no such luck for the like of you. . . And the girl, and the girl!"

"It's all very well," commented Charles, who was not feeling, never had felt, entranced by Vainamu, "but you don't seem to remember that we're to be chucked to the sharks like that pig we saw unless the women agree to do what I hope to Heaven they won't."

"Charles," said the sailor, using the Christian name that, hitherto, he had hesitated to speak, "Charles, Chaine, what do you think I saw this morning when I climbed up on the roof for sport, which it wasn't sport anyhow?"

"I don't know," Charles had seen Buzacott, time and again, exercising himself in what seemed to be extremely dangerous accents of the roof and the broken walls, without the least chance of escaping, in face of the watch kept up by the Vainamu guards. He had asked no questions; taken it for granted that sailors liked climbing and that that was all there was to be said.

"I saw," said Buzacott with one hand over his mouth, "a sail."

"Good God, did you? But I say—has no one—"

"How could they, when the only telescope's in my pocket, and has never left it when any of them was about? Don't expect too much; ye see, she's been up on the lee side, 'cause the reefs on the weather side would tear the heart

out of her, and the wind's been slack for days, and she's fifty miles off if she's a yard; no knowing when she'll make it. But if she comes along in time—"

"If she does—do you think it's—"

"Why, yes, I do; he seems to know his way about, whoever he is, and there's only been one ship called here, so far as anyone knows, except ourselves, and we didn't, not to say, call. Yes I reckon it's the Leonora brig, and that might be better, and it might be worse, but anyhow it's something."

There was nothing to do but talk; they talked half the night about the new development, planning, hoping, sometimes allowing themselves to fear and at the end finding themselves no further on than they were at the beginning. The sail might be the notorious Leonora or it might not, Hayes might have it in his mind to make a second raid, or he might not. He might arrive in time, or too late. And if he came he might be a blessing to them—or exactly the reverse.

At all events it was something new to talk about; and that was as welcome as rain in the dry Sahara, or sun in England.

AN hour or so later, when dark, all daimed with white stars, had fallen over Vainamu, Eleanor and Malachi, tasting the evening air together, sat on the stones above the cave passage and talked. Talk . . . No one, in this second quarter of the twentieth century, knows what talk was to the mid-nineteenth. It took the place of radio, the telephone, of picture shows; it bridged the gaps now over-filled by cards and motoring to and from cards; it was an anaesthetic to sorrow, a plaster for remorse, it was a game, an accomplishment, a diversion, and a glorious filler-in of time.

Eleanor knew what boredom was, especially of late; Malachi, less civilised, had never heard of such a thing. But boredom could not lift its yawning dragon head here, where talk was flowing between two young creatures newly acquainted, and very newly in love.

And, strange to say, the tone of it was not unlike that of some of the talk that had lately passed between Charles Chaine and Buzacott.

Eleanor said: "I could spend all my life here, if only things were comfortably settled, and all this nonsense about raffling for wiven done away with. It—it calls me. It's as if I had dreamed it all, over and over again, and suddenly waked up to find the dream was true. The palm-trees are like my friends; there's no such tree in the world; oh, it catches you by the heart, when you see it ruffling under the moonlight, as if it had been painted with a giant's brush of silver, and when the sun comes through it's like light in that gold—"

Charles had said that people have in drawing-rooms, and then, the way they leap towards heaven—other trees rise, but the palm-tree leaps, and takes your heart right with it, as it goes. And at sunset, black, black against geranium color, and very still; why then, you can almost hear the music, deep organ music, that it plays. And the sound the reef makes out at sea—that chanting, humming noise—that never ends, as long as you live, and after you die. You're dust," it says, "dust and shadows, but I last, I last for ever." That's what the reef says. I could make poetry of it. I think I must have lived as the heathens of the East, say people did live, long before I came into the world this time. I think I lived on just such an island, and it called me across all the earth to come back, and at last—I came."

Malachi—with his shepherd's pipe to his lips, whispering on it, so low that no one even a few yards distant could have heard—Malachi now laid down the pipe, and reached for Eleanor's waist. "I don't understand half what you talking about," he said. "But I like that talk about bin' lived before, even if it isn't in the Good Book. There's lots of things aren't in the Good Book—that's very nice, Eleanor. I think maybe you lived on an island, long, long ago, and I lived with you. And do you remember, Eleanor, the night we sat out under the stars, when they were shining up above us like they could talk if we only listen? You remember?"

Eleanor, with his arm like a steel band about her waist, his face so near to hers that she could scent the faint, warm perfume of his hair, was almost speechless. But she knew that she must speak. She must not allow this warm wave of magic to overcome her, flow over her, crown her.

"I—I remember," she whispered.

"An' you remember, we stood up before the Pastor there was on that islan', and he married us. An' you remember, then I took you home." He whispered in her ear, soft words, words that flamed.

Eleanor, that true Victorian, slid to her feet, evading the arm that clung. "I—I don't remember," she declared. "I think it's all nonsense!"

Malachi, wise in the ways of women as if he had been thirty-nine instead of mere nineteen, simply went on: "An' you remember, Heart, we were Lord High Chief and High Chief's lady. An' we sat on the high chairs in the Council House, an' everyone doing what we told them."

To be continued

1935 Fashions in Face Powder

By A Well Known Paris Beauty Specialist.

Fashions in 'make-up' are undergoing a complete revolution. Old style face powders are as dead as the crinoline. Science now makes real and natural complexion beauty easy for any woman. Mousse of Cream blended face powder was first the vogue of fashionable society women in Paris, London and New York. Now, since the patent process has been acquired at enormous expense by Tokalon, powder blended with Mousse of Cream is within the reach of every purse.



Poudre Tokalon consists of the finest, lightest, alk-ified powder, scientifically blended with pure Mousse of Cream. That is why Poudre Tokalon gives marvelous complexions of clear, youthful beauty which retain their girlish freshness all day long even in wind, rain and heat. Made in five perfect shades—one to suit every complexion, Poudre Tokalon has an alluring and delicate fragrance. The Mousse of Cream prevents it from drying the skin—a frequent cause of premature lines and dry, coarse, rough skin. If you are using an old-fashioned powder try a box of Poudre Tokalon to-day—price 1/6 (including Sales Tax). The amazing difference will surprise and delight you.

FREE: By special arrangement with maker of this paper, you may obtain a de-luxe beauty outfit containing popular shades of Tokalon 'Mousse of Cream' Powder so that she may test them on her own face. The outfit also contains Cream Tokalon for both day and night use. Send 4d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing, etc., to P.O. Box 32955, (Dept. 329A), Sydney, N.S.W.

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Untroubled by teething

A bloodstream kept cool and pure by Steedman's Powders means safe and easier teething for baby. Give this gentle, effective aperient up to the age of 14 years.

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AWAKE AND TROUBLED

When You Should Be Asleep

Many people complain of sleeplessness and feel wretchedly tired and worn out. They put it down to the weather, some anxiety or trouble that is worrying them, or the exhaustion that follows an illness, or some strenuous work upon which they are engaged. Lack of sleep aggravates lowered health, because it is during the sleeping period that the nerves and entire system become rested and reinvigorated. Regular sleep is a vital need.

Sleeplessness points to something wrong with the nervous system, and that something is under-nourishment. The blood feeds the nerves, and therefore the whole trouble is due to thin, impoverished, poor blood. Enrich, revitalize, and increase your blood supply by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, the famous blood and nerve tonic, and your nerves will respond by becoming strong again. Healthful sleep will then return as a matter of course.

Thousands of one-time sleepless, nervous sufferers have nothing but praise for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The action of these pills helps to enrich and increase the blood, which restores the nerves, banishes headaches, exhaustion, depression. If you are nervy and prone to sleeplessness, start a short course at once. At chemists and stores, 3/- bottle. Say 'Dr. Williams' and take no other.

WHEN ENGLAND Invites Our SPORTS GIRLS

Women Cricketers Must Be Prepared

By RUTH PREDDEY

The English women's cricket touring team arrived home during the week, and Miss Betty Archdale, the captain, in the course of an interview expressed herself as anxious to have an Australian team invited to England.

It is expected that an invitation will reach Australia within the next few weeks from the English Women's Cricket Association requesting us to send a team of women players to England in 1936 or 1937.

The successful visit of Miss Archdale's team last season is still fresh in everyone's mind. That visit took time to organise, and it will probably depend on the amount of time England thinks necessary for us to organise whether the invitation is for next year or the year following.

Matters of this kind cannot be accomplished in a hurry, and an initial visit always demands more time and finance than those that will assuredly follow.

And, although the "home" team is

on money it will probably be necessary for every Australian player to have from £175 to £200. And where is this money to come from?

WE must send our most worthy representatives, irrespective of their financial position.

At the present time the Australian Women's Cricket Council has money in hand towards a tour of this kind, but it is only a small amount compared to what will be needed.

Practically every one of the women cricketers in Australia finds it necessary to earn her own living, and it would mean a great sacrifice on their part to enable them to save the requisite amount. However, it would be worth while.

No player should find the difficulties too great to overcome.

Opportunity knocks only once, and it is for every cricketer to strive to grasp this opportunity which will come in the near future.

At the present moment every player has the same chance, but it will be only those with the will to win who will endeavor to practise as much as

Easter Camp for Hockey Players

THE New South Wales Women's Hockey Association will commence their hockey fixtures on Saturday, May 4. In the meantime preparations are in hand for the big hockey camp to be held on the Nepean River at Easter.

possible during the winter months, who will strengthen their weaknesses, and who will try to adapt themselves to all conditions of wickets, that will eventually win through.

Last time the interstate contests were held in Brisbane the Queensland team were successful in beating Victoria for second place. New South Wales were the premiers on this occasion. This defeat so stirred the Victorians into action that on the next two occasions—in New South Wales and in Victoria—they won the premiership. New South Wales filling second place.

Last year South Australia affiliated with the Australian Council and took part in the interstate contests. Many of the South Australian players showed great promise. One especially stood out for her excellent fielding. It is a long distance from Adelaide to Brisbane, but it is hoped that the South Australian Women's Cricket Association will endeavor to send a team to take part in these matches.

The interstate cricket matches will take place in Queensland early next year. New talent will be forthcoming, and the Australian selectors, whoever they be, will watch each match with added interest.

Australia's first touring team of women cricketers must be comprised of players worthy in every department to represent this country.



MISS WILLIE DEN OUDEN, the Dutch swimming champion, who has been invited by the Australian Swimming Union to visit Australia next year. In view of the fact that the Olympic Games will take place in 1936 it is not likely that the invitation will be accepted.



MISS NELL SHIERS, one of Adelaide's popular basketball players.

generally considered to bear the burden financially of these visits, the cricketers of Australia will have their share of finance and organising to do.

The recent Englishwomen's cricket touring team found it necessary for each player to contribute £150 for her fare to and from Australia.

Owing to the high rates of exchange

WOMEN Athletes ... in BRISBANE

Four States Will Compete This Month

The Australian athletic championships for women are to be held on Wednesday night, April 24, and Saturday afternoon, April 27, at the Brown oval at Paddington, Queensland.

The fixture, at which four States will be competing, is being looked forward to with more than usual interest.

REPRESENTATIVES from N.S.W., Victoria, and South Australia will be housed at the Anne Hathaway Cafe in George Street, Brisbane, and they will

stay about a week. A conference will be held before the sports.

Miss K. O'Donnell is the convenor for the visiting teams, and drives, picture-parties, and a reception at a broadcasting station are being arranged.

The Victorian and New South Wales teams have been selected, and it appears as if very few of the titles will change hands.

Doris Carter, the Victorian girl who has broken all records for the high jump, will again be competing. She has been very close to making the world's record, and it would be safe to forecast that she will still retain the championship in this event.

From New South Wales comes the outstanding hurdler, in Clarice Kennedy. Her records have placed her in a very safe position.

Olympic Hopes

THELMA PEAKE, of Brisbane, is another who has performed so well in the quarter and half-mile events that she must be considered in the light of a keen rival to whomever competes against her.

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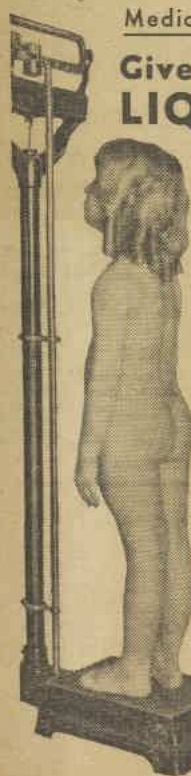
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FOOTSTEPS

By EDNA ROUGHLEY

CHAPTER I

LD MATTHEW LEW was unhappy.

It was not the world of darkness in which he had lived for the past five years that caused his unhappiness, but the knowledge he was in the way, definitely not wanted in his son-in-law's house. Life, he reflected, could be a sad, sad existence for the aged.



Alexander Meredith was a hard man whose word was law in his household, an egotistical man whose creed was power, who ruled with an iron hand those dependent upon him. Matthew Lew was one of the dependents, and suffered intolerably, as a consequence.

He would have preferred to apply for the pension and live life in his own quiet way, but Alexander Meredith would not hear of a pension for his wife's father, and even Beth, Matthew's daughter, had protested it was not necessary.

"I will love having you at Treedale," she had said, five years before when darkness had first dimmed the light, and blindness with relentless swiftness had overtaken the old man, "you will be very, very welcome."

Beth was sincere, her father knew it instinctively; but Alexander Meredith resented his presence and made not the slightest attempt to conceal resentment.

The five years had been long and difficult. Matthew Lew was accustomed to his blindness, but he never would become accustomed to dependence. Money was the trouble. He had a little saved up, a meagre amount; but money could be made to double itself—if one only knew the right method of investment.

The old man pondered deeply. If only he could increase his money, then again increase. He wanted to rest, but there was little rest for him in his son-in-law's house. He wanted congenial companionship of other old men, an occasional argument or two. If he had only fifty pounds he would leave Treedale. Fifty pounds was a fair sum. Right throughout his hard-working life, hampered by low wages and a large family, Matthew Lew had never possessed fifty pounds at the one time, and it had always been his ambition to own a sizeable banking account.

He sighed heavily. How was it possible to make thirty pounds grow into fifty? There was no one to whom he would go for advice—certainly not his son-in-law. He could put his trust upon the God of Chance, but Matthew Lew was a naturally cautious man and did not approve of chance. He sighed heavily. He had one of two things to face. He must take a risk, or continue living his present life, suppressing resentment, hoping always for a Heaven-sent miracle that would release him and give him the rest he craved. Life, he reflected again, could be a sad, sad existence for the aged. Sad and cruel.

LYNNETTE MEREDITH was acutely conscious that she drove too swiftly for safety. Sixty miles an hour over an indifferent road amounted to recklessness, but she did not particularly care, Jacqueline's big, blue sedan was behaving excellently. It seemed possessed of additional power, a capacity for speed of which she had previously been unaware. The discovery delighted her.

She heard the blare of a klaxon and

glanced into the little side mirror that reflected the road behind. A single-seater was approaching. It was travelling swiftly, she noted, and was painted red. An offensive red.

Again, more impatiently, it seemed to Lynne, the klaxon sounded and she steered the sedan to the left without slackening speed. There was mischief in her eyes, a smile trembling about her well-shaped mouth.

A second glance into the mirror revealed a man at the wheel of the single-seater. A young and personable man whose expression was grim. Her eyes glowed. There was ample room for him to pass safely—she had drawn well over to the left, but the young man seemed annoyed. The speed was intoxicating, a queer little limp of sheer madness seemed to be running through Lynne's veins.

She increased speed. The wavering indicator crept from sixty to sixty-five. The single-seater must be doing at least seventy miles an hour, she reflected, for it was rapidly gaining. Madness, but what glorious madness.

There was no doubt about the single-seater's speed, or the driver's ability to coax the uttermost from the engine. It gained more slowly now, but quite perceptibly. A ridiculous red, thought Lynne. She laughed without knowing why.

The red car drew level. The young man shouted something. Lynne did not catch the words, but they sounded suspiciously like: "Little fool!" She did not resent being called a little fool. It was a characteristic of Lynne Meredith's to see straight, and she knew she was behaving foolishly.

She kept her gaze steadily on the road, unaware that the indicator touched and for a crazy moment held seventy. Far in the distance, where the long, straight road curved, she saw a horse and cart approaching. Either she or the young man would have to give way. Her chin and mouth set determinedly, but the young man, she was quick to perceive, was also determined. Even more determined than she!

Reluctantly, Lynne slowed down and the single-seater shot ahead looking even more offensively red than she had believed possible. She half-expected the driver to sound a triumphant cock-a-doodle-do, but was spared that humiliation. The single-seater shot down the road and disappeared from sight.

She felt tired, and a little flat. Her glorious madness was gone. She made no attempt to speed again, but contented herself with a modest twenty-five miles an hour. The sedan seemed to be crawling.

Around the bend in the road, up and over a steep hill, around a second bend. Fifty yards away the single-seater was parked close to the side of the road while the driver, with an expression sufficiently rueful to be comical, surveyed a flat rear tyre. Lynne smiled. She couldn't help it. The young man saw her smile and scowled. Actually scowled, and looked like an aggrieved boy while he did it.

Lynne passed, pulled the sedan to within half a foot of the culvert, sprang out and walked demurely back. She was guilty of a well-meaning but obvious question.

"Puncture?"

"No," retorted the young man savagely, "I always stop here for lunch."

Lynne gurgled, and glanced at the sun low in the west.

"Do you always lunch at five in the afternoon—with a spanner in your hand?"

Despite his annoyance the young man laughed.

"Well, yours was rather a tomfool question. I hate tomfool questions."

"So do I!" Lynne said.

The last of his temper disappeared. "The trouble is, I'm in the devil of a hurry, and this—" He indicated the flat tyre with a wave of his hand and lapsed into disgusted silence.

"And I see you haven't a spare tyre," Lynne observed.

"I changed one of the old tyres yesterday. Never dreamed of another blow-out to-day. Infernal nuisance! Aggie—"

"Who?"

"Aggie—the car—has been giving trouble lately."

"Yet you hit up a speed of over seventy. Apparently I'm not the only fool on the road."

HE grinned reluctantly.

"Then you heard?"

"Well, I WAS taking an unnecessary risk. Can I give you a lift?"

He brightened. "Thanks! I can come back later for the old bus. I say, do you usually travel at seventy miles per hour?"

"Not usually," she answered him demurely, "but to-day I was enchanted."

He glanced sideways at her. "Enchanted?"

She nodded. "I never know when the moment of enchantment is coming. It just comes and I—I lose my head a trifle."

"A trifle," he murmured in agreement, then added:

"Your own car?"

"No!"

He slipped into the seat beside her. "Thought I recognised it! Belongs to Jacqueline Gerrand, doesn't it?"

"Yes! Where to?"

"Next door to Jacqueline's."

She regarded him with new interest.

"Really? Then, of course, you know Jacky?"

"Rather! Great little sport. Engaged to some chappie or other who—"

Lynne said hurriedly: "My brother!"

"Jove!" said the young man, and made no further comment.

As she drove Lynne wondered what the end of the sentence would have been had she allowed the young man to complete it. "Some chappie or other who—?" Who? She sighed. It would not be difficult to think out a dozen endings to the sentence, and any one of the dozen would have a fair chance of being right.

"Who has not even given her a ring—"

"Who never takes her out—"

"Who has been engaged for three years and never mentions marriage."

"Who—" She could go on indefinitely.

"Meredith!" said the young man suddenly, with the air of one making a profound discovery after much thought. "That's the name—Meredith. Leo Meredith. Then you are—"

"Lynnette Meredith, Mr.—"

"John Devon," he said promptly. "Now we know one another."

She smiled. "I've heard Jacky speak of you, Mr. Devon. An artist, aren't you?"

"Commercial. You know the sort of thing—posters and advertisements. Bosworth's Butter. Of course you've seen the Bosworth Butter youngsters?"

"Rolling, healthy kiddies, with their faces most gloriously plastered with Bosworth's health-giving butter! So you are responsible for the Bosworth posters?"

"Guilty, Madam. Ah, the old familiar

street. Miss Meredith, you have saved my Aunt Clara's life."

"Is she ill?" Lynne asked, with swift concern.

"No, not ill—exactly!" He was grave, but his eyes twinkled. "If I am not home on time, Aunt Clara's nerves receive a jolt that takes at least a week from her span of life. And I'm running late to-day. Many thanks, and I'll see you again in the near future."

He leapt out of the car, slammed the door, and sprinted up the neat bordered path of the house before which Lynne slowed down. She could see a tiny little woman eagerly pacing the verandah. With a slight smile she turned the car into the Gerrand garage; but the smile had gone when she came from the garage and found Jacqueline, lovely regal Jacqueline, waiting for her.

"DID you have a good spin?"

"Wonderful, Jacky. I sometimes wonder what I would do without the car—your car. Why are you so good to me?"

"Because you are Leo's sister, my dear. And I'm very fond of you."

"I gave John Devon a lift home. He was in a tearing hurry, and a rear tyre had burst. How he managed to keep the car on four wheels is beyond me. Jac, is he as interesting as first impressions lead me to believe?"

Jacqueline, undecieved by Lynne's banter, regarded the girl unwaveringly; then she said:

"Even more interesting. He's rather splendid."

"He has a sense of humor."

"An unfailing sense of humor. My dear, I hate to mention it, but you'll have to hurry to reach home before six thirty."

Lynne's eyes shadowed, a mutinous expression momentarily spoiled the loveliness of her mouth. She parted her lips to speak; Jacqueline expected to hear a burst of bitter words Lynne would later regret, but apparently the girl thought better of it, and the words were not uttered. She said instead:

"Thanks, Jac. I'll run! Any message for Leo?"

"I'd love to see him to-night," wistfully.

"I'll tell him. But father is a genius at inventing all manner of excuses to keep Leo with him. If he doesn't arrive—"

"Of course I'll understand," Jacqueline said.

Still Lynne lingered. "Leo wants to go away—anywhere, so long as it takes him a few hundred miles away from Treedale. Has he told you?"

"No, but I knew it would come."

"He'll come to you for advice, Jacky; and he'll take your advice."

"Yes."

"Will you tell him to—go?"

"I don't know," Jacqueline Gerrand said with sudden weariness that made her appear years older. "I don't know!"

With the words ringing in her ears, Lynne Meredith set out on the half-mile walk to her home. Her mouth was still mutinous, there was a heaviness about her heart.

She loved Jacqueline Gerrand, Jacqueline who possessed so much—beauty, brains, wealth; and Leo was her favorite brother. He had treated her from early childhood as a comrade, and the bond of affection between them was deep. For three years Jacqueline and Leo had been engaged, but the marriage was no nearer. Leo, who was not in a position to marry, had steadily refused to take advantage of his fiancée's frequent and generous offers of assistance. "I couldn't do it—and remain a man," he had said.

As she broke into a half run, Lynne's thoughts moved more quickly; in a lightning flash she saw her family as they really were. Her father, harsh, domineering Alexander Meredith, ruling with a rod of

iron, with an inflexible will. Her frail, cowed mother, silent because she dared not express an opinion, submissive because what spirit she had possessed had long been crushed and broken, living solely for her children, especially Bradley, the youngest. Her love for Bradley was passionate in its intensity, almost idolatrous. Leo, Lynne's eldest brother, Leo, caught in the web of his father's weaving, hurried by his father's jealousy of outside interests or acquaintances. Gilbert, the second brother, Lynne's senior by a year; lazy, indolent Gill, who was nobody's favorite, and was happier than the rest of the family put together. Bradley, the youngest, barely nineteen. Bradley with his irresponsible outlook, his hot, uncontrolled tongue, his penchant for slipping out of trouble as easily as he slipped into it. And Gran! Dear, blind Gran, who was shrewdly clever despite his eighty years, who was her mother's father. A mysterious Gran for weeks past!

Lynne reached home, a large, old-fashioned place on the North Shore. It was six twenty; in another ten minutes the dinner bell would ring. She sped up the path to the verandah.

Her father had decreed years ago that every member of his family must assemble promptly for meals. No excuses were accepted. The bell rang, prompt to a second; latecomers were not admitted to the dining-room. It was a law unbreakable as the laws of the Medes and Persians.

AS she raked a comb hastily through her head of rebellious hair, Lynne wondered why her brothers had remained at home for so long.

"Brad stays because it would kill mother if he left," she decided. "Gill stays because he is too lazy to go; Leo stays because of Jacqueline."

The bell rang; even the tone of the bell was harsh, an ominous sound.

As Lynne hurried out, Leo emerged from the room opposite. His sombre face brightened at sight of his sister.

"Did you see Jacqueline?" he asked eagerly.

"She lent me the car."

"You're taking the dickens of a risk, Lynne. If father finds out—"

She laughed. "He won't. Nobody will tell him."

"Did Jacky send a message?"

"She wants to see you to-night."

"I'll slip over after tea."

"If father doesn't want you to go through his books?"

"Yes," he said bitterly. "If father doesn't want me! I tell you, Lynne, I'm going to clear out. I've stood enough, more than enough. I've been engaged to Jacky for three years, and father isn't even aware of it. He pays me a miserable two pounds to keep his books, and expects me to be satisfied. I—"

She laid a hand on his arm. "Steady, Leo. There's father."

"I'll see Jacqueline, then clear out at the end of the week," he muttered. "Whatever happens can't be worse."

"Leo—Leo!" she cautioned.

At the foot of the stairs Alexander Meredith had halted to watch his son and daughter descending. He was a large man with keen, penetrating eyes and a high, sloping forehead. He possessed a brain that had proved eminently successful at business; he believed implicitly in himself, his opinions were unchangeable.

He gloried in the knowledge that he had risen to his present position of wealth and power without assistance; he boasted that he owed his success to no man but himself. Above all things he loved power. He had possessed, as a child, that peculiar streak which made him torture helpless animals for the feeling of superiority it had given him.

"Ah, Lynette," he greeted his daughter, without the shadow of warmth in his voice,

without the suggestion of a smile, "and where have you been all afternoon?"

"I went to see Jacqueline Gerrand, father."

"Ah—um! The Gerrand heiress. Her parents are dead, if I remember rightly."

"She lives with a companion," Lynne said.

"Um!" Mr. Meredith turned his keen eyes upon his son. "And you, Leo, are somewhat interested in her?"

A dozen sarcastic retorts flashed through Leo's brain, but he felt the slight pressure of Lynne's hand on his arm, and muttered:

"Yes."

His father smiled grimly and stalked into the dining-room.

Leo's hands clenched. "Hell! I could—"

"Stick to it!" Lynne whispered, "you've stuck to it for so long."

"What's the use?"

"A row won't get you—or any of us—anywhere."

"That's the devil of it! But I've been bottled up long enough. A rattling good storm would clear the air. Lynne, I'm going to—"

"Do what?" she queried softly, as he paused.

"Nothing!" But his eyes gleamed.

The Merediths were at dinner, six of them, seated around the table, and old, blind Matthew Lew. There was silence in the dining-room with its high, lofty ceiling, its old-fashioned furniture.

There was little pleasure in mealtime for the Merediths. Only Gill derived any pleasure from eating; it would have taken something of the utmost importance to disturb Gill. He was the only member of the household who did not fear his father, but although he regarded his father's rules and regulations with amused scorn, he was sensible enough to obey them.

This particular meal held no terrors for Lynne Meredith. She ate mechanically, her thoughts busy. In imagination she was still speeding in Jacqueline's sedan; she went over in her mind every word of her conversation with John Devon.

He interested her as no other man had ever done; to herself she quite frankly admitted the interest. She had loved the way his eyes twinkled at her, his habit of smiling suddenly, unexpectedly. He reminded her of a happy boy contented with life; contentment shone from his youthful face for the world to see. Most of all she had loved his easy assurance, his breezy naturalness of manner.

"I'll see you again in the near future," he had stated confidently. Delightful confidence. He had not doubted his statement; neither had Lynne. She knew that she would meet John Devon again, but how, or when, she did not know.

"Lynne—"

She started, aware of her mother's plaintive, somewhat pathetic voice breaking through her pleasant day-dreaming.

She said instantly: "Yes, mother?"

"I've asked you twice whether you'll have more gravy."

"No, thanks."

GILL chuckled. "What's wrong, Lynne? In love?"

Mr. Meredith glanced up sharply, shaken out of his meal-time calm. His searching gaze travelled from Gill's mocking face to Lynne, who bit her lip.

"Dry up, you fool!" Leo whispered in a savage aside, but Lynne heard, so did her father.

Alexander Meredith made no comment, but his eyes half closed.

"Ranged if I'll dry up," Gill said cheerfully. "What's the big secret, anyhow?"

"Damn fool!" Leo muttered, to himself this time; and even Bradley, who was Gill's champion, scowled darkly.

Still Mr. Meredith said nothing, but he no longer ate with his usual concentration; he was more watchful, definitely suspicious.

Again Leo muttered; the words were inaudible, but the sound of his voice held a low note of anger. Bradley's scowl deepened; Gill attacked his sweet with cheerful unconcern.

At the conclusion of the meal Lynne fled to her room and flung herself down on the bed. She was furious, not with Gill, who had been a tease from boyhood, but with herself. She had flushed like a silly school-girl, and without real reason.

Five minutes after she had entered her room, Mrs. Meredith came in. It was typical of the little woman that she closed the door before speaking.

Beth Meredith was a frail woman with a perpetual expression of weariness; life held for her only one interest, one joy. From the moment of their marriage, Alexander Meredith had been her master; pretty little Beth Lew had quickly been stripped of her infatuation.

"Lynne," she said slowly, her voice sweet-sounding, "is there any truth in what Gill said?"

"No, Mumsie," the girl answered promptly, "not the shadow of a truth. I was dreaming when you spoke."

"Yes—I saw that you were dreaming," Mrs. Meredith said, and smiled. "You dreamed pleasantly, dear."

"Very pleasantly," Lynne caught at her mother's hand and drew the little woman down beside her on the bed.

"Don't worry your dear head, Mumsie. I've done nothing that father can object to. At least—"

She paused, remembering the stolen drives in Jacqueline's car, the license she held without her father's knowledge.

Mrs. Meredith's eyes were anxious. "You've done nothing wrong, have you?"

"Father would think it a crime, but no, Mumsie, I've done nothing really wrong."

"Darling, you will be careful? I'm not well, not strong enough to stand your father's displeasure."

"His beastly temper, you mean?" Mrs. Meredith smiled the ghost of a smile.

"Perhaps I do mean that." "Mother, why did you marry him?"

"Dear child, I've often wondered." Again the pale ghost of a smile slid across the woman's mouth; she kissed her daughter and left the room as silently as she had entered.

Outside, the last of the light had faded, stars were showing. Winking, pixie lights.

In the room across the hall Lynne could hear Leo moving about—preparing for his visit to Jacqueline.

Impulsively, she decided to accompany him to the Gerrand house wholly for the pleasure of a walk through the magic spell of moonlight of the night. She hastily drew on a light sport-jacket, opened the door of her room, and glanced up and down the hall. There was no one in sight; her father was in his study, she could hear his short, dry cough.

Treading lightly, but without haste, she went downstairs and let herself out. She was uplifted by a feeling of peace and well-being, by a tingling sense of elation. She laughed at the stars and walked towards the gate where she would wait until Leo appeared.

Lynne was within fifty yards of the gate when a dark form rose from the garden seat, and a quiet voice spoke.

"Youth! Daring Youth slipping away to meet youth, no doubt."

Lynne halted, then smiled. "Why—Gran! What are you doing out in the night air?"

The blind man chuckled. "The night air and old Matthew Lew are friends! I've been a-journeying."

"Not along the road, surely!" "Back along an old, old road. A road as old as I am."

"Ah—memory?" "Yes, memory. The best road to travel

—when one is eighty. Child, does your father know you're out?"

"No, Gran. I hope not! I'm going to Jacqueline's place—and back again."

"Jacqueline's place, eh? And there'll be someone whose name is not Jacqueline waiting for you at journey's end. Eh, my dear?"

She laughed, although her cheeks grew hot.

"No, Gran—honestly. Not a soul. I—I just felt stifled."

Leo came down the path at a run, only pausing with an exclamation of annoyance, or something deeper, when he heard the sound of voices, and saw the indefinite forms of his sister and grandfather.

"It's all right, Leo," Lynne said, reassuringly, and heard his quick breath of relief. "I'm coming with you."

"Who is that—you, Gran?" The blind man chuckled again. "Be off, the pair of you!"

Brother and sister said good-night to their grandfather, and passed through the gate together; neither spoke until they had left Treedale far behind.

"Taking a risk, aren't you?" Leo questioned at length.

"I suppose so," Lynne admitted, "but I'm tired of prison, tired of our gaoler, Leo, where will you go if you leave Sydney?"

"I don't know. Where can I go? What can I do?"

"Accountancy. You've always kept father's books."

"I'm not certificated, and you can engage accountants, capable ones at that, and younger than I am, at a penny a box."

His dark eyes glowed with sudden enthusiasm. "If only I had the money I'd buy out Renard and run the store in my own way. I know I could make it a paying concern."

It's only a matter of management, and Renard is an indifferent devil. He'd sell out for two thousand."

"Two thousand!" Lynne echoed in dismay.

Leo grimaced. "It does sound pretty stiff when one can't raise fifty; but the business is a gift at the price!"

"Have you spoken to father about it?" Leo actually laughed, a laugh that held a note of bitterness.

"I did! He thought I'd developed some crazy new brand of humor. When he finally arrived at the conclusion I meant what I said, he just about foamed at the mouth. What the devil's the use of speaking about anything to father—unless it concerns father!"

Lynne sighed. "What a muddle life is."

"Our life." She thought of John Devon, and nodded.

"Yes, our life. Some people manage to be happy. Here we are at Jack's. I'll leave you, Leo."

He regarded her dubiously. "It's a long walk back. Be careful, Lynne."

"I'll be all right. Cheerio."

"Cheerio," Leo said, and walked towards the imposing entrance of the Gerrand home.

For a long moment Lynne stood by the gate. The tranquillity of the night held her in its spell. She wanted to go on walking, walking along down the road with the night wind blowing into her face.

Remembering the big, rambling house she knew as home, Lynne moved her shoulders in the suggestion of a shrug. It held so few attractions.

Reluctantly she turned homewards, then paused with wildly beating heart.

"Hello," exclaimed a voice she remembered well, a voice that had rung continuously in her ears since she had first heard it. "Hello! Didn't I mention that it wouldn't be long before I saw you again?"

CHAPTER 2

JOHN DEVON, with that breezy familiarity of manner so hard to resist, came from the shadows of his gar-

den and joined Lynne. He looked into her raised face, noted in one swift glance the gleam of her lovely hair in the moonlight. He sighed his satisfaction, a very human and youthful sigh, then said conversationally:

"Which way do we go?" "You use the plural with so much confidence," Lynne told him laughingly.

He laughed with her. "What would you? It is not every night that one finds a nymph alone on a starlit road."

"You speak like a poet!" "Have you heard a poet speak?" he instantly challenged.

"No," Lynne admitted.

They laughed together, and both laughs held a little rising note of excitement.

"Do you," said the man as he fell into step beside her, "believe in love at first sight?"

"No! Definitely and emphatically!" "I thought not," he said with a regretful sigh.

"Have you rescued your car?" Lynne asked.

"I have! Jacky came to the rescue and towed Aggie safely home."

Then silence, a contented silence which neither of them cared to break. Lynne walked with head back and shoulders squared, with a gay song in her heart. As she walked she asked herself a searching question—whether or not she had accompanied her brother in the hope of again meeting John Devon. But no; she had not given the young man a thought when she had impulsively decided to go with Leo. The beauty of the night had lured her, not thoughts of a possible meeting with John Devon.

THERE would be a stormy interview with her father at the end of this escapade, she supposed; but her father's anger seemed insignificant during this moment of enchantment. The awakening could come later. Lynne could not help wondering why this boy with the merry eyes interested her so strangely, so powerfully. He said things she would not have allowed other men to say.

"Do you believe in love at first sight...?" The breezy audacity of him! The air of cheerfulness! As they swung along in silence together he seemed an old friend, a comrade.

"Lynette—" he said suddenly, and softly.

Was he again being audacious? She glanced up at him, but John Devon had not addressed her; he had spoken her name unconsciously, as though to himself. A smile crinkled the corners of her mouth, a smile wonderfully like her mother's smile of years ago. She loved that unconscious uttering of her name, "Lynette..."

Nearing her home, Lynne's misgiving increased. The knowledge that her father's anger would be great did not worry her, but she was depressed by an unaccountable premonition of trouble ahead. An unusual trouble. She almost cried out aloud with the terror of it, at the vague menace that threatened her companion and herself.

It was as though, for a transient second, the veil of the immediate future was lifted, and she shuddered at what she saw. A web in which John Devon was caught securely while she, frail as her strength was, struggled to free him. Absurdly, of course; a nightmare conceived by too vivid imagination. And yet how real. The web and John; she, white-faced, with despair in her heart.

"Miss Meredith—" the boy's voice, concerned and rather hurried, cut through the dark vision weighing her down, and brought her into the present. "Is anything wrong?"

She shook her head dazedly. "No! I was dreaming—must have been."

"A pleasant dream?" "A nightmare! Don't speak of it—I want to forget. Do you see that place we are nearing?"

"Treedale!" He nodded. "Alexander

Meredith's home; his father's and grandfather's home before him."

"Jacqueline told you?"

"No, Jacqueline, Miss Meredith. My Aunt Clara, I say."

"Yes," she prompted.

"Lynette is a pretty name . . ."

"It is—rather," she agreed serenely.

"The prettiest I've heard. Far nicer than Miss Meredith."

"All of which means—what?"

"That I'll call you Lynette in future."

"And if I object?"

"You won't," he said confidently.

Lynette didn't.

They reached the gate and paused. Before either could speak, Alexander Meredith rose from the garden seat in the shadows and advanced to meet them. He spoke from the other side of the gate, spoke slowly and with calm deliberation, without sarcastic emphasis or ill-bred raising of his voice.

"Come here, young man. I want to have a word or two with you."

"Certainly, Sir," John Devon said with alacrity. "I'll come right in and we can have a comfortable chat."

"Indeed!" The elder man was clearly taken back.

John Devon opened the gate for Lynette and followed her into the tree-shadowed grounds where Alexander stood waiting.

"Where to?" he asked cheerfully. "Great night for walking, Mr. Meredith."

"So a number of my family seem to think," rejoined Mr. Meredith dryly. "Into my study, Lynette, where is your brother?"

"Am I my brother's keeper?" flashed through Lynette's brain, but the words were not uttered and, as though recognising the significance of her stubborn silence, and wishing above all things to preserve his dignity before this young stranger, Mr. Meredith did not repeat his question. Perhaps he guessed; Lynette believed that he did.

He disappeared with John Devon into his study and closed the door with unmistakable definiteness. His daughter grimaced and moved slowly down the hall.

FROM the living-room

Bradley called to her.

"Did you cop-out, Lynne? Father's been on the warpath for the last hour or more. Where've you been?"

"To Jacqueline's with Leo—and back."

Bradley's voice changed with startling abruptness from half-mocking lightness to a somewhat strained earnestness.

"I'm in a bit of a fix. Something rather serious. Could you lend me a few quid, Lynne? A tanner if you could manage it."

Lynette stared. "Ten pounds? Why, Brad! I haven't ten shillings."

He thrust his hands into his pockets and frowned moodily.

"I—I suppose you couldn't raise a loan from someone, could you? It's awfully important."

"Brad, who on earth do I know with ten pounds to lend?"

He said hopefully, a desperate hopefulness.

"What about this John Devon?"

"I only met him this afternoon," she said, aghast.

"Then it's all U.P.," Bradley said glumly. "Hell will pop when the old man hears. Oh, what's the use of talking money in this place?"

He stalked angrily from the room brushing past his mother at the door. She caught at his arm, but he shook her off and ran up the stairs three at a time.

Mrs. Meredith came further into the room. "What is it?" she asked in her pettishly hurried manner, fingers nervously at her mouth. "Is Bradley in trouble? And who is with your father?"

"John Devon," said Lynette, purposely ignoring the first question to answer the second. "I went to Jacqueline's with Leo, and he brought me home. When—"

"I know," Mrs. Meredith interrupted.

"When you reached home your father was waiting at the gate."

"Mother, why does he do things like that?"

"I've given up trying to puzzle out the reason behind your father's actions. Unfortunately he wanted Leo. Leo was missing; so were you. My dear, my dear, why were you so foolish?"

"I told Gran: I was stifled!"

"What is the matter with Bradley?" Mrs. Meredith said, returning anxiously to the thought uppermost in her mind.

Lynette hesitated, and her mother, with a glance into her face, said:

"Is it money?"

Lynette nodded. "I'm afraid so. But Bradley isn't the only one in need of money. We are all—especially Leo."

Mrs. Meredith's fingers plucked nervously at her mouth, and her mother, with a glance into her face, said:

"Who is he, Lynne?"

"A commercial artist living next to Jacqueline."

"I'm afraid he is due for an unhappy time with your father," faltered the mother.

Lynette's smile peeped out. "I have an idea that John Devon won't be unduly perturbed. He isn't the sort to be cowed."

The door of Alexander Meredith's study opened, and Lynette started eagerly, a little anxiously forward. Just how right or wrong had been her statement that Alexander Meredith could not cow John Devon? She saw that her mother was nervous of the outcome of the interview. Poor little harried mother, she looked so frail.

"There they are," Lynette said as casually as she could. "Come and meet John."

She ushered her mother to the doorway, then stood still. John Devon, very cheerful and more than ever pleasant to look upon, was approaching with her father. The two men were conversing, apparently on the most intimate of terms. Lynette heard her father laugh; heard, too, her mother's relieved gasp. Her heart swelled. Surprisingly she squeezed her mother's arm.

"A miracle . . . a miracle . . ." she whispered.

"My dear," Alexander Meredith said to his wife in a voice Lynette did not understand, but which seemed to convey some hidden meaning, "this young man is John Devon, nephew of an old friend of mine. You have heard me speak of Clara Stanley? Devon, my wife."

MRS. MEREDITH murmured vague acknowledgments and with an inaudibly murmured excuse left the room. Clara Stanley's nephew! It was a small, small world. And the boy, when she came to study him in the light of this new revelation, had Clara's bright smile. Roguish Clara Stanley; say, happy Clara, whom Alexander Meredith had loved and wanted to marry. The only woman he had ever loved! No wonder John Devon had been so whole-heartedly accepted. The mother felt thankful for Lynette's sake.

Alexander Meredith, after a moment of frowning deliberation, followed his wife from the room and left his daughter and the young man together.

John Devon smiled into Lynette's wide, questioning eyes.

"Have you seen a ghost, girl?"

"It was either father, or his ghost," Lynette said with an uncertain laugh. "I don't know which! What have you done? Bewitched him?"

"Not I! Your father knew my Aunt Clara years ago; he even remembers my mother. It's not such a colossal world, is it?"

She drew a deep breath. "It's wonderful! I half expected to find little pieces of John Devon strewn around the study."

"Hardly! He was like a lamb."

"That's too much," Lynette said faintly. "I can't believe it."

He caught at her hand. "Lynette, I'm

awfully bucked about this meeting with your father. I asked if I might call—"

She gasped. "And father said—"

"Yes!" said the boy triumphantly, with very evident satisfaction.

Lynette swept a hand dazedly across her forehead.

"I can't believe it—honestly."

John laughed and repeated: "Of course I'm awfully bucked."

"You worker of miracles!"

"It was Aunt Clara who worked the miracle. Your dad seemed knocked all of a heap when he heard I was Clara Stanley's nephew. Lynette, do you know what this means?"

Lynette knew! But she said:

"Tell me?"

"It means we are going to see a good deal of each other in the future," said John Devon.

L

LYNNETTE MEREDITH

made no objections about seeing a good deal of John Devon. She welcomed him into her life and home with an enthusiasm the boy loved.

His coming—and they were frequent—changed the very atmosphere of Treedale; or so changed Lynette's heart that she imagined the difference in her home. It was no longer gloomy; even her mother seemed brighter.

She believed that it was John's never-falling brightness and breeziness that had wrought the miracle. The young man was a favorite not only of her mother's but of her brothers. He and Leo discovered they had much in common, and spent long hours in each other's company.

Leo, beneath John Devon's influence, perceptibly changed his hitherto sullen, resentful manner; he no longer spoke of leaving Treedale. Life, for him, seemed to have a new significance. Lynette felt there was more than friendship between her eldest brother and John Devon; judging by Leo's manner there was a pleasant conspiracy. She had no part in the long conversations between the two men, nor did she feel resentment that she was excluded from her brother's and John's confidences.

"He's a rattling good sort," was Bradley's brief summing up of John, and Gill drawled:

"Anyone who can bowl father over deserves a medal in addition to yourself, Lynne."

On the subject of John's Aunt Clara, Alexander Meredith was strangely silent, but Mrs. Meredith had told Lynette all that was known to her.

"Your father loved Clara Stanley, Lynne. Loved her devotedly and whole-heartedly. I—I think, perhaps, he would have been a different man had Clara returned his love. But she didn't. She fell in love with someone else; they became engaged, but Clara's fiancé died a week before they were to have been married."

"Again your father tried to win her, but Clara Stanley is the type of woman who loves once. Your father is like that."

"Mother!" Lynette whispered.

"My dear, it doesn't hurt me to know. Not now! I had always admired your father. He was big and had an air. He took Clara's refusal badly, but after a time began to pay attention to me. The rest you know."

Lynette said: "Did you know Clara Stanley was living half a mile away from Treedale, mother?"

"No. And I doubt whether Clara knew it—at first. It does not matter. Your father and Clara Stanley are not likely to meet, and the meeting would have no significance if they did."

"Are you sure, Mumsie?"

"Quite sure," Mrs. Meredith said definitely. "your father is kind to John because of a—memory."

The friendship between Lynette and John

Devon grew rapidly into love. The girl lived in a rosy new world, grew lovelier; she knew, for the first time, the real meaning of happiness.

"It's so wonderful to know that you can come here, that I can go to your place without father objecting," she told John in the garden one night. "Sometimes I think I must be dreaming it all . . . that I'll wake and find you gone."

"Gone—where?"

"Out of my life."

"If I ever go from your life, Lynette, it will be because you send me away. You dreamer!" He drew her close. "Is this a dream?"

"Ah, no! Reality."

"You love me?"

"John, you know it!"

"Yes," he said with infinite satisfaction. "I do know it. And the knowledge has given quite a kick to the Rosworth posters. I've been teeming with inspirations, and your face smiles from them all."

"Dear flatterer. Is there a cloud in your sky?"

"Not one. Clouds—dark ones—are threatening things at the best of times. Why did you ask?"

"Because of something that troubles me—in moments like this. Something that spoils the perfection of everything."

"What is it?"

"Nothing I can put into words. A foreboding, a premonition."

"A dream," he said lightly.

"No, John, it isn't a dream, but something more vital. I wonder how much truth there is in the saying: 'Coming events cast their shadow before?'"

"No truth at all so far as I'm concerned. What could happen, Lynette?"

"I haven't the faintest notion," she admitted. "But I can't rid myself of the conviction there's trouble coming."

"Away with gloomy imagination," he said.

SHE felt his arms tighten around her and broke into a ripple of laughter.

"You must think me crazy, John, what have you been doing to Leo?"

He looked at her inquiringly. "Doing to him?"

"He has altered so. Life seems to have some definite meaning. He goes to see Jacqueline more often and—oh, you must have noticed the transformation."

"Can't say I have," John said carelessly.

"I took to old Leo from the start. He's a chap with his head screwed on the right way. Lynette, your father asked me to dinner to-morrow night. Did you know?"

Her shoulders shook, the air rang with her lovely laughter.

"John, John, your power is supreme. I think father is bewitched. No, he didn't tell me, but I'll love to have you for even an hour or two extra."

"Do you expect me to listen to sentences like that—and remain level-headed?"

She murmured: "I don't want you level-headed."

Long, long after John Devon had left her, after he had gone swinging up the road, whistling as he went, Lynette sat motionless on the garden seat. She was afraid. Inexplicably afraid. Not of the shadows, of the mysterious rustlings of Treedale's thick shrubs, but of something unknown. For the second time she had visioned the web in which John Devon struggled, and this time she had seen John's face with extraordinary clarity. He had said to her:

"Don't worry, Lynette. I'm not worrying," and he had smiled.

She half rose, then sank down again, instinctively crouching against the seat so that she would not be seen.

Through the gate came a man—a stranger—who advanced an uncertain hundred yards along the drive and then whistled. A peculiar whistle, like yet unlike the note of a bird; beyond all doubt it was a pre-arranged signal.

Lynette's heart leapt. A signal to one of

her brothers. Which one? Again the stranger whistled, and she heard running footsteps.

"That you, Phelps?"

Bradley! Again Lynette half rose, but it was impossible to move without being seen or heard.

"That you, Phelps?" Bradley repeated.

"Sure," growled a voice from the darkness. "Who d'yer reckon it was? Come on, now. Let's get to business. Where's the money?"

"I couldn't raise it, Phelps. I tried, but couldn't. You'll have to give me another week?"

"Week—nothing! Look here, young Meredith, if you're trying to put something over—"

"I'm not, you fool! I tell you I've done my best. If you knew my father—"

The hoarse voice chuckled. "Who doesn't know Alexander Meredith? He's rolling in hard cash. Why don't you ask him for a hand out. Entitled to something, aren't yer?"

"I haven't a dog's chance of getting a quid out of father. What's that—?"

"What's what?" demanded Phelps, unperturbed.

"Thought I heard something. A cough—muffled—"

"Bunk! If you reckon to side-track me with a tinny scare like that—come to the gate if yer scared of yer own shadow."

The two moved beyond hearing and Lynette, shivering, made her way swiftly to the house. She regretted hearing her younger brother's conversation with the man called Phelps. Bradley's young voice had sounded so desperately miserable. The few overheard sentences had emphasised—and magnified probably—his plight. Lynette's hands clenched. If only her father had been a man to whom she could go and ask help for Bradley.

Mrs. Meredith was lingering near the door when Lynette entered. Neither spoke, but Lynette saw the white misery of her mother's face, and knew that she partially, if not wholly, understood Bradley's mission. She felt a flame of anger against Bradley; why should her mother have to suffer because of his folly? It was not fair.

On her way upstairs Lynette passed Gilbert, who stopped to inquire with a grin: "Seen anything of Bradley?"

"I've only just come in."

Gill's grin widened. "Brad's only just gone out."

Lynette's alarm increased; for an instant she wondered at Gill's objective in questioning her.

"Gill, you're not going to—"

"Tell father?" he said mockingly. "No! I'm going to warn Brad that others—including father—can hear a clear and penetrating whistle!"

Lynette was trembling as she slipped into bed. She lay with thoughts tossed into wild confusion. Leo and Bradley both desperately in need of money. It seemed like the gathering of the storm.

She heard Leo come in, buoyant of step, and her heart warmed. At least Leo was happier. Then Bradley followed him. Was it imagination, or did she really read his misery in his dragging footsteps? Young, hot-headed Bradley. It would kill her mother if Bradley became involved in anything serious.

Gill passed on his way to the bathroom. Gill who delighted to mock and tease, who shared a generous portion of his wages—for he had a position as accountant—with his younger brother.

Lynette thought last of John Devon. He smiled at her from out of a gathering mist and said:

"Foolish little one . . . to worry about a dream . . ."

CHAPTER 3.

LYNNIE MEREDITH was awakened by the sound of voices. For a moment she lay still, unable to collect her thoughts, sleep heavy upon her. She had

been dreaming, a queer dream of John Devon who had tried to borrow money from Bradley.

Lynette turned with a sigh. Money again . . . she even dreamed of it.

The voices that had awakened her were not loud, but penetrating; Gill and Bradley seemed to be speaking just outside her door.

"If I had your job I'm hanged if I'd stick on in this infernal place," Bradley said heatedly, and Gill answered with his lazy drawl:

"Everyone to their taste. Suits me!"

"At least you've a job. Gill, how do I stand for a loan?"

"How much?" Spoken more crisply.

Bradley hesitated, and Gill spoke again, his drawl more pronounced.

"However much—or little—it is, there's nothing doing. Sorry, but I've been making a bit of a fool of myself lately. I'm into the firm up to the neck—but they don't know it yet! If the auditors come in before I can make good the amount I borrowed—"

Lynette sat bolt upright in bed as the voices died away. Gill, too! No wonder she had dreamed of money. What an awakening.

Gill at the breakfast-table revealed no trace of his worry; he tackled his meal with imperturbable calm, with every appearance of complete enjoyment. But Bradley did not eat. Misery was plainly written upon his face for those who had eyes to see.

The day was long in passing. To Lynette, eagerly awaiting John Devon's coming, it seemed never-ending. The hours crawled.

Soon after breakfast Leo disappeared and did not come in to lunch. Alexander Meredith raised heavy brows, mouth grim.

He said: "Where is Leo?"

"I don't know," Mrs. Meredith answered.

"Leo didn't tell me he was going out."

"Do you know where your brother is, Bradley?"

"No," growled Bradley.

Mr. Meredith's frown deepened. "You, Lynette?"

"No," the girl said aloud, and thought:

"What a household! We might as well be orphans answering a roll-call."

BRADLEY mooched about the house, hands thrust into pockets. He went to his grandfather. Lynette did not know what he said, but Matthew Lew's answer was quite audible:

"Sorry, my boy, but I've been speculating. Yes—at my age! If anything comes of it—"

"It'll be too late by then," Bradley said moodily.

Lynette hurried beyond hearing. So her grandfather had been speculating—risking his meagre savings! Stuffed! How intensely he must want to leave Treedale, she thought.

At five o'clock John Devon arrived. He came with a fund of humorous incidents to relate; he seemed more at home at Treedale than the Merediths. He had not been in the house ten minutes before the whole atmosphere was changed; Mrs. Meredith smiled her pale ghost of a smile, and Alexander Meredith laughed outright.

Dinner was an unusually bright meal, and Lynette, anticipating the first moments when she and John would be alone together, was disappointed, but successfully concealed it, when John and Leo disappeared into the latter's room immediately they left the dining-room.

She wandered, a little disconsolately, into the hall, from there to the lounge, where she sat with a novel which she made no attempt to read. Lynette Meredith did not begrudge her brother the society of John Devon, but she had spent a long, unsatisfactory day and was badly in need of cheering. Leo, she knew, must have something of importance to confide; he

had been very secretive about his day's absence.

The door-bell pealed and Lynne thrust aside the unopened novel. She found her father's agent on the step and admitted him with a smile. Every month Mr. Stevensen called at Treadale with the money collected from tenants occupying Alexander Meredith's extensive properties. A brisk, business-like man.

"You'll find father in his study, Mr. Stevensen," Lynne said.

"Thanks."

She returned to the lounge-room and sat contemplating the unopened novel. It was growing late. Lynne moved uneasily, hearing the muffled voices from Leo's room. Once she heard John's laugh and her eyes brightened. He had brought such vivid new interest into her life; she was so very sure of her love for him, of his love for her.

A moment later he came in, striding purposefully.

"Lynnette, I'll be another ten minutes. No longer. Do you mind?"

She said instantly: "Of course not, John."

He smiled at her. "You're a great little sport."

"Go back to your secret society," she said, "then you'll come back to me all the quicker."

"It's a conference, girl!"

She laughed, and he kissed her.

"I can't believe you belong to me, Lynne."

"I don't—yet!"

He kissed her again and hurried away.

A conference! She laughed again, a happy, bubbling sound. Little boys playing at his business. But she wondered.

The house was strangely silent. Not even the murmur of voices reached her now, yet her parents, three brothers, Gran, John, and Mr. Stevensen, were within the house. A moment ago Gill and Bradley had been good-naturedly arguing; now there was stillness, an odd hush. Lynne found it rather startling. The house of silence . . . the hush before storm.

"My child," she told herself seriously, "your imagination is becoming a menace."

She rose, impatient with her own thoughts. She heard Mr. Stevensen saying good night to her father, the opening and closing of the door. Then again silence.

She walked to the door, returned to the lounge. Why this inexplicable restlessness? It was both mental and physical. And it was wearying.

As she stood irresolute, Lynne heard from the roadway the sound of violently applied brakes, then a resounding crash. She ran into the hall; from his study her father emerged. He said inquiringly: "What was that?"

She shook her head. "I don't know. An accident, I think. It sounded like two cars meeting head on."

"There will be a nasty mess if they did," Mr. Meredith said grimly, and strode to the front door. "Wait on the verandah, Lynne. I'll see what happened."

He disappeared into the darkness and Lynne was joined by her mother.

"What is it, dear?"

"An accident, I'm afraid. Father's gone to see."

MRS. MEREDITH shuddered. "Terrible! I can't stand the sight of anyone injured."

She went inside again trembling, and Gill came out, striding past Lynne on his way to the gate.

"You stay out of this," he called over his shoulder.

"There's been the dickens of a smash—saw it from the window." Confusion followed. There had been a particularly bad accident on the roadway immediately before Treadale. Mr. Meredith returning from the scene with grimly compressed

lips, telephoned the ambulance, then strode back again.

The house was no longer silent. The boys came and went. Lynne saw them all, with the exception of Bradley—and she guessed why Bradley had remained in his room.

Mrs. Meredith overcame with an effort her sick nervousness, and went to render the first aid within her power. Lynne herself made an attempt to help, but the sight physically sickened her, and she crept back to the lounge where she lay trembling, the door closed to shut out sound.

Horrible! A merry, laughing party on the way to a dance, and now, in one swift moment—this. Laughter, merry banter, then the silence of death.

Gradually the noise died away. Lynne heard the arrival and departure of the ambulance, the return to the house of her parents, her brothers, John. Then again quiet, broken only by the murmur of her father's voice as he spoke to his wife.

A moment later John Devon came into the room.

"Nasty business!"

"Horrible!"

"Leo saw the smash from his window, and was out like a shot. Dear one, you're trembling."

"I'm like mother and Bradley—can't stand the sight of anyone injured. It makes one so wretchedly useless in an emergency!"

"Your mother performed wonders."

Lynne said: "She has courage. The courage that can overcome."

"A fine courage."

"Where is Leo?"

"He came back to the house, then went out again."

Lynne smiled, "He's gone to Jacqueline."

"We've an evening to ourselves, Lynnette. Can you think of anything more wonderful?"

"An evening to ourselves—if nobody interrupts."

"Still dreaming queer dreams?"

She shook her head. "Just a feeling. Results of the accident, I suppose. It made me think."

"Of what, dear one?"

"Of life. I want happiness, John. Happiness for both of us, before we meet the shadows around the corner."

"For some people life is a straight road—without corners."

"Yes, but not for many."

He tilted her face, looked into her eyes.

"Smile, girl. Ah, that's better. You're lovely smiling, Lynnette."

"John . . ." She paused.

The door of her father's study opened; he was calling loudly. Loudly!

"Something wrong," Lynne said quickly, and went to the door. "What is it, father?"

"Where are your brothers?"

"I don't know."

"Find them and send them to me. Come into the study yourself, and bring Devon with you."

Her throat contracted. "Father . . . what is it?"

"I've nothing to say—yet. Do what I ask!"

The door snapped shut.

Lynne grimaced, turning to find John Devon close beside her.

"Did you hear?"

"Couldn't help but hear."

"Sounds ominous. Something serious. Will you find Gill and Bradley? I'll phone Jacqueline and ask her to run Leo back in the car."

John Devon nodded and went upstairs two at a time; Lynne, with a heavy frown between her brows, dialled the Gerrard number. More trouble. What was it this time? An exasperating household . . . always something happening . . . always something unpleasant.

OVER the wires a rich, deep voice. Lynne leaned nearer to the mouthpiece, speaking so that her father in his study could not hear.

"Jacqueline, is Leo with you?"

"He arrived a few minutes ago."

"Will you bring him home—immediately?"

"My dear, is anything wrong?"

"I'm afraid so, but don't know what."

"Your—father?"

"Yes."

Jacqueline, who understood, murmured: "Oh!"

"How quick can you be, Jac?"

"A few minutes . . . five."

Lynne hung up the receiver and wheeled to find Gill lazily propped against the wall, watching her through half-closed eyes.

"What's the row?"

Lynne's voice shook. "Wish I knew."

"The Old Man on the warpath?"

"He's furious. Wants us all in his study."

"The dramatic touch!" Gill sighed elaborately. "He's going to put over the stern parent act! Gad, what a Roman he would have been." He yawned. "Ought to be entertaining, anyhow."

"How can you joke about it?"

"Father as a dramatist doesn't appeal to me; as a humorous turn he's a wow!"

"Gill, he'll hear."

The study door opened, and Mrs. Meredith came out, her eyes a little wild.

"Lynne, dear, please be quick. Where is Bradley?"

"Coming—with John. Ye gods, he's been interviewing the family ghost by the look of him."

Bradley was shaking, his face ashen.

"Why the party?" he demanded with an attempt at lightness.

Mrs. Meredith touched his arm gently.

"You're sick!"

He grinned. "That rotten accident! I went out the back way, but it made me heave, so I sneaked in again."

The two boys with their mother and John Devon went into the study, but Lynne ran to the front verandah and stood listening for the sound of a car's approach. Half a mile was no distance in a car, but supposing Jacqueline could not get the engine to start, Supposing—

She heard a familiar hoot, the click of the gate; Leo came at a run.

"What the thunder—"

"We'll know in a moment. Quickly."

With Leo by her side, Lynne entered her father's study; she was aware of a tenseness of atmosphere and Gill's mockery recurred. The dramatic touch, the stern parent act. However serious the situation, Alexander Meredith was in his element. Lynne sensed it and stole a look at Gill. His amusement was scarcely veiled!

"Now that you are all here," Alexander Meredith said in his slow, deliberate manner, "I'll say what I have to say—and I trust the matter is not as serious as I suspect. Mr. Stevensen called to-night. Who admitted him?"

"I," said Lynne.

"He brought with him, as usual, the monthly payments. A matter of seventy pounds. I was checking over the money when the accident occurred. When I returned to this study, the money which had been left on the desk—was gone."

Bradley scowled, Leo looked blank, Gill whistled—faintly. Lynne literally held her breath.

"Someone in this house," continued Alexander Meredith, "took that money. I prefer to think that one of you meant it as a kind of—well, joke. Which of you touched the money on my desk?"

Silence, which Lynne broke with a sudden rush of words.

"You might have locked the money away, father, and forgotten. The window is wide open—it might have blown away."

"I did not go to the safe," Mr. Meredith said heavily, "and the money was too

heavily weighted to blow away. The money has gone. Apparently a joke has not been intended. I conclude the money has gone for some other reason."

"You mean stolen?" demanded Leo sharply.

"I mean, exactly that," said his father.

"Then someone came in through the window," Leo said. "No one here is a thief!"

Mr. Meredith's gaze travelled slowly from one to the other. When he spoke his voice was deeper, more impressive.

"When Stevenen arrived, your grandfather was in the study—sitting in front of the window! He remained there when I went to investigate the crash; he didn't leave the room! Your grandfather can't see, but he can hear—and he heard footsteps. Footsteps that crept into the room, then ran out!"

BRADLEY raised his head with a dawning look of interest. "Footsteps, eh?"

"That came in stealthily—then ran out. Has anyone a statement to make?" Mr. Meredith demanded.

"Only that some lucky devil is the better off for seventy quid," murmured Gill to himself.

Mr. Meredith's mouth hardened. "It is evident—incredible as it sounds—that there is a thief in the house. I intend questioning you, one at a time. Leo—" he turned to his eldest son, "where were you when the crash occurred, and what did you do immediately afterwards?"

Leo flushed darkly. "I'm not going to stand for this—this rot. I know nothing about the money—that's sufficient."

His mother clasped her hands nervously. "Leo—Leo, you've nothing to hide. Tell your father what he wants to know."

He was still resentful, but growled, "Oh, all right—all right. I was with Devon—in my room. I actually saw the crash. Two lights hitting the pane—then they met head-on. I ran downstairs and out the side door."

Mr. Meredith nodded. "You were, I know, first on the scene. Did you come into the house again?"

"I was in and out several times."

"Did you pass this room?"

"Yes." Leo was uncompromisingly curt.

"Did you come inside?"

"No!"

Mr. Meredith considered Leo's answers in silence a moment, then faced Gilbert.

"Well?"

Gill stifled a yawn. "Heard crash, went out, stayed out."

"Didn't you re-enter the house at all?"

"For a second—for a cushion. There was a pretty little thing, a mere kid. Her head—"

"Yes—yes. How soon after the crash did you leave the house?"

"Two or three minutes."

"Then you had ample—shall I say opportunity?—of entering this room?"

"Stacks of time," agreed Gill, his drawl pronounced. "Matter of fact, I passed the door and actually saw the quidlets on the desk."

His father looked hard at him. "Is that all?"

"So far as I'm concerned—yes."

A moment's silence. "You, Bradley?"

"I went out and came straight back."

Bradley said sulkily. "Stopped in my room until a few minutes ago."

"Why?"

"The mess outside made me sick—ghastly business."

"Did anyone see you in your room?"

"No," Bradley said definitely, angrily.

"I closed the door!"

"Rumph!" Alexander Meredith turned to his visitor.

"Sorry, Devon, but I'll have to ask a few questions."

"Fire ahead," said the young man.

"What did you do after Leo left you?"

"Followed him more leisurely."

"Did you see anyone in the hall as you came downstairs?"

A momentary pause. Lynne looked with startled eyes into John's flushed face. Was he ill at ease, or was her imagination again playing tricks? Breathlessly she waited for his answer.

"No," John Devon said at length, "the hall was empty."

One of the boys, it was Bradley, sighed heavily. Then meeting Lynne's startled gaze dropped his own, and muttered something about the night being unbearably hot.

Lynne shivered. Even with the study window closed the room was cold.

A further heavy silence. Alexander Meredith sat frowning at his sons and John Devon. Mrs. Meredith, a picture of anxiety, sat twisting her hands. Lynne understood why her father had refrained from questioning his wife. Her mother, she knew, and he knew, had gone to the scene of the accident immediately after overcoming her momentary dread, and had not returned to the house until her husband accompanied her; but the girl did not understand why she had not been questioned. Apparently her father believed her beyond suspicion.

She experienced a feeling of warmth toward him, but the next instant Lynne's rosy new world crashed with a devastating force.

Alexander Meredith began to speak, more deliberately than before, weighing his words before uttering them.

"The money has disappeared; obviously it has been stolen. There can be no other conclusion. No stranger entered the house—therefore I am faced with the knowledge the money was stolen by a member of my own family, or by the only visitor present at the time it disappeared!"

"Infernal rot!" muttered Leo uneasily.

"That's a bit thick," Gill said.

"Somewhat naturally," continued Mr. Meredith, "I believe implicitly in my own family. There will be a police investigation, but I'll wait a week—two—before moving in the matter. That will give the—er—guilty one a chance to consider his position."

JOHNN DEVON'S hands clenched. "Mr. Meredith, are you implying—"

"I believe in my family—and the money is gone," Mr. Meredith said, calmly.

"You've no right to accuse John," Lynne said with passionate earnestness. "We all had as much opportunity as John—every one of us."

Mr. Meredith regarded her without the shadow of an expression upon his face.

"Do you accuse one of your own brothers?"

"No."

"Your mother, or grandfather perhaps?"

"Father, that's absurd!"

"Then who else had opportunity?" he demanded, and a thin smile touched his hard mouth.

Lynne slid her hand confidently into John Devon's; she smiled at him before answering her father. And when she answered the passion had gone from her voice. It was quiet, but bell clear, and the single word she uttered rang through the room.

"You!" she said.

CHAPTER 4

AFTER Jacqueline Gerard had said good-bye hurriedly to Leo before the gate of Treedale, she did not immediately start the engine of the car. Her expression was one of infinite weariness and disappointment.

Yet another night with her fiancé had been interrupted; apparently they were not even to enjoy a brief few hours together. And Leo, she remembered, had arrived at

her home in a state of boyish excitement; he had seemed a transformed being.

"Money!" he had exclaimed, his lips against her hair. "Blessed money!"

She had not questioned, knowing he would explain in his own time and way; but there now would be no explanations to-night.

She stared unseeingly along the road. There were times, this was one of them, when the eternal waiting did not seem worth while. It seemed all wrong somehow, especially as she possessed a beautiful home, and more money than she knew how to handle. If only the position had been reversed, or Leo had been a little less proud. But, no! She admired Leo's pride.

She started the engine and drove slowly. Jacqueline resented even the car to-night; it spoke so eloquently of wealth.

Then, with the clarity belonging to inspiration she saw the solution to Leo's problem. A simple idea; so simple that Jacqueline wondered she had not thought of it before.

She would enlist John Devon's help, persuade him to offer Leo the necessary money to buy out Renard. The money, of course, would be hers; and Leo, on strictly business basis, would accept from John the loan he had repeatedly refused to accept from her. He need never know the truth. She would bind John to secrecy. A wonderful idea!

JACQUELINE had sufficient faith in her fiancé, sufficient knowledge in his ability, to realise that he could, in a comparatively short time, convert Renard's into a paying proposition. The effort would exhilarate him.

With a glow of color in her cheeks, a singing gladness in her heart, Jacqueline garaged the car and hurried around to the neat bungalow owned by Clara Stanley. She was brimming over with eagerness for her interview with John Devon, she actually trembled with new-born excitement—and hope. She loved Leo; her very love made possible the thing she contemplated. Surely it was a worthy deception.

She rang, and John's aunt came to the door. A tiny woman with alert eyes and a mouth pregnant with humor.

John, she informed Jacqueline, had dined out and would not be home until late.

Disappointed, Jacqueline returned to her own home and sat with a forlorn droop of her shoulders on the verandah lounge. Her companion had gone out; she realised, overwhelmingly, the loneliness of her life, the emptiness. Long ago she had stifled an urge to travel; travel would take her to far places, but love bound her to Leo.

She heard the blare of a klaxon, and started to her feet. Was it John returning already? Leo summoned to Treedale—John leaving Treedale before the evening was half gone. The sudden illness, perhaps, of Mr. or Mrs. Meredith.

She peered through the darkness. Yes, the single-beater had turned into the next-door garage.

Without loss of time Jacqueline ran down the path and slipped into the flower-fragrant grounds surrounding the bungalow. As she crossed the lawn John came from the garage, saw her, and called:

"Who's there?"

"I—Jacqueline."

"Jacky? What the dickens—?"

"I want to speak to you."

John Devon frowned without being aware of it; he wanted to be alone, to sit down and think over what had happened.

"Sorry," he said, with a suggestion of awkwardness, "but—"

Swiftly, Jacqueline interrupted. "Oh, John, it's important. Something about Leo."

He looked closely into her face, pale and enchanting in the moonlight.

"Leo? Has he rung since I left Treedale?"

"Why—no."

"I thought—"

"Yes?" she prompted.

"Afraid I'm not in the mood for talking, Jac," he said, apologetically.

She hesitated. Obviously it was useless to outline her scheme while John Devon was in his present disinterested state. He had something on his mind; she had never before known him to be so grave.

She forced a laugh. "You're not in a mood for serious conversation, for confidences, are you?"

"Candidly—no! But if it's important—"

"It is, John. Much too important to be discussed now! Half your interest would be somewhere else, and I need all your interest when I outline my scheme. I'll come and see you to-morrow."

"No," he said quickly. "I'll come to you."

She said softly: "Good-night."

He did not answer, did not hear. Jacqueline Gerrand, with a puzzled glance at him, returned home. Ordinarily, John would have accompanied her, short though the distance was, but John was not himself to-night.

She stifled disappointment and lay down on the cane lounge. Jacqueline loved the night-time, the fragrant winds that stole through the garden, the white gleam of stars, the stillness. She dreamed as she lay at ease, and her dreams were of Leo Meredith.

The gate clicked. Jacqueline swung her feet to the verandah and stood waiting, a glow in her eyes. Leo coming back, returning with the same burning enthusiasm that had been so apparent earlier in the evening.

She called: "Leo—Leo—is that you?"

"No; it's John Devon," answered a deep voice from the darkness, and she sank back on the lounge with a smile that held bitterness.

"Well, have that talk right now," John said, and sat with the abandon of a boy on the top step, looking toward the dim outline of the girl. "Sorry I let you slip away. Out with this important scheme of yours."

She laughed. "You little boy! Why this sudden change?"

"I felt a bit of a cad."

"You were worried—still are," Jacqueline said, quietly. "As a matter of fact I've altered my mind about having the discussion—it's really a business proposition—with you to-night. Instead, you can unburden yourself to me. I know something big must have happened—or Leo wouldn't have been recalled."

He hesitated, undecided. It would be a relief to speak of the thing on his mind, and he knew Jacqueline well enough to realise she would regard the conversation as private. He had wanted to talk, and he wanted advice. His mind was in a state of confusion.

Without warning he began to speak, hurriedly, in a voice so unlike his own that Jacqueline, had she closed her eyes, would have declared that an entire stranger sat upon the top step telling her a strange tale.

John Devon related the night's happenings; the accident, the theft of seventy pounds from Alexander Meredith's study during the ensuing confusion, the only clue—footsteps heard by Matthew Lew.

"I thought twice before telling you, Jac," Devon concluded, "but you'll hear the yarn from Leo or Lynette to-morrow, and I want your advice."

"About what?"

A slight pause. Then the man said: "Alexander Meredith believes I took the money."

"You?" She laughed with genuine amusement. "Absurd!"

"Thanks," he said quietly.

"And—Lynette?"

"She was wonderful. Believes in me pretty thoroughly."

"She would, of course. What does Mr. Meredith intend doing?"

"He'll take no action if the money is returned within a fortnight."

"If he intends bringing in the police after a fortnight, they'll be rather terse about the delay, I imagine. And supposing the money is returned?"

"He will still think I stole it—of course!"

"John, why does suspicion fall on you?"

"No strangers entered the house. It's a choice between one of his own family or myself."

"Stevensen?"

"Had left some time before the accident. It wasn't Stevensen."

"I see!" She sat upright, eyes gleaming in the dim light. "And the real thief? John, you know who took that money!"

HIS voice was husky. "Yes, I know."

"A—Meredith?"

"Yes; a Meredith."

She considered his answer, turning it in her mind.

"You must tell what you know," she said at length, and spoke definitely. "Alexander Meredith is hard to a point of absolute cruelty. He accepted you whole-heartedly—now he will turn against you. The other extreme. Why shelter one of his family when your own, and Lynette's happiness, is at stake?"

John Devon lit a cigarette, smoked in silence a moment, then spoke.

"Knowing Meredith, isn't it possible that he would say my story is a fake—something invented to clear myself? Wouldn't he ask—naturally—why I didn't speak when I had the opportunity?"

"Yes. He'd be suspicious of your silence. I did not look at it from that angle—but you must speak, nevertheless."

"No," he said slowly. "I can't do it, Jacqueline."

"Does that mean you will keep silent?"

"Yes."

She considered his answer, then questioned softly:

"And—Lynette?"

"Ah," he sighed. "Lynette!"

"Will you tell her?"

"She already knows I'm not guilty."

"Knows?"

"Believes."

"Faith—even the most ardent—can be corrupted, John."

"Not Lynette's faith," he said, with supreme confidence.

Once again Jacqueline considered. She was certain of the wisdom of her own convictions, uncertain how to bring John Devon to her way of thinking. His code of honor she understood and appreciated. He had by accident witnessed a theft, and because the thief was a member of Lynette's family he preferred to keep silent rather than speak and clear himself. But Jacqueline argued to herself, there was Lynette and her happiness to be considered.

She rested a hand on the man's shoulder and spoke quietly.

"Think it over, John. Have a talk with the Meredith who took the money—let him thoroughly understand that you know. Something may come of it."

"It's the very devil!" John Devon flung away his half-smoked cigarette. "I'm in a fix, and I'm blessed if I can see my way out of it. Think I'll go for a spin and clear my brain of cobwebs—a fast and furious drive!"

"At this time of the night?"

"Why not? I couldn't sleep if I went inside."

"I suppose not," she agreed, adding more lightly: "Want a companion?"

"You run along and get your beauty sleep, Jac. Thanks, but I don't want to drag you into this beastly business."

"Why not? After all, I'm engaged to a Meredith. It might have been—Leo."

Devon rose from the step on which he had been sitting and leaned against a fluted column of the verandah.

"Leo? You think that?"

"He had a strong motive," Jacqueline said quietly, "but no. I don't think Leo took the money."

She heard the quizzical note in his answer.

"Ah, faith! Faith—even the most ardent—can be corrupted."

"Not mine in Leo! Be careful, John."

"Of what?"

"Of fast and furious driving with your mind in its present state. Why don't you go to bed? It's a far more sensible thing to do than driving to glory only knows where."

"Admitted, but I don't feel sensible!"

Jacqueline went with him to the gate, wistful, distressed. She said again: "Be careful!"

Long after he had left Jacqueline Gerrand, and was speeding with exhilarating swiftness through the darkness of the night, John Devon remembered the girl's parting words, remembered the soft earnestness of them.

"Be careful."

He did not know why the two words rang hauntingly through his mind, but he drove cautiously, although he maintained fair speed. No need to take unnecessary risks. He wanted to clear his mind, not endanger his life by reckless driving.

Devon drove to a lonely stretch of beach where he had come often for a day's surfing. By moonlight it was an enchanted beach. He shut off the engine, and sitting motionless, subconsciously heard the song of the sea. A soothing sound.

HE closed his eyes and thought of Lynette Meredith, of the thing that had risen unexpectedly between them. How would it affect the future? Lynette, he knew, would remain loyal, but she would have a pretty thin time of it if she ignored her father's commands.

He seriously considered Jacqueline's suggestion that he approach the guilty Meredith. If he did—what good would result? He would probably face only anger, emphatic denial, and he had no proof, only the evidence of his eyes. Hopeless to speak of what he had seen. Better silence.

He heard a rustle in the thick undergrowth bordering the coast road, and sharply turned his head, sitting bolt upright. He listened, but the sound was not repeated. Imagination or a tiny creature of the night scuttling away from the bright headlights of the single-seater? The night had many voices.

Devon experienced a twinge of uneasiness, and did not like it. It was borne home to him how deeply Jacqueline's words had impressed. She had made him uneasy of a rat, or a rabbit. He laughed out loud, but the laughter rang with a false note of mirth. He laughed to reassure himself, but was not reassured.

Again that movement in the lantana shrub, then a voice that whispered harshly, an unmistakable sound. Through John Devon surged a sense of impending danger. He was on a lonely road. It was well past midnight, and when he came to think of it there had recently been a number of robberies, with assault, in this very district. Odd that he had forgotten until this very moment. This moment of a harsh voice whispering.

He started the engine then instinctively turned, a hand raised to protect his head against the falling blow. A piece of piping swung with savage force, crashed downwards. Voices again blurred, unintelligible, then blackness rushed down and engulfed his senses.

JACQUELINE GER-RAND, appressed by she knew not what, made no attempt to prepare for bed after John Devon had left. She remained on the verandah, lying at ease on the cane lounge. Once her eyes drooped and she

slept uneasily, haunted by vivid dreams. Leo was in trouble. He wanted money. He said to her: "I can't take your money, Jacky, but I must have money. I must have it, and I don't particularly care how I get it."

A queer, savage Leo. Grimly determined. He was shouting at Jacqueline, asserting his right to work and earn, when she awoke.

Jacqueline did not sleep again; she preferred to remain awake than to sink into a dream-haunted daze. The hands of her luminous watch pointed to one-thirty. Half-past one in the morning, and John Devon had not returned. She had been sleeping too fitfully not to have heard Aggie's entrance into the next-door garage.

Hours crept by. Two—three—and after what seemed a never-ending period of time she heard the dining-room clock chime four in its silver-toned voice. Anxiety increased. John Devon had been worried, but worry would not keep him out all night. Of that she was convinced.

Where had the man gone? To the beach probably; the strip of coastline he favored when he wanted to escape the crowds at Manly, Bondi, or Coogee. Four o'clock! It would soon be dawn; Clara Stanley, in the pretty bungalow next door, would awaken to find her nephew missing. Jacqueline was definitely alarmed, aching for action.

With impulse born of anxiety she went to the garage and backed out the sedan. She would probably meet John on his way home, or discover him asleep, sprawled out on the seat of the single-seater; but it meant peace of mind to find him. Jacqueline Gerrard was three years older than John Devon; to her he was still very much of an irresponsible boy.

She drove swiftly, watching the sky grow rosy in the east. Dawn, but she was, for once, blind to the splendor of it. There was no room in her fear-tossed mind for beauty; and she remembered that John might already be home. More than one road wound and twisted to the picturesque beach he loved.

The sedan rounded a sharp bend in the road, and she caught sight of the single-seater drawn close to the lantana shrub. Her heart beat more rapidly; there was no mistaking Aggie's brilliant red duco, but of John Devon there was no sign. Had he wandered down to the beach and been lured to sleep by the sea lullaby?

As Jacqueline pulled in close beside the little car a low exclamation broke from her lips. John Devon was lying on the floor of the car, huddled unnaturally, too unnaturally for sleep. His face was hidden. Jacqueline sprang from the sedan, wrenched open the door of the single-seater, and raised the man's head.

"John—John!" And in that first wild moment of fear, of something deeper than fear, she thought of Lynne.

He did not move. She saw, with horror-widened eyes, the deep gash in his head, the grey pallor of his face, and with an effort caught back the sob that rose hysterically in her throat. He was cold; she could not feel the faint beating of his heart, and believed him dead.

She said again: "John . . ." It was a farewell.

Something would have to be done. There was a chance the man lived; she did not dare believe, but there was a chance. Jacqueline looked about her. There was no one in sight, and she could not lift John Devon into her own car. She would have to leave the sedan and drive the single-seater to the nearest hospital; but first John would have to be moved to a more comfortable position.

She made an attempt to lift him but the effort exhausted her without proving effective; and in that moment of blank despair a man came whistling along the road.

Jacqueline rose and waved frantically;

she called, knowing but not caring that her words could not be heard. The man broke into a run.

"Anything wrong?"

"I want to make this man comfortable. He's hurt—or dead."

"Cripes! He looks bad. What happened?"

"I don't know."

"Friend of yours?"

"Oh—please! Can't you help without questioning?"

"Sorry," gruffly, "but I only—"

"Yes—yes! I'll hold his head; now raise him carefully. Don't jolt."

The man obeyed, whistled at the sight of John Devon's head, parted his lips to ask another question, thought better of it and remained silent.

"The cushion from my car," Jacqueline said crisply.

The man brought it. This time curiosity overcame him.

"Reckon he's a stiff 'un."

"No; he moaned faintly."

"Say, what'll happen to this other car?"

demanding the man with a lively show of interest. "Want someone to mind it?"

"Would you? I'll pay you well."

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actions to it were varying; she hoped one moment, despaired the next. She had one unfailing consolation the morning after her father's accusation of John Devon—the readily-expressed sympathy of mother and brothers.

"John's no more guilty than I," Leo declared heatedly.

"John?" commented Bradley, "Infernal rot!"

Even Gill, the lazy, revealed contempt, and expressed it in brief sentence.

"The old man's nutty!"

Old Matthew Lew said: "The boy is straight! Don't let him down, my girl."

"I believe in him, Gran."

Hold fast to your belief," he said.

Comforted, Lynne sought her mother.

"Mumme," she whispered, "do you think John took that money?"

Mrs. Meredith answered without hesitation. "The boy's not capable of such a thing, and at heart your father knows it! Don't worry, dear. It's taken me thirty years to learn that worry is not worth the time given to it."

But Lynne, conscious of the shadow, slept badly.

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The taxi-driver would think she had rifled a schoolchild's money-box. Alexander Meredith did not believe in his womenfolk handling money.

"Book what you want," he had said, "and I'll meet the bills—household and otherwise—within reason!"

She waited, peering through the window along the road. If anything happened to John she would leave her father's house and, ill-equipped though she was to face the world, would at least attempt to fend for herself.

John ill—dying! It was unthinkable. He belonged to her . . . nothing could possibly happen to John. Not to John!

"Lynne—"
She answered without turning from the window, voice husky.

"What is it?"
Bradley came in, his young face questioning, gloom momentarily dispersed.

"Father wants to know—"
She interrupted. "I'm going out—to John. He's hurt—dying," Jacqueline said. "I've sent for a taxi."

"What happened?"
"Assault. I don't know the details. I don't even know . . ."

Her voice broke.
"You poor kid!"

"Poor John!"
"Botten business! Will I tell father?"

"I suppose so," she said, listlessly.
He muttered: "Hell! What a life!"

Still the taxi was not in sight. Lynne turned, was perturbed by the blank despair in her brother's face.

"Brad, is it so bad? Are you in very deep? I—I mean about that money you owe?"

"Deep as Hades," he said with savage intensity.

She was shocked by his violence, by the note of desperation in the ring of his quivering voice.

"Bradley—"
"Don't trouble about me," he said, "you've worries enough of your own. I'll wriggle out of it . . ."

She heard the hoot of a horn, saw the taxi approaching, and without further word to her brother ran downstairs.

"Lynne—"
Her father called from the door of the breakfast-room, but she ignored him, left the front door wide open, and ran down the path.

"Clarendale hospital," she said briefly, "hurry!"

Sensing her urgency, the driver slammed the door and drove smartly up the road. Lynne forgot the family, her father and his anger, Bradley and his miserable young face, the pale little ghost of a mother. She thought only of John Devon, of her great love for him. Over and over she assured herself that nothing could happen to him.

But something already had happened. Where, how? Was there any connection between John's condition and her father's missing money? Improbable, and yet—

A SOB broke from her, a strangled sound. The taxi-driver half turned, caught a glimpse of his passenger's stricken eyes, and, remembering he had been instructed to drive to a hospital, increased his speed and occupied his time by guessing the trouble. Something pretty serious if he was any judge. That single cry he had overheard had come from a troubled heart.

The hospital at last. Lynne, for the first time, glanced at the metre; it registered at least a few shillings less than she had anticipated, but she poured the contents of her purse into the driver's hand.

He said: "Thanks, Miss. Hope you'll find everything all right."

"Yes; I—I hope so."

With trembling limbs she walked the unfamiliar drive to the hospital entrance. On the verandah Jacqueline Gerrand was waiting; she took Lynne's hand in hers,

led her to a secluded corner of the wide verandah, and drew her down on a seat.

"The Sister will let us know when she is ready. There is another specialist with John at present. He has been asking for you, dear."

"How is he?" Lynne asked unsteadily.
"There is no improvement, but—"
Jacqueline paused.

"What happened, Jacky?"
Jacqueline told her; she related the story graphically, omitting nothing, not even John Devon's revelation of the night before.

"He was worried, Lynne—and undecided. John knows who took your father's money . . . he actually saw . . ."

Lynne blanched, swiftly interrupted.
"He knows—that?"

"Yes."
"Oh, why—why—didn't he say so?"

"Could he?" Jacqueline queried gently, "without naming a member of your own family?"

Lynne leapt to her feet with a little exclamation of protest. "No, not that! Jacky, you don't know what you're saying!"

"I'm repeating what John told me; and I'm repeating it because he might never be able to tell you himself."

"Then a Meredith—?"
"Stole—took—the money? Yes!"

Lynne sank heavily down on the seat, hands clasped.

"What will I do?"
"What can you do?"

"Prove John innocent!"
"How? At the expense of a Meredith?"

"Yes—if it's true that a Meredith took the money?"

"John was certain."
"Then why?" Lynne demanded with stiffly moving lips, "should the—the thief be shielded? If John dies—"

"Miss Gerrand—"
The white-robed sister came silently along the verandah, her eyes sympathetic. Both girls rose and stood waiting.

"He is asking for you again," the sister continued. "There is a chance he may recognise you this time. The only word he has spoken is Lynette—Lynette . . ."

Her glance travelled inquiringly from Jacqueline to Lynne. "Is it you he is calling?"

"No, sister. My friend, Miss Meredith. Come along, Lynne."

Lynne's lovely eyes were raised.
"How is he, sister?" she asked huskily.

"No improvement. He is very weak."

As though moving through a particularly unpleasant dream, Lynne followed Jacqueline and the sister along a carpeted corridor into a small private room. She heard the door close, and the mist before her eyes cleared.

John Devon was moving his bandaged head, muttering "Lynette—Lynette—"
in a voice so hoarse, so labored, that quick tears welled to the girls' eyes as she crossed to the bed and leaned over him.

"John, dear—"
His restlessly moving head lay still, his eyes opened and the travesty of a smile slid across his mouth and was gone.

"He recognised you," the sister said.
Lynne did not hear. John was muttering again, and she bent to listen.

"Don't worry," he said fretfully, and repeated it, voice growing fainter and fainter. "Don't worry. . . don't worry. . ."

Resolutely, Lynne rested her head close beside his, her lips near to the bandage that covered his ear.

"John," she said slowly, clearly, "who did it?"

Just that. Then she waited, seeing the deathly weariness stealing across his face, feeling he was slipping away from her.

Again the smile showed and lingered a moment longer. His lips moved.

"Wouldn't—be—cricket—to—tell."
She cried out: "John—John—"

Gently, the sister raised her, drew her away from the bed.

"He is unconscious, Miss Meredith. There is nothing you can do."

"Is there any hope, sister?"
The sister hesitated.

"Please—tell me," Lynne said urgently.
"I'd rather know."

"There is a frail chance, but—"
"You don't think he'll—live?"

"There is always hope while there's life," the sister said quietly.

With Jacqueline's arm around her shoulders, Lynne went down to the bright red single-seater. She looked at it dazedly.

"John's Aggie," she said, and neither she nor Jacqueline thought the words absurd.

"Where is the sedan?"
"Miles away. The sedan will be safe enough, if I'm any judge of the man who's minding it."

"Jacky, you're not going home? You couldn't!"

"I'll wait with you, my dear; but we'll go for a short run, then return. You look ghastly."

LYNNE nodded. She felt in need of cool wind in her face. Her senses were reeling. As Jacqueline drove, she saw John in her father's study, and John, as he was now, swathed in bandages, with restlessly tossing head and burning body.

He had driven through the night to think, to plan. Driven with the knowledge that a Meredith had taken the money.

"Who ever took that seventy pounds is responsible for John's condition," Lynne reasoned to herself, and her mind started on a new train of thought.

Who was responsible? Alexander Meredith himself could have taken the money; but why take what already belonged to him? What would his objective have been? Her grandfather? She dismissed the thought. Matthew Lew was not a Meredith!

Her mother? Mrs. Meredith might have been tempted, but she would never have had the courage, nor did she have opportunity. Not her mother. That left one of the three boys—Leo, Gill, or Bradley.

Leo? Not even for Jacqueline would Leo steal, Lynne assured herself fiercely. Gill? He was more likely than Leo, yet unlikely, Bradley? She remembered his white face and miserable eyes, his air of despair. Because he knew that Phelps would again approach him? Or because he had the money ready, and had not the courage to admit that John Devon had been wrongly accused?

Grandfather, father and mother, three boys. Six people! One of the six was guilty, but which one?

A Meredith! That eliminated her grandfather. One out of five. Not her mother, or Leo; that left three.

"But guesswork won't help me solve the affair," she told herself. "I've eliminated mother and Leo simply because I don't think they are guilty. No guesswork! I'll make that resolution. So it's one of five whose footsteps Gran heard."

"Pardon?" Jacqueline said, and Lynne glanced at her.

"Did I speak?"
"You did! Something about footsteps."

"Yes—footsteps. The footsteps of a thief." To herself Lynne added: "A Meredith's footsteps."

"Feel better?"
"Lots better, thanks."

"Here we are—at the hospital. We'll find out if there is any change."

There was none. They left the hospital faced with another few hours of the racking suspension. Although they returned to Jacqueline's, there was no question of lunch. Neither could have faced it.

Nothing more was said. Further comment was not necessary.

That afternoon Jacqueline drove Lynne

to the hospital, but neither stayed for more than a few moments. John Devon had not yet regained consciousness; his condition was unchanged.

"But he is holding his own," Lynne exulted.

Hope burned steadily now. She no longer doubted; was not unduly anxious. Suddenly conviction has come to her that John would live. The world's greatest specialist could not have shaken her conviction.

On the way to the hospital she had come to a definite decision—to clear John of the accusation against him. And when she stood beside him, looking with all her love in her eyes at his drawn face, she was quietly confident of success. When John had chosen to conceal, she would reveal. Even though it meant involving one of her own family.

"What next?" Jacqueline asked, as they came down the hospital steps together.

"Your place, Jacky. I want to talk."

"Am I to play Watson to your Sherlock?"

Lynne laughed. "It's rather a good suggestion."

But she did not immediately speak of the thing on her mind when Jacqueline paraged the car and led the way inside. As she lay at ease with her head against a bright orange cushion, Lynne's brain was busy. She must set about the untangling of the affair in a methodical manner. First of all, she must discover a motive for the taking of the money. Even in her mind she found it difficult to say the stealing of the money.

Motive. Everyone at Treedale—with the exception of her father—needed money.

Therefore, everyone was suspect! Even Matthew Lew had been known to express a wistful desire for sufficient money to leave Treedale.

Who then needed the money most urgently?

Grandfather? Urgent, but not sufficiently so to steal. Her mother? Alexander Meredith promptly paid all household accounts, and her mother, as Lynne knew well, had very few private expenses.

Leo? Yes, he needed money urgently, but to him seventy pounds would be merely a drop of water in a desert. If it had been two thousand—

Gill? He had been foolish enough to borrow the firm's money—a dangerous practice, generally with serious results. How much money he wanted Lynne did not know, but his need was more than urgent.

Bradley? She knew beyond doubt that he needed money, that he was haunted by the odious Phelps. Gill or Bradley—perhaps both together! It was a new thought. She considered it, but not for long. It was hateful to think of Gill or Bradley stooping to theft.

"And it couldn't have been Brad," Lynne said aloud, "he felt sick, went to his room and stayed there!"

JACQUELINE heard and smiled slightly.

"Whichever member of your family you decide upon—that will inevitably follow," she commented.

"What will follow?" Lynne had been too engrossed with her thoughts to follow the drift of Jacqueline's remark. "It couldn't have been he—or she," Jacqueline quoted.

"I suppose so," Lynne admitted. Jacqueline smiled, but her eyes were grave.

"So you are still determined to try and unravel the mystery. And if you stumble across the solution, what then?"

"I'll tackle the guilty one."

"I wonder!"

"I'll have to—for John's sake. Jacky, I must go. No, I won't let you drive me back; I'll walk and—think."

"Think—but don't brood!"

Lynne made a gallant attempt to con-

centrate on her problem during the half a mile walk to Treedale, but her thoughts kept wandering to the man she loved.

"It wouldn't be cricket to tell," he said.

Lynne, within a hundred yards of her home, suddenly saw the down-at-heel, disreputable figure of Phelps. Her anger rose to white heat, but even in her fury she wondered that Bradley was indebted to such a man. Her brother had claims to manliness, to refinement; but this man—

He wheeled and saw her. To Lynne's dismay he halted and waited until she drew level with him. Then he spoke.

"Scuse me, Miss; but you're Miss Meredith, ain't you?"

She hurried her footsteps without answering, then remembering Bradley's debt, and the possible consequence of her high disdain, paused.

"Yes," she said curtly. "I am Miss Meredith. What do you want?"

"I was just having a look round in case I spotted your brother. Wanted a word or two with 'im. Will yer take a message to 'im?"

"What is it?"

The man winked. "The name's Phelps. Archie Phelps. Got that?"

"Yes."

"Just say that Phelps says O.K.; and that it's jist as well for 'im that 'e came across!"

Lynne's lips curled. "I quite understand. Phelps says everything is all right."

"Well, I suppose that's what I said, though not in the same wording. Yes, that'll do." He suddenly chuckled. "Say, has there been a death in the family? Rich uncle or aunt die and leave a fortune to the Merediths?"

"I have agreed to deliver your message; I think that's all, Mr. Phelps."

"Arf a mo! Tell young Meredith we'll 'ope to see 'im again pretty soon."

Lynne did not answer, but brushed past the man, entered the iron gate of Treedale, and walked straight into her father.

She would have hurried past, but he detained her.

"One moment, Lynne. Were you speaking to that man?"

"Yes."

"Do you know him?"

"I know his name. Phelps! Archie Phelps!"

"Yes—Phelps! A notorious character, a gambler, blackmailer, gambler. A choice specimen to be seen talking to the daughter of Alexander Meredith. What did you want with him?"

"Nothing," Lynne said evenly.

"Then how did you know his name?"

"He stopped me and told me his name. I don't know the man, father, and I don't want to know him. It will be an accident if ever I see him again. I didn't even know his reputation—although it's fairly obvious."

Mr. Meredith read the passion in his daughter's voice, and believed her. He misunderstood Phelps' motive in daring to speak to the girl. He nodded briefly, his eyes glowing. He'd inform the police if the scoundrel hung about the place!

Lynne moved to pass on, but her father stopped her again.

"Not so fast. His voice was hard. "Where have you been all day?"

She looked at him unflinchingly.

"Claredale Hospital."

"Ah! Who is ill?"

"I went to see John."

A dull red crept to Mr. Meredith's cheeks and spread.

"Just how ill is Mr. John Devon?" he inquired suavely.

"His life is still in danger."

As Lynne said the words she broke past him and, with a heavy heart, continued on her way to the house.

Bradley had paid the money he owed. Bradley!

Her steps faltered; she was weary with a great weariness that was mental as well

as physical. The information had been thrust upon her. Would she make use of it?

"It wouldn't be cricket to tell. . . ."

John had chosen silence. Was it her place to seek the truth? Was it?

CHAPTER 6

LYNN E MEREDITH

would rather have forgotten John Devon's last words before lapsing into unconsciousness, but she remembered.

"It would not be cricket to tell."

After dinner Lynne rang the hospital for further news. John Devon was still holding his own. If anything, there was a slight improvement in his condition. She had expected a reassuring bulletin, but official confirmation heartened her.

With a radiant face she turned from the telephone and discovered her youngest brother, hands thrust deep into his pockets, standing with his back against the wall. He broke into cheerful whistling as she hung up the receiver.

Bradley whistling! She stared incredulously, unable to account for the change in him. He had paid his debt, but surely the weight on his conscience had not lessened even though the fear of the odious Phelps had.

He grinned at her. "I needn't ask whether the news is good or not," he said, "your face tells me. Our friend Devon is going to survive the blow on his napper."

Banter—from Bradley. She answered with a tremulous laugh:

"John is slightly better."

"Good old John," the boy said heartily. She touched his arm. "Brad, I haven't been able to see you alone before. I want to talk—"

A shadow crept across his face. "Not going to preach, are you?"

"No."

"Is it anything serious?"

She nodded. "Fraid so!"

"Life's one damn thing after another! Come into the den—it's the only place in the house where a chap can call his soul his own!"

"Now—spill the beans," he said when they were in his room. "Let go the fireworks."

SHE did not look at him but gazed steadily through the window.

"On my way home from the hospital this afternoon a man stopped me near the gate. He gave me a message for you."

Bradley's hands clenched. "Well?"

"His name is Phelps. He asked me to tell you everything is 'O.K.' He also expressed the hope that he, or 'we,' I fancy he said, would see you again in the near future."

"The dirty swine!" the boy said, furiously. "I'll knock his infernal head off if he speaks to you again!"

"Unfortunately, father saw me talking to him."

"The devil he did," Bradley ejaculated. "Father, eh? Was there an interruption?"

"No. Without telling even the ghost of a lie I managed to convince him no harm was done."

"You didn't mention—?"

"Of course not."

"Thanks, Lynne, you're a great little sport. Phelps is a dirty-minded cuss. I've done with him for good. From the corners of his eyes he studied her, then resumed with more freedom of speech, with a frankness she found disarming. "I've been a fool. Several sorts of a fool. Phelps belongs to a low-down club—one of the get-rich kind—only you don't get rich. I swallowed his bunk, and went like a lamb to the slaughter. Poker—and other 'harmless' little pastimes," he concluded bitterly.

Lynne turned towards him. "What happened?"

"I fell for their talk of big money. Gave my I.O.U.'s. They were held over my

head. Phelps was going to father if I didn't pay. Phelps isn't the big-wig—he's nothing but a tout—the dirty little swine—" Bradley choked.

"Poker!" Lynne said reflectively. The boy flung himself down at the other end of the bed.

"I was a mug—admit it. This rotten business of being without money started the rot! Thought I might fudge enough to take up commercial art. Imagine a job like Devon's! Bosworth Butter kids—everyone knows 'em. Lucky devil!"

Quietly, Lynne said: "Bradley, where did you get the money to pay Phelps?"

He flushed, gazed at the counterpane.

"I—I borrowed it!"

"Borrowed?"

"Sure. I've promised to pay back every penny!"

She said wistfully. "You must have a very good friend that I've never met, Brad."

He did not answer, but the dull red in his cheeks deepened.

"How are you going to pay back the money?" Lynne asked.

"Blessed if I know," he admitted frankly. "Will your friend wait indefinitely?"

"Look here, Lynne, what's the idea of this third degree?"

"I've just been—wondering—" she answered.

He muttered something she could not hear beneath his breath, rose from the bed and strode to the window, standing with his back to her.

Lynne did not question her brother further; instinctively she knew it would be useless. He owed money, the money had been paid. Bradley possessed few friends, certainly none capable of advancing him money; yet he expected her to accept the statement money had been lent to him without security for an indefinite period! Her suspicions grew, but she remembered Jacqueline's advice and refused to condemn Bradley until she was certain. But she ventured one more shot.

"Brad, I've found out something of importance."

He grunted unintelligibly.

"John knows who took father's money."

Lynne had been prepared for an exclamation either of astonishment or incredulity, but she was unprepared for her brother's reaction to the statement. He wheeled to face her, hands clenched, lips unsteady.

"Devon—knows? He saw?"

"Yes."

Bradley groaned, turning away again so that his face was hidden, but Lynne knew he was struggling for composure. She waited, dreading the moment when her brother would break his silence. Presently he raised his head.

"Devon's got to keep what he saw to himself, Lynne. Do you hear? Tell him that! Tell him I said so. What's seventy quid, anyhow? Father can stand the loss."

"Brad! Then it WAS you?"

He nodded. "If it's any satisfaction to you—yes! Tell Devon I admitted it. If there's any talking to be done about the beastly business, I'll do it! I want that understood."

"Why did you let father blame John?"

Lynne demanded reproachfully.

The boy's mouth set in a sullen line. For a moment Lynne thought he would refuse to answer, but he spoke at length, unwillingly, his words muffled.

"Was it my fault that father jumped to conclusions? He can't prove anything against Devon."

"No; but he believes—"

BRADLEY grunted. "Believes! Father's rotten beliefs won't hurt Devon."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Please yourself about that."

"Brad, why don't you admit it? Why?"

"Put it down to sheer funk," he said sullenly.

Lynne rose, and with a last look at the boy went quietly out of the room, brushing against Gilbert, who was coming in.

He greeted her jovially.

"Cheerio, sister! Why the gloomy brow?"

He did not enter Bradley's room, but fell into step beside her. His expression was easy to read, Lynne thought. Gill, too, had found a way out of his difficulties! Life, for him, had resumed the even tenor of its way.

"Am I gloomy?" Lynne answered mechanically.

For the first time she doubted Bradley's confession; in the "den" it had not occurred to her to doubt his sincerity, but she doubted it now. A new and bewildering line of thought opened before her.

Between Bradley and Gilbert existed a deep and lasting affection; they had been inseparable comrades from early childhood. Bradley, if he knew or suspected that Gill was guilty, would not hesitate to take the blame. Perhaps they had shared the money; but it was Gill, and not the younger boy, who had actually planned and executed the theft.

Sick at heart but determined, Lynne came directly to the point.

"Gill, I overheard something you said to Bradley the other day; about borrowing money from the firm."

"Well?" he said coolly.

"Have you paid it back?"

"My dear kid—"

"Don't beat about the bush," she said wearily. "Have you?"

"Why this cross-examination?"

"I can't help seeing you're relieved. The shadow of this morning has gone. Naturally—"

He completed the sentence for her. "Naturally you conclude the borrowed cash has been returned. Is that it?"

"Am I wrong?"

"No. As a matter of fact, you're right," he said blandly.

"Did a good friend lend you the money indefinitely?"

He eyed her keenly. "Look here, Lynne, what are you driving at?"

"You have paid your debts; so has Brad. Can you blame me for being suspicious?"

"I still don't follow."

"You do, but won't admit it! Bradley just confessed that he took father's money."

Gill frowned, his imperturbability shaken.

"The dickens he did! What made him confess?"

"I told him John Devon knows who stole the seventy pounds."

"That true?"

"Yes!"

"I see! And John—?"

"He's keeping silent."

"While you play Sherlock?" Gill's good-humor returned. "And Brad—the quixotic young fool—says he lifted the seventy? He couldn't have thought out the business quick enough. Brad's a slow thinker."

"So are you."

"Not always. I saw the money; the coast, as I thought, was clear. I hopped into the study, then hopped out again a jolly sight quicker. I offered Brad money but didn't tell him where I picked up the windfall. Apparently he suspects—hence his noble attempt to shield the guilty."

Lynne laughed. "Do you expect me to believe that?"

"Why not?" he demanded considerably ruffled by her refusal to take him seriously.

"It's as good a tale as young Bradley's."

"And just as fictitious! Gill, do you know who stole that money?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"Gilbert Alexander Meredith."

He continued on his way, grinning, and Lynne gazed after him, baffled. First Bradley's confession, now Gill's. Bradley had been deeply in earnest, had spoken with an underlying note of passion in his young voice; but Gill had made light of the matter, had characteristically joked about it. It occurred to Lynne that Gill had lied for

Bradley's sake; he had done that before. Many, many times in the past she had known Gill lie to save his brother from their father's terrible anger. Bradley, on the other hand, would swear black was white for Gill's sake. Only one thing was certain—the shadow over her brothers had been lifted.

THOUGHTFULLY, Lynne sought her mother and found her, a pale, sombre figure in grey, in the living-room. Mrs. Meredith did not hear her daughter enter; she sat listlessly, an expression of hopeless resignation, that Lynne knew well, upon her face. Completely dominated by her husband, life held little of joy for Mrs. Meredith; she lived solely for the compensating love of her children.

"Mother," Lynne said, and the little woman started.

"What is it, dear?"

Lynne hesitated. She had intended speaking of the dual confession just made to her, but the utter weariness of her mother's face decided her against it. It would be criminal to add another burden to those already overburdened shoulders. She said instead:

"You look so tired."

Mrs. Meredith shook her head.

"It's not tiredness, Lynne; not physical tiredness, anyhow, but something more wearying. Mental tiredness."

"Poor old dear. Is it—father?"

"Indirectly, I suppose; but I was thinking of the boys. What does the future hold for them? Gill is working, but not saving; he's too generous with his salary. Bradley's eating his heart out to take up the only work he's interested in, or capable of doing. Falling in his final school examinations destroyed Bradley's confidence in himself. If only your father would realize there's money to be made at commercial art—if one's talent is great enough."

"Bosworth Butter Kids," murmured Lynne, a smile of infinite tenderness about her mouth.

"Bradley has ability," Mrs. Meredith continued, "he only needs a chance. But your father won't spend a penny on the boy's training. And there's Leo! He's tried hard enough to succeed on his own. Things can't go on this way, Lynne. There'll be a crash . . . something terrible will happen."

Lynne felt that the something terrible had already happened, but she said nothing, only patted her mother's shoulder.

"And there is something else," Mrs. Meredith said after a long pause; "your grandfather!"

"Grand?" What's wrong with him?"

"He's fretting . . . he'll make himself ill."

"He loathes being at Tressdale, Mumma."

"It's not that, but something new. I've been so anxious about him."

Something new! How odd the words sounded, how significant. As she pondered, smooth forehead wrinkled in an effort of concentration, Lynne was arrested by the thought she held a clue to the solution of the thing that puzzled her—a queer, vague feeling. There was something she ought to know, to remember; something that would have a vital influence upon the solution of the mystery. Her eyes drooped. She was too tired for clear thinking. Perhaps, on the morrow, the elusive something would occur to her—the something she had heard, or seen, and could not remember!

"Mumma dear, it's getting late."

"And you have had an exacting day, Lynne. Run along to bed—and don't worry."

The girl laughed, and kissed her mother lovingly.

"Darling, aren't you the queer one—telling ME not to worry! You're tired, too; come upstairs to bed with me."

Mrs. Meredith shook her head.

"Your father is out—you know he expects me to wait up for him, my dear."

"Oh! mother! Mother!" Lynne said, and ran from the room.

IN an unfrequented corner of the garden Lynne came unexpectedly upon her grandfather. His eyes were closed, hands clasped on his lap. His stick had fallen to the ground and lay across his feet.

Lynne believed him asleep and bent to look more closely into his face. He had altered; she had not realised until now just how feeble and ill he had grown. No wonder her mother was worried.

She tip-toed to the path, had turned to cross the lawn when a quavering voice reached her.

"Don't go, my girl."

"I thought you were asleep, Gran."

He shook his head of snowy white hair. "I don't need the sleep that I used to need. Age, my dear, I'm too near the long, long rest to sleep much now. Must you hurry away? Could you spare a few minutes?"

"An hour if you wish it."

"Good girl. Always kind to your grandfather."

"I'm afraid I've neglected you of late."

"That's natural, my girl. Youth to youth. I've been thinking..."

"Yes?" she questioned softly when he paused.

Surprisingly, he said: "I've been thinking of the little shop on Bently Street corner."

Lynne's eyes rounded. The shop to which Matthew Lew had referred was a newsagency, a brisk little business run by a widow and her 17-year-old daughter, Lila, who was training to be a typist. The distance from Treedale to the shop was not great, and Matthew Lew, who appreciated nothing quite so much as a short walk, had more than once accompanied Lynne there and back. Lynne could not imagine why her grandfather thought of the shop.

The blind man broke the silence that followed with one of his old chuckles, and Lynne's heart warmed to the sound.

"That makes you think, eh?"

"It does rather," Lynne admitted.

"A busy little place."

"Very busy," she agreed, puzzled.

"Would you—" Matthew Lew spoke slowly, choosing his words with care, "come with me to the shop this afternoon, my girl? I have a little business I want to discuss with the young lady, with Miss Lila."

"Why, Gran! Do you feel equal to the walk?"

"I would enjoy it. My old bones are growing stiff, but yes, I would enjoy the walk. Could you come with me now? But first—"

Lynne waited. The old man, usually so fluent in his utterances, found difficulty in thinking out suitable words to express himself. Lynne gained the impression that he did not wish to be misunderstood; that he wanted to make certain of her sympathy, her support.

She waited while he fumbled for words without finding him; then, pitying him, said:

"Is there anything I can do for you, Gran?"

His gusty little sigh of relief did not escape her. He nodded.

"I can trust you, my girl. I know you won't delve into affairs that do not concern you. I'm going to ask this favor—that you take me to the newsagency, and then leave me."

"Leave you—alone?"

"For five minutes—ten at the most. Then you can come back. I will be waiting."

She ejaculated: "Gran! You maker of riddles!"

"Will you," he said gravely, earnestly; "give me a promise not to—"

With a note of indignation in her inflection she interrupted him. "As though I would pry into your affairs. You know me better!"

"Eve was curious, my girl; and woman is still the eternal Eve. I have every confidence in you, my dear; but the girl, Lila, may talk. Will you promise an old man not to listen?"

"Yes, Gran. That's not a hardship. I give you my promise willingly."

"Thank you, my girl. When can you be ready to leave?"

"In five minutes. I'll slip upstairs and change my house frock."

"I will wait for you here."

She joined her grandfather within ten minutes, and with a hand resting lightly upon his arm, led him, without appearing to lead, down the broad drive and out through the gate.

A BRILLIANT afternoon. Lynne walked blithely, suiting her steps to the old man's.

John Devon was definitely better. "A miraculous recovery," the sister had said to Lynne that morning.

And John, a weak but cheerful man, had smiled at her and whispered: "I'll be tearing round in Aggie soon. With—you—Lynnette."

Even the blind man sensed her elation and remained silent rather than speak and disturb the tranquillity of her thoughts. Not until they were nearing the agency did he speak.

"The boy is out of danger, eh?"

"Yes, Gran. Isn't it wonderful?"

Wonderful! Yes, it was that. But most wonderful was Youth in love with life, and the ONE man.

Matthew Lew did not answer the girl's question, did not even nod; but for an instant a smile lit his face, then went out like the flame of a candle suddenly extinguished. Lynne knew that he acquiesced.

"What now, Gran?" she queried when the corner shop was reached.

"I can manage to find my way inside. You will remember your promise?"

"Yes," she said steadily.

"Then come back for me in ten minutes. No later. I will be waiting; but if I am not here, don't come into the shop. Tell me, is there anyone in there now?"

Lynne peeped in through the doorway. "No customers. Lila is behind the counter."

"Alone?"

Lynne nodded, realised the uselessness of a nod, and said: "Quite alone."

"Ten minutes," the blind man muttered.

Lynne wandered aimlessly down the street admiring the well-kept gardens, keeping to the letter the promise made to her grandfather. She refused to even think about the strangeness of his mission, its secretiveness; she made not the slightest attempt to guess why he had gone to Lila.

The minutes were not long in passing. When Lynne returned to the newsagency Matthew was waiting, hands clasped over his knotted stick. Did she imagine it? or was there a new calmness about him? He had the air of a man who has taken long to come to a decision, but having made up his mind, is satisfied.

If the blind man had sensed her elation and rejoiced because of it, Lynne was aware of him. Although ignorant of the cause of the undoubted change, she was glad for his sake.

It was a joyous walk back to Treedale. More than one passer-by stopped to gaze after the blind man and the radiant-eyed girl. Youth and Age, and Joy sat upon the shoulders of both.

Dour-faced Alexander Meredith was vaguely aware of the radiance as his daughter and father-in-law passed him near Treedale's gate. He looked sharply into the former's shining eyes, the latter's rapt face, stopped to speak, thought better of it, and went his way. But he was puzzled and illogically irritated.

Mrs. Meredith was instantly aware that something far from unpleasant had hap-

pened, and her own eyes lighted. She was too wise to question.

"I've been to the hospital," she told her daughter, and the girl's eyes, ashine with the glory of her thoughts, were raised. In that moment Lynette Meredith was beautiful.

"How is John this afternoon?"

"Quite bright. The doctors think him a marvel."

Lynne murmured: "Bless him! Did you go alone, Mumma?"

"No; Bradley came with me, and Leo was leaving as we were shown in."

"Did you stay long?"

"A moment or two. The sister wouldn't allow a minute longer—doctor's order. John sent his love to you."

Lynne pressed her mother's hand. "It was sweet of you, Mumma; dear of you."

They strolled at such other. It was a long, long time before the tenderness faded from Lynne's eyes, or the smile from her lips.

CHAPTER 7

WITH a swinging step, as blithe as his sister's had been that afternoon, Leo Meredith walked up the road; he was eager to reach his journey's end.

The turning point in his life had come. He felt confident of the future, confident of the answer to the question he intended asking Jacqueline Gerrand that night.

Earlier in the day he had been tossed by doubts, torn by uncertainty, had scarcely dared hope that his old problem might end and a new one begin. Uncertainty had ended. The new problem faced him—or very soon would face him—the glorious task of making a paying proposition out of Renard's!

Jacky! The very thought of her warmed him. For three years she had waited, patient, understanding, always ready with her encouragement. Three years! She had aged during those years; the lovely girl with whom he fell desperately and adoringly in love had merged to lovelier woman. Three years ago she had been impetuous, now she was patient; she had urged him to recklessness, but of late she had held him back from recklessness.

Leo sensed rather than knew that he would find Jacqueline in the garden or on the verandah; she loved the night, the shadows, the silence. Shutting the gate after him he stood motionless a moment; he felt excited, a warm glow surged through him. From the shadow of a mighty, camphor laurel tree Jacqueline called softly:

"Is that you, Leo?"

He knew instantly where the girl was; they had sat before, many times, on that secluded seat, surrounded by shrubs and fragrant-scented flowers, caressed by the night winds. He crossed the lawn in three bounds. Jacqueline had risen to meet him, a tall slim figure in white.

"If so," she whispered, "Leo..."

He took her in his arms, held her to him with possessive forcefulness. Jacqueline was aware of the change in him, and wondered; even as she relaxed with a little sigh of contentment against the man, she wondered at the new ardor and tenseness of his embrace.

Words were unnecessary at first. Jacqueline ceased to wonder and accepted as her due this man who came to her with the ardor she had dreamed about.

HE said at length: "Jacqueline..." and there was a subtle alteration in the very utterance of her name.

"What is it, Leo? You're—happy."

"Yes, happy. When will you marry me, Jac?"

Her heart leapt, but she answered him calmly, feeling the beating of his own heart against her breast.

"When you are ready for me, Leo."

"I am ready now. When, dear? This week,"

"Leo!"
He laughed and drew her down to the garden seat.
"No, I'm not crazy—although I sound like it."
"But why this—this sudden—"
He completed the sentence for her. "Change of heart? Because circumstances have changed. Leo Meredith, with absolutely no financial future to speak of, could not conscientiously offer marriage to the heiress of old Gerrard; but Leo Meredith, manager of Renards, is a different proposition. The manager of Renards is asking you to marry him, my sweet, my sweet."

"Manager of Renards!"
His laugh reminded her of the laugh of a gleeful small boy.
"Future manager and part owner would be a better description."
She whispered: "How did it happen?"
"That, my own, is a secret for a few more weeks. I'm going to make a success of Renards, a big success. It's an uphill fight, but I'm prepared to fight all the way. With you to help me—"

"Literally?"
"Dear heart—not morally! With your moral support I'll go a long way, Jac."

"If I marry you, where will we live, Leo?"

The boyish enthusiasm died from his voice.
"I hadn't given that a thought," he admitted ruefully. "It's too early yet to think of building you any sort of a home, but does it really matter? You can live on here for a while longer, and I'll stay at Treedale. But we'll belong to each other." Enthusiasm returned. "Jac, we'll belong!"

She clung to him, sharing his ecstasy.
"We'll belong. It sounds so wonderful."
"It will be wonderful, my dear, my own."

She touched his lips with cool fingers. "We'll marry. Afterwards—"

"There is a lifetime to plan the afterwards."

"Will you tell your father?"

"No."

"Not even Lynne?"

"Not even Lynne, great little sport though she is. Not yet. Father will hit high spots when I tell him about Renards; naturally he'll want to know the ins and outs, the whys and wherefores. He'll be hurt, I think I've let him down. And, likely as not, he'll pitch me out. In that case—"

"Come to your wife," Jacqueline said, and the words held the lit of a happy laugh.

"Father will be suspicious," Leo said quietly.

"Because of the money that vanished?"

"Jacky, it took two thousand to buy out Renards, not seventy pounds."

"My dear, I know. And had two thousand been missing from your father's study, I wouldn't have accused you. Two thousand is a good deal of money, Leo."

"Yes."

"Was it John Devon who—"

Leo laughingly interrupted. "Devon with a cool two thou? I doubt if he has two hundred saved. No, it wasn't Devon."

"I refuse to be curious."

"Good girl."

She leaned forward looking into his face, dimly seen.

"Leo, who took that money? Your father's seventy pounds?"

"I thought you had refused to be curious."

"About your affairs. This is different. Do you know?"

"Haven't the foggiest. And yet—"

She waited, and at length murmured: "And yet—"

"It's a rotten guess, but Gran would give anything to leave Treedale and go into a rest home somewhere. He doesn't like father, never did."

Jackeline frowned. "Then the foot-

steps be heard—?"

"I think—am almost certain—that I'm doing Gran an injustice, but I've wondered; can't help wondering whether those footstep he heard weren't his own!"

Leo expected some comment from Jacqueline, at least an explanation of surprise or possibly of indignation. Even of protest. But she remained thoughtfully silent for so long that he touched her arm.

"Jacky—"

Surprisingly, for he had believed naturally enough that her thoughts had flown to his grandfather, she said:

"What a dear kid Lynne is!"

"One of the best." He was puzzled.

"Leo, where is it going to end?"

Still he failed to understand. "Where is what going to end?"

"Lynne's fight to prove John Devon innocent."

"Oh—that! There's won't be any ending. We will probably never know. In popular detective fiction clues are scattered round like hail after a hailstorm. In this case there are no clues. So what can Lynne do?"

"Much—when she gets her mind to it."

"Much, but not the impossible. Jac, I didn't come to talk about that rotten money business. I want to talk about ourselves."

"And our marriage."

"Then you will? This week? Tomorrow?"

"Yes," she said softly.

"I'm asking you to take a big risk, dear. I'm asking it because I'm confident of success with Renards. But if I fail—"

"If you do fail—and you won't—we'll still belong."

THROUGH the darkness of the night Leo Meredith swung homeward, walking buoyantly, his mind pleasantly occupied with thoughts of Jacqueline and Renards. Mostly he thought of the girl.

It was late. His entrance would be the subject for sharp criticism if Alexander Meredith had not retired, and he rarely did before midnight.

Leo's brow puckered. To him his father was, and always had been, an enigma. He could not help knowing that he was favored. Even as a child many privileges denied his brothers and sisters had been granted him without demur, but Leo could not understand the selfishness of a joy that wished to keep him dependent and unmarried.

"We're comrades, Leo," his father had once said. "Comrades."

Leo the boy, had believed his father; Leo the man, possessed greater clarity of vision.

He reached Treedale, instinctively glancing toward the house as he closed the gate. In Mr. Meredith's study a light was burning; Leo whistled cheerfully and moved more slowly toward the house. There was to be no escape; he had subconsciously hoped there would be. He had not wanted an argument with his father.

As he neared the veranda steps a slender figure came noiselessly around the side of the house and touched his arm. Wholly unprepared, Leo drew back, then smothered a laugh in his throat.

"Great Scott, Lynne!"

"Leo—"

She drew her brother away from the front steps, walking silently in slippers.

"What's the idea of playing ghost at midnight?" Leo demanded good-naturedly.

"It's father!" Lynne spoke urgently, her hand still upon his arm. "He's furious. I came to warn you."

"Good kid."

"The back door is open; you'll be able to reach your room without father knowing. He'll never know what time you came in."

Leo chuckled, looking into Lynne's anxious face. It was not the first time she had stayed awake, watchful and anxious, to warn one of her brothers,

generally Leo, of their father's anger. Tonight, for the first time in Lynne's memory, Leo hesitated.

"Come on," she said impatiently.

"Thanks," Leo said laconically, "but I'll face the music."

Her eyes widened. "But Leo—"

"Why not? Had to happen sooner or later?"

"Why to-night?"

"Things have happened. I won't be keeping father's books after this week."

It was late and Lynne felt weary with her effort to keep awake; but sleep vanished like magic when her brother made his calm announcement. For a moment Lynne was afraid.

"So you are going away after all?"

"Not unless father kicks me out—which, by the way, is probable."

"Why should father kick you out?"

"No reason why he should, but I've a feeling he will. May not relish having Renard's new manager strolling into Treedale well past midnight."

"Manager of Renard's? Leo?"

"Pleased?"

"Delighted, naturally. But how—"

"If you're thinking of father's measly seventy, perish the thought! I didn't touch it. The money to buy out Renard was advanced."

"You—too?"

Leo, who had turned to walk toward the front steps, paused questioningly.

"Just what does that astonished 'You—too' mean?"

"Gill Bradley, now you."

"Riddles, girl, riddles!"

"The three of you have found someone to advance money. Isn't that queer?"

Leo laughed easily. "So that's what bit you. It's news to me that Gill and Brad have also fallen on their feet. Who waved the wand?"

"I don't know," Lynne said wearily.

"Why worry your head about high finance, Lynne?"

She smiled a little twisted smile and nodded.

"Why worry indeed? But I do."

"Suspicious?"

"Not of you. Not of anyone—yet."

"With me luck; I'm off to face the lion in his den."

"Wouldn't to-morrow night do?" she asked wistfully.

"It would; but why put off the evil hour?"

She had no answer, so Leo patted her arm affectionately and strode toward the house. Lynne saw him turn his yale in the lock, then the door opened and closed.

LYNNE shivered. She

had never before known Leo to be so confident of himself, but instinctively she dreaded the outcome of his interview with their father. Alexander Meredith was proud. Leo was his favorite son. It would gail Mr. Meredith to learn that someone unknown to him had advanced his son such a large sum of money, apparently without security. There would be trouble. Lynne was certain of it.

Reluctantly she returned to her room. The house was silent, not a board creaked, but as she reached the top of the stairs Mrs. Meredith peered around the door of her bedroom.

"Lynne, where have you been?" Plainly she was frightened.

"Downstairs—to warn Leo."

"Where is he now?"

"With father. He has something important to tell him."

"Oh dear! Doesn't he know better than—"

"Leo seems very sure of himself, Mumie. Don't worry."

"Oh, dear," Mrs. Meredith said again. It was almost a whimper of distress; her eyes were troubled, mouth weary.

"Try and go to sleep, Mumie," Lynne advised her, and turned into her own room.

Shivering, she slipped off her dressing-gown and slid between the cool sheets. She lay with wide open eyes, determined to remain awake until Leo came upstairs. The hall clock struck one. Lynne glanced around the room and wondered why she trembled.

A door opened and closed. She sat up in bed with a jerk, listening intently, but no one came upstairs. She remembered her mother's face peeping anxiously around the bedroom door. Haunted little mother! Always worrying about one or the other of her children. This time it was Leo, but Leo had been born again in spirit, and did not need pity. He had found himself.

Voices. Lynne raised herself. Her father must be speaking loudly, angrily, for the sound of his voice to carry upstairs. She listened for Leo's answer, but heard nothing. Leo apparently was keeping his temper. That would give him the advantage.

Her eyes closed, opened again. Leo and money. Two thousand. . . He had told her it would take two thousand to buy out Renard. Not seventy, but two thousand. Footsteps. . . Footsteps that came and went. . .

Lynne did not know that Leo tapped lightly on her door half an hour later. He whispered: "Awake, Lynne?"

Silence. He turned away, mouth grim, eyes thoughtful.

CHAPTER 2.

AS Lynnette Meredith waited for the summons that would allow her to go in and see John Devon, she went over in her mind the brief conversation she had had that morning with Leo. His blazing eyes haunted her.

"Well, father blew up!" he told her savagely. "Seems to think I'm some sort of a criminal. He told me to get out, so I'm going."

She had clung to him. "Leo, Leo! Don't act rashly. You know father."

"Yes, I know father. That's why I'm going."

"Leo—please!"

But Leo, grimly determined, had gone upstairs, packed his bag, and after a few words to his mother had stalked out of Treedale without again speaking to his father.

Lynne knew he had gone to Jacqueline. No one had told her. Leo had stubbornly shaken his head when questioned, but Lynne knew.

"What a muddle!" she said to herself, and raised her eyes to encounter the interested gaze of the white-robed sister.

"I spoke to you twice, Miss Meredith. How pleasant your thoughts must be!"

"Not so pleasant, Sister. How is the patient this morning?"

"Making excellent progress. Go right up."

Lynne went with eager feet and glowing eyes, with a song in her heart because John was definitely out of danger, and she had been granted half an hour, even longer, alone with him.

He was expecting her, bandaged head turned toward the door, eyes as whimsically bright as ever.

"Lynnette, you lovely thing. . ." he said as she entered.

She laughed with a hint of shyness, and stood, her color growing rosier.

"You mustn't talk too much and tax your strength," she told him.

"I'm content to listen—and look," he said. "How are things at Treedale?"

Her face clouded. "Leo left this morning."

"Leo? Trouble?"

"Father is furious because someone lent Leo money to buy Renards. Incredible, isn't it?" She watched him closely, as she spoke.

"Good old Leo!" John Devon murmured. "No one is supposed to make a business

move without consulting father," Lynne continued, "not a Meredith, anyhow. We are supposed to go to him and receive the benefit of his mature years and experience."

JOHN's hand closed over hers and held it.

"Girl, girl! Such bitterness."

"My sympathies are with Leo," John said, "there's something I want to tell you."

"Dear heart, if it's something so serious that the smiles die out of your eyes and your expression grows so alarmingly cold and forbidding, I don't want to hear it."

She smiled, and he said: "Ah, that's better."

"You must listen to me, John. Who took father's money?"

He said lightly: "A monkey trained by its master to enter open windows and snatch up anything of value."

She winced. "Oh—please! Don't joke. Who was it, John?"

"You are asking a question, Lynnette; not telling me something."

"The one belongs to the other. I want to tell you many things, if you will first tell me who stole father's money."

"Stole?"

"What other name can you give to it?" Lynne demanded, bewildered.

"Why not borrowed?" he said wearily, and closed his eyes.

"John!" A note of terror sounded in her ejaculation of his name.

With an effort he opened his eyes and smiled at her.

"I'm all right. . . just tired."

"It's my fault," she said contritely. "I'll leave you now and come back this afternoon."

He nodded. She bent and kissed him, then went quietly from the room.

Lynne decided not to return to Treedale.

"I'll invite myself to Jacqueline's for lunch," she informed herself. It would be a simple matter to ring her mother and explain, and at heart she was anxious about Leo. Jacqueline would know what he intended to do.

As she neared Jacqueline's home her footsteps quickened. How would this change of fortune affect Jacky and Leo? Who had been responsible for the change? Two thousand pounds was not a sum to be trifled with; someone must have been thoroughly convinced of Leo's capabilities. Who?

She paused. From the garage, as she neared the gate, Jacqueline's sedan was backed. Leo was driving. Jacqueline sat beside him.

Lynne raised her hand to wave, then allowed it to fall. Neither her brother nor Jacqueline saw her; they were too engrossed in each other. In the girl's eyes shone a glory Lynne had never before seen, a shining radiance. Even as she watched, Leo, entirely oblivious to possible onlookers, raised Jacqueline's hand and kissed it.

With a sense of disappointment strong upon her, Lynne watched the sedan from sight, then walked briskly past Jacqueline's place, past John Devon's, on to Treedale. She was frankly puzzled by the incident she had unwittingly witnessed. Puzzled, and yet vaguely elated. Leo had looked years younger, Jacqueline's beauty had been enhanced by the glory in her eyes. Lovers!

"Like honeymooners," Lynne thought, with a whimsical twist to her mouth.

But the whimsicality vanished from her mouth as she approached Treedale. Leo was travelling his own road now, but at Treedale everything was still at sixes and sevens, a shadow hung over the place. Life, a few weeks ago, had been a wonderful dream. Now there were doubts and dissatisfaction and unrest.

On the front verandah she found her mother leaning back in an easy-chair, an expression of exhaustion upon her pale face,

But she greeted her daughter brightly, with her gentle smile.

"Oh, there you are, dear. I've been wondering when you'd arrive. I want you to see to the dinner; I don't feel well, I really don't."

"You look tired out, Mums."

"Your father is angry, Lynne. Be careful not to annoy him."

Lynne shrugged resignedly. "What is it this time?"

"Mr. Stevenson called this morning. He is going to Brisbane, and is severing all his business relations with your father."

The girl whistled, a habit unconsciously copied from Leo.

"Stevenson going to Brisbane. Why, Mums?"

"His wife has been ordered to a warmer climate."

"Um—m!" Lynne went thoughtfully into the house. Trouble, it seemed, never came singly. Her father would resent Stevenson's going. First Leo, now his agent. A smile shone in Lynne's eyes, she felt a passing sympathy for her father.

Stevenson! Lynne followed a new line of thought. Was it possible—? She shook her head. Not Stevenson! Her father had been counting the money after the agent's departure. Besides, John Devon had said: "A Meredith!"

"But oh, John, John, I hope you're mistaken," Lynne murmured, as she walked slowly in the direction of the kitchen.

EARLY that afternoon, determined to speak of nothing that would upset or tire John Devon, Lynne returned to the hospital. She found him brighter, inclined to be apologetic for his lapse that morning.

"This infernal weakness—"

"My dear, I know! I should have had more sense than to worry you."

"You didn't worry me, Lynnette." His grip on her hand tightened a little, his voice altered. "We won't introduce the subject of your father's money again, dear, but before we finally leave it, I want to ask a few questions of my own. Why are you so anxious to get to the bottom of the affair, girl?"

"To prove to father that you had no part in it."

"And what great facts have you discovered?"

"Nothing of importance," she admitted ruefully. "Except, perhaps, a confession from Bradley, and another from Gill."

"They both admit to taking the money?"

"Bradley claims that he did; Gill denied Brad's guilt and quite cheerfully admits his own."

"Cheerfully admits it?"

"He actually joked."

"And—your own opinion?"

"Gill is more likely than Brad, but I'm inclined to doubt both of them. It occurred to me that father might have had reasons for wishing that money to disappear."

The man's expression did not alter. "Girl, let the affair die down! Take my advice and forget it."

She said quietly: "Father won't let it die, he won't forget."

"He'll have to let it die in the end; he can't prove anything against me. Besides, the money will be returned before long."

"How do you know, John? Guesswork or intuition?"

"Neither! I KNOW!"

Her eyes widened. "That means you have been told."

"Yes, I've been told."

"By the thief?"

"Girl dear, change the subject."

"Yes, or no," she persisted.

"I don't like the word thief—"

"Isn't a person who steals money a thief?"

Before John Devon could answer, the door opened and his aunt came bustling in cheerfully.

"The sister told me to come up," she

said. "How are you, Miss Meredith? And how are you this afternoon, John?"
"Improving by leaps and bounds."
"You're still a peaked look," commented Miss Stanley critically. "Miss Meredith, surely you aren't running away?"
Lynne smiled. "This is my second visit to-day, Miss Stanley, and I know you'll want to have a chat with John."

Miss Stanley protested, but Lynne smilingly said good-bye. She liked John's cheerful little aunt, but was disappointed that her second visit had been interrupted. She went out with a feeling of having been cheated, knowing instinctively that the subject of the money would not again be introduced between John and herself; at least not until John had left hospital.

All the way home she puzzled over the elusive something she ought to remember but couldn't; it tantalised her, but her mind remained a blank. Was it something that had been said, a chance remark overheard? Was it something she had seen, but to which, at the time, she had attached no importance? Lynne did not know.

"Some day it will come to me in a flash," she told herself.

She reached home. Treedale seemed colder, more cheerless than usual. In his "den" Bradley was whistling a lively tune; Lynne felt overwhelmingly thankful for the happy sound of that whistle. As she passed down the hall the telephone rang. Disinterestedly she lifted the receiver and gave the Treedale number.

A voice she did not recognise said: "Is that Lynne?"

"Yes, who's speaking?"

Suddenly the line was clear and Jacqueline's voice, mellow and hauntingly sweet, was as audible as though she stood in the hall next to Lynne.

"Lynne, can you hear?"

"Yes, perfectly—now! Where are you, Jack?"

"At home; Leo is with me. Put your mother's mind at rest if she is worrying."

"Jack, you're keeping something back. What is it?"

"I have changed my name, Lynnette. You are speaking to Mrs. Leo Meredith."

AT the conclusion of the evening meal Alexander Meredith summoned Lynne to his study. She obeyed him with a little grimace, and she knew before the door closed after her just what her father would say, his manner of saying it. She sat with expectant eyes raised, serene, outwardly indifferent. But her heart raced like a mad thing. For days Lynne Meredith had dreaded this interview with her father.

Mr. Meredith coughed. His daughter's unusual calmness was perturbing. He did not like it. He would have preferred a show of excitement, of nervousness, even of temper. Alexander Meredith knew how to deal with temper. Again he coughed, then spoke:

"You were out all afternoon." A statement, not a question.

"Yes," Lynne's voice sounded as crisp as his, as businesslike.

"You were out this morning?"

"Most of the morning."

"Where did you go?"

"To see John."

Mr. Meredith raised his brows. "John?"

"You know whom I mean, father."

"John! So it has come to that?"

Said Lynne, simply: "I love him!"

Her father sat opposite, keen eyes penetrating; he leaned slightly forward.

"Not love, but infatuation. You scarcely knew the boy. Love! It must stop!"

"Father, Lynne said very quietly, "you can't say: 'Come here, and go there' to love!"

"I've already told you love doesn't come into the question. Infatuation! You imagine—"

"It's not imagination, John and I are unofficially engaged."

"The unofficial engagement must be broken. I don't want you to see young Devon again; insist upon it!"
She smiled. "I am my own mistress."
"Not while you are living under my roof."

"Father, does that mean you want me to leave?"

"It does not," he said at once. "It simply means that I insist upon obedience. John Devon is not the type of man I wish my daughter to marry."

"John isn't a thief."

"My dear girl, I sincerely hope not; but who else could have taken that money?"

"You could have taken it," Lynne said simply.

He rose angrily. "You made that insolent suggestion once before. I don't like it—I won't have it!"

"I mentioned it only as a possibility, father. John had opportunity; so did you. So did Grandfather. So did the boys. Even I had plenty of opportunity."

"I've never doubted you."

"I know; and I appreciate that."

"You are getting from the point. I've asked you not to see young Devon again."

"I've promised to see him to-morrow."

"You know what the outcome of your meeting will be?"

"Yes," she said steadily.

"You also realise, I presume, that you have practically no money, and have not been trained to earn your own living?"

"One doesn't forget those kind of things."

His voice softened almost to kindness. "Then be sensible, Lynne. I don't want you to go, but I can't have defiance beneath my own roof. Your brother has left."

He sighed heavily.

Lynne nodded. "Leo is happy."

"With no home?"

"He's living with Jacqueline—"

Alexander Meredith wheeled, his eyes blazing.

"Leo has gone to that woman? Openly?"

Do you realise what you are saying?"

"Quite well."

"He's gone to her! He's—"

The man had difficulty with his words.

Lynne's eyes laughed. "Well after all, father, he had to go somewhere."

"Have you taken leave of your senses? You, Lynne, talking to me like that. Condoning your brother's action!"

Alexander Meredith paced the study, brown drawn closely together. He was the tuxedoed father. Lynne could not help feeling that he inwardly enjoyed the drama of the situation, the tenseness of it. His eldest son, his favorite, and that woman! She thought:

"Poor father! He takes himself so seriously. He is not angry with Leo because he's gone to Jacqueline, but because he left Treedale."

Aloud, she said meekly: "Of course, Leo is married."

"Married?" Her father ceased his pacing; he sat down heavily, mouth drawn.

He appeared older. The tenseness had gone from the drama.

"Married? I can understand his attitude more clearly now. The woman bought him; her money financed this crazy new business venture."

"Leo wouldn't touch her money; you know that."

"It's fairly obvious that he did touch it—two thousand pounds of it. . . I'll have nothing further to say about the matter. You understand my—"

"Yes," Lynne wearily interrupted, "hotted down it amounts to this: I must give up John or leave Treedale."

He nodded.

She rose quietly. "I'm going to see John to-morrow."

ALEXANDER MEREDITH gave no sign of having heard. Lynne opened and closed the door softly; she was smiling.

She walked down the hall, pausing as

she passed her grandfather's room. He called to her, his cracked voice perceptibly more feeble.

"My girl—"

With sudden warmth in her heart and eyes she went to him, sitting so that her hand rested upon his knee. She saw with alarm that this was not the man who had walked with her to the corner newsagency; his elation had gone, he seemed a mere shell of his former self. He had lost grip on life. Pity welled up in her, broke from her lips in an involuntary exclamation.

"Poor Gran!"

"Why do you say that?" he asked unsteadily.

"Because I'm sorry for you, Gran. You are still stifled."

"More than ever stifled," he said, nodding. "I want peace; but here there is no peace."

"None," she agreed. "I am leaving Treedale to-morrow."

His lined old face twitched. "Why, my girl, why?"

"There is no choice, Gran; at least not much. Father—or John."

"And the lad wins?"

She said: "I love him."

The old man trembled, his voice held a piteous sound.

"Don't go away, my girl. Not for a while. You mustn't go away."

"What else can I do . . . loving John?"

"Wait! To-morrow the money will be back on your father's desk. All of it . . . seventy pounds. Seventy pounds, my girl. And there will be a note."

"A note?" Lynne repeated, dazed.

"Aye," her grandfather quavered, "there'll be a note; it will say that John Devon did not take the money."

She gasped. "Gran! You don't know what you're saying."

"Aye, know all right. The money will be on the desk; seventy pounds. Seventy . . ."

He continued to mutter, the words inaudible; he muttered until Lynne touched his arm.

"Don't excite yourself, Gran. Tell me, how do you know?"

He shook his head. "No rest, no peace. Stuffed!"

"Gran—Gran—"

"Stuffed," he repeated. "Darkness."

Her alarm grew. "Gran, dear—"

Quite suddenly he was rational again.

"There, my girl, don't take notice of an old man. I wander in my mind a little. Eighty is a great age; a great age. You'll wait, my girl; wait and see what happens?"

"I'll wait," she promised.

He brightened. "Good! Good! Everything will come right. I feel it!" He added fretfully: "If only I could see! This darkness, always darkness."

Lynne tip-toed from the room. Walking on tip-toe was instinctive; she did not know why she did it. She was deeply worried.

It was the first time she had heard the old man complain of his blindness; from the moment of first shadows, he had accepted the inevitable with tranquillity, with humbleness.

"So be it," he had said, quietly. "So be it!"

But now—how did her grandfather know the money would be returned? Obviously because he himself intended replacing the seventy pounds.

Then doubt came to Lynne. Had Matthew Lew spoken the truth, or were his words merely an old man's ramblings? She looked into his sightless eyes, and read in his expression the truth. The money WOULD be returned!

Lynne went to the telephone and dialled Jacqueline's number. When her sister-in-law answered she said hurriedly:

"Father has just issued an ultimatum. I must refuse to see John again, or leave Treedale. John wins."

"Come here, my dear, come here."

"I may have to later, Jac. But I'll remain here until to-morrow night. By then

the seventy pounds will be back on father's desk."

"Surely you don't believe that?"

"Oddly enough I do! I've promised to wait and see what happens."

"Good luck."

"Thanks; I need it—for John."

"You'll see him to-morrow?"

"No; that's why I rang. Jac, will you go to the hospital, see John, and explain?"

"Gladly. Sure you can't be overheard?"

"No; good-bye."

"Bye, Lynne."

Lynne wandered aimlessly, restlessly into the garden.

She ceased her restless pacing after some half an hour of it. It was useless making herself physically weary, and it was useless to try and solve the intricate why and wherefore of life. She still had John!

CHAPTER 9.

LYNNE MEREDITH purposefully avoided her father's study the following morning.

She awakened early, conscious that something of importance was to happen that day, and remembering, rose and went downstairs. She had spent a dream-haunted night; it was a relief to wake and rise. Early though it was, Lynne found her mother up before her.

"I couldn't sleep," Mrs. Meredith explained.

"Why, Mums?"

"I've been worried about your grandfather," Mrs. Meredith sighed, hesitated, then continued without meeting her daughter's gaze. "He—he's falling, Lynne. I've noticed it these last few days. Last night he woke me twice . . . calling out in his sleep. When I went in to help he said he had been dreaming."

Lynne nodded but did not speak.

"He seems to have something on his mind," Mrs. Meredith said with a puzzled frown.

"Yes."

Lynne could have told her mother just what it was that troubled Matthew Lew, but she withheld the information, deemed it wisest. After all, she was not certain! And if Matthew Lew did return the money, there would be no need to speak of it; he would make his own explanation when the right time came.

At nine-thirty her father went out for his usual morning walk; he went down the path with straight shoulders and a martial step. Lynne half expected him to turn in the direction of Jacqueline's, but he took the road leading in the opposite direction.

Lynne remained in the garden during his absence. She did not want to pry. When she caught sight of his tall figure in the distance she hurried into the house, passing the study without glancing in through the open door.

She heard her father come in, and held her breath. He walked heavily along the hall, paused and called: "Beh!"

No answer. Lynne heard an impatient grunt, then Alexander Meredith went into his study and closed the door.

A MINUTE passed—another. Five minutes. No sound from the study, no movement. That meant the money had not been returned. There could be no other explanation. She began to tremble, sick with disappointment. Still no sound; there was something frightening about the silence, something ominous! Then came the sound of light steps, and her mother opened the door quietly, hurriedly, pale lips speaking the girl's name in a whisper.

"Lynne—"

"Mother, what is it?"

Mrs. Meredith was actually panting; she seemed frightened, bewildered. She closed the door before she spoke again, and when she did speak Lynne found it necessary to

lean forward to catch the words her mother whispered.

"Seventy pounds! I counted it. Exactly seventy pounds!"

"Mumsie," Lynne cried in alarm, "what are you saying?"

Mrs. Meredith's dazed, incredulous eyes were raised; she sank into a chair, holding trembling hands tightly together.

"A few moments ago," she said with a swift glance in the direction of the door, "just before your father came in, I saw your grandfather leaving the study. He could scarcely walk and was muttering to himself. I heard him say 'darkness . . . and then 'rifled.'"

"Not rifled," Lynne said, "stifled!"

"It may have been that. Yes—stifled! I went into the study. Lynne, the money was on the desk. A roll of notes—seventy pounds, and a letter."

Lynne's thoughts whirled. "What did you do? How did you know the notes totalled seventy?"

For the second time Mrs. Meredith's agitated gaze was directed toward the door; even as she spoke she was listening.

"I counted them. I took the money to my room and counted it. Seventy pounds! That's what I was doing when your father came in. He called me but I didn't answer."

"But—Mumsie, where is the money now?"

"In my drawer," Mrs. Meredith said distractedly. "I hid it there!"

Lynne, who had risen, sank down on the chair again. She tried to speak, but no words came; her eyes asked the question her lips could not utter.

"It is your grandfather's money," Mrs. Meredith said, sweeping a hand with weary gesture across her eyes. "He was saving it. He's been speculating for months now; he told me about it. He wanted money to leave Treedale. Your father—"

Lynne nodded. "Yes—I know."

"Your grandfather didn't touch the money from the study, Lynne. But he was replacing it—for your sake."

The girl started. "For my sake?"

"Yes. That's what troubled him. When I went into him last night he was muttering: 'The girl must have her chance; must clear that boy of hers. Fine lad . . . must clear him.' Over and over he mumbled those words. Lynne, He must have decided to sacrifice his own money. I didn't understand at the time, dear; but I do understand now, and I'm not going to let him make the sacrifice!"

"But—"

"It's his," Mrs. Meredith said with a fierceness foreign to her nature.

"Of course it's Gran's," Lynne said soothingly. "Don't excite yourself, Mums. Did you say there was a note? Is it written?"

"Typewritten."

"What did you do with it?"

"Left it on your father's desk."

"But there isn't a typewriter in the house," Lynne said, "and Gran couldn't use it if there was."

Mrs. Meredith's eyes widened. "Why—no! No. I didn't think of that. Oh dear—oh dear—"

"Are you sure Gran left the letter?"

"Yes; it was underneath the notes."

"What a muddle it all is," Lynne exclaimed in exasperation.

Mrs. Meredith started nervously. "There's the study door. My dear, don't say anything. . . ."

"Of course not!"

Alexander Meredith's voice boomed down the hall.

"Lynne!"

She opened the door. "What do you want, father?"

"Come into the study for a few moments. I want to talk to you."

Lynne exchanged a reassuring glance with her mother, then walked composedly into the study and sank into the leather armchair her father indicated.

He handed her a single sheet of paper without speaking, without even glancing at her. Lynne read.

"John Devon" ran the typewritten letter—

ing, "did not take the seventy pounds from your desk. I did. The money has been returned to you with this note."

Speechlessly, Lynne handed back the note.

"The money," said Alexander Meredith heavily, "was not on my desk. This is, I presume, some absurd sort of a joke. A joke, I might add, that is not appreciated. Do you know anything about the matter?"

"I have never seen that note before," Lynne said carefully.

"With the exception of your mother and grandfather—both of whom it is utterly absurd to suspect of joking—you were the only one at home this morning."

"Father, do you think I left that note on your desk?"

"I confess myself at a loss to understand it."

"The note," Lynne said very quietly, "is typewritten. I can't use a typewriter."

The man gave a reluctant nod. He had forgotten that. Another blank wall. An angry flush rose to his cheeks, his infection held something of the anger that blazed from his eyes.

"The whole thing is monstrous. Did any of your brothers come into the house while I was away this morning?"

"No!"

He sat down, his expression changing.

"Lynne, I'm worried!"

It was the first human confession she had ever heard him make; she appreciated the softness of his tone, the appeal his words contained.

"The loss of the money doesn't worry me," he continued. "I threatened to bring in the police, but the police were used merely as a threat. The loss of the money, I say, is trifling; it is the air of mystery about the affair that worries me. There is something in the air. Everyone is secretive. Your brothers are keeping something back, and I don't like it. He clenched his hand and brought it with a forceful bang upon his desk. "I repeat, I don't like it!"

"It is certainly all very indefinite, father; but the note is right—John didn't take the money."

He frowned. "I can't accept that."

"I'm sorry. I hoped you would. I'm going to see him this afternoon."

"You know what seeing young Devon means?"

"Yes, I know."

"Then there is nothing more to be said."

"Nothing."

LYNNE left her father sitting before his desk, fingering the note, twisting it beyond recognition. He was frowning. Not the harsh frown she had learned to associate with him, but a frown of concentration and—was she mistaken?—of doubt.

She went to her room and packed a small suitcase. In her heart Lynne knew she was not definitely leaving home; she would regard it merely as a few days' holiday, a temporary absence. She shut and locked the suitcase, then sought her mother.

Mrs. Meredith was still trembling. Lynne's heart went out to her.

"Mums," she said softly, "what are you going to do with the money?"

"Give it back to your grandfather, my dear."

"Will he take it?"

"I'll insist that he does. Lynne—the note—did your father—"

"He thinks the whole business is a joke. Even if the money had been left with the letter, he wouldn't believe in John's innocence."

Mrs. Meredith's lips quivered, tears welled to her faded eyes.

"Mums, I won't be home to-night," Lynne said.

"My dear—"

"I'm going to Jacqueline for a while . . . until this affair is cleared up."

"First Leo—now you. Bradley will be the next to go—"

Mrs. Meredith buried her face in her

hands and her frail shoulders shook with the force of the sobs that racked her body. When Lynne arrived at the hospital she found John Devon, pale but very cheerful, sitting up in bed.

"Why?" John Devon demanded, the moment he was alone with her. "Have you stayed away for the past week?"

"A week?" she returned demurely, "I thought it a year."

"Darling!"

"Invalids mustn't be too lover-like. It's bad for the nerves."

He patted the edge of the bed. "Come closer. Loveliness. There's nothing whatever wrong with my arms. Now tell me."

"Tell you what?"

"Why you stayed away this morning!"

"Didn't Jacqueline explain?"

"I believe she did call this morning, but I was unfortunate enough to be asleep. Now, Madam, speak."

She told him, lightly and with deceptive brightness.

"So I am Jacqueline's guest for to-night," she concluded, "perhaps for a week or two."

"The guest of Mrs. Leo Meredith."

"Isn't it wonderful?"

"Great! Leo has shed three or four years."

"And Jacqueline is radiant. John—"

"My dear!"

Her lips closed. She had been on the point of telling him of the suspicion of her grandfather that had become almost a conviction; but they had agreed not to speak of the subject.

John Devon's hand closed over hers.

"Lynnette, forget the rotten business," he said gently.

She glanced up at him, surprise in her eyes.

"You guessed—?"

"It was easy enough. There is only one thing that can make your expression hard and your mouth bitter."

"John, I can't forget."

"Not even if I ask you? You've been a gallant little fighter. I'll always love you for that, Lynnette, but I'd rather you didn't probe. Girl, I'm warning you—you'll be sorry for it if you do. Forget the affair. Forget it, and be nice to me, Lynnette."

John Devon thought her response quite satisfactory.

AT the end of the week John was able to leave hospital. Lynne, at the wheel of Jacqueline's sedan, drove him home to the pretty bungalow where Clara Stanley, in a flutter of pleasurable excitement, waited on the verandah.

He was a cheerful invalid. From the beginning he had made light of his injuries.

"A crack on the head. I'm not altogether sorry for it, either."

"Why?" Lynne had questioned.

"Because it showed me what a loyal little person my future wife is."

Clara Stanley was inclined to fuss, to hover around like an anxious hen over an ailing chicken. John accepted her attentions good-naturedly, because he knew his aunt would be hurt if he objected. But he preferred the hours when Lynne sat beside him on the sun-bathed verandah, the hours when they spoke of their love of the future. There was no cloud in John's sky. Only one in Lynne's—her inability to complete the task she had set herself.

"If only I could remember that something that haunts me," she said a little fretfully to Jacqueline.

"It might be a figment of your imagination, my dear."

"No, it isn't imagination. But I can't explain just what it is I feel. There is a blank that ought to be filled, a—a—oh, it's thoroughly exasperating."

In the early part of the evening John

Devon left the hospital, Lynne rang her mother. Over the phone, Mrs. Meredith sounded more cheerful; her voice held a ring of hope.

"Lynne, your grandfather has taken back his money. I persuaded him to."

"I am glad."

"We are going to lose him."

Lynne's throat contracted. Her heart gave a queer throb.

"Is he—?"

"He seems better, dear. I mean—he's going to leave Treedale."

"Leo—Gran—and—"

"You," said Mrs. Meredith's plaintive voice.

"Are you lonely, Mums?"

"I'm waiting."

"For what?"

"For the time when everything will come right. Keep a brave heart, my dear."

Half-an-hour later Bradley called. A different Bradley. He came in whistling, youthfully eager to tell his news. But he did not immediately tell Lynne why he had come to see her.

He said: "How are things?"

"Fine. John is home again."

He slyly tweaked her ear. "John is your world."

"Yes—my world."

"Do you believe in miracles?" Bradley queried.

Lynne's smile was a radiant lighting of her face.

"They said John would die, but he lived. Yes, I believe in miracles."

"Do you think one could happen at Treedale?"

"Not," she declared flatly, "I don't!"

"It has. Actually. This morning the old man called me into the study. I am a trouble in large junkies, but there was no trouble. Father asked me if I'd like to study commercial art."

"He asked—that?" breathed the girl.

Bradley's laugh was a gleeful sound. "Like something dished up by Hans Anderson, but it's a fact. What do you make of that, kid?"

She said slowly: "I can't make anything of it."

"Neither could I—at first. Then I twigged. Someone helped Leo to the extent of a cool two thou. Father's pride was jolted. He thinks I might receive an offer from the same source, savvy? So he's getting in first."

"What did you say?"

Bradley stared. "I jumped at the offer. I can't see the sense of being stuffy and standing on my dig. I took what the gods offered and am thankful."

"I'm glad for your sake. Brad, do you know who helped Leo?"

"No," Bradley said promptly, "haven't the foggiest."

"It's queer. But what does it matter? Leo is going to make a good thing out of Renards. He'll repay the money with good interest. Brad, do you still admit to taking father's seventy pounds?"

"Sure," said the boy easily.

"Gill says he took it."

Bradley laughed. "Good old Gill—he would!"

"Will you answer one other question—truthfully this time?"

"That's rich!" He chuckled. "Fire ahead!"

"Was the money you used to pay Phelps part of father's seventy?"

"I SAY!" he protested.

"Was it?"

"Seeing that I lifted the cash to pour down Phelps's dirty neck, I suppose it was."

"Brad, why do you shield Gill?"

"Why does he shield me?"

"Is he?"

"He is—the fool," Bradley said affectionately.

In that moment, like a flame that stabbed

through her brain, like a light that momentarily blinded her, Lynne remembered the elusive something that had puzzled her for so long. The clue! It was no longer a mystery. She knew; and her eyes widened, her heart throbbed painfully. She remembered, and remembering—she knew. Knew beyond doubt. She shivered.

"Cold?" Bradley asked.

"Cold? No, I'm not cold."

"What's bitten you, Lynne?"

"Brad, will you leave now? I want to think. To think," she repeated to herself. After he had gone, she sat dreading the coming interview with her grandfather.

"Poor old Gran," she said, and the words came with a low sob. "Poor old Gran!"

CHAPTER 10.

ALEXANDER MEREDITH paced his study. He was mentally shaken; had received a blow greater than the blow delivered by his eldest son when he had so casually and calmly announced his purchase of Renards' little store, a blow even greater than his daughter's decision to leave Treedale. He had overheard portion of his wife's discussion with her father, he could still hear the unaccustomed note of passion in her voice.

"The seventy pounds belong to you. I won't let you make the sacrifice. Why should you?"

"For the girl, Beth; for the girl," Matthew Lew had murmured.

"But Alexander doesn't believe the contents of the note left on his desk! He still thinks John guilty; he wants to think him guilty!"

That was the blow! Alexander Meredith had hurried beyond hearing, but his wife's words—and how strangely unlike Beth they had been—rang in his ears. He found it hard to believe, but Beth's voice had sounded contemptuous. He couldn't understand it; to try, was like attempting to solve a complicated and unpleasant kind of puzzle.

Did he want to believe John Devon guilty? Mr. Meredith knew that he didn't; but if the thief was not John, it must be a member of his own family, and when all is said and done blood is thicker than water.

And that reference to seventy pounds! What had Beth meant? As he saw it, Matthew Lew had stolen the seventy pounds, had later replaced the money upon his desk with a typewritten note; and Beth had removed the money.

A deep frown gathered. Why should old Matthew Lew have taken the money? What did he want with it? And why had Beth refused to allow its return? Matthew Lew had composed the note claiming John's innocence; Mr. Meredith felt certain of it. He could not quite determine how the note came to be typed, but the explanation was no doubt a simple one.

The man sat down with a groan. Leo had accepted a large sum of money presumably from an entire stranger; Lynne had left her home, Matthew Lew had expressed his intention of leaving.

BUT it was Beth's contempt that hurt most. She was keeping something from him, and he had never before known Beth to be secretive. He was convinced that Matthew Lew had stolen the money, and Beth knew of it!

Because he was thorough in all he did, Alexander Meredith conducted his self-analysis thoroughly. He tried to view himself from his children's point of view, and failed utterly.

He admitted being hard on Leo, but he loved the boy and had wanted to keep him at Treedale, and he had always meant to establish Leo in the business world when the right time arrived. At heart he ad-

mired his son's move in purchasing Renards at such an absurdly low figure, but he resented the fact a stranger had supplied the necessary capital. If Leo had only approached him—Again he paused, rubbing his nose with increased irritation. Leo had approached him—without result. Even young Bradley had amazed him.

Fearing possible offers and interference from the mysterious outside source, he had offered to pay for the boy's training in commercial art. The recollection of Bradley's almost ludicrous surprise still irked. The boy had been quick to accept the offer, but had accepted with a dazed air of incredulity that was emphatically not flattering. He wheeled as his wife came into the study, irritability at its height.

"Beth—" Unintentionally his tone was loud.

He saw the start she gave, and his anger grew.

"What's the matter with you, Beth? Anyone would think I am an ogre! Is there any need to start and tremble when I speak? Confound it, woman, has the entire household gone crazy?"

"I'm sorry, Alexander," she faltered.

"Sorry?" Anger cracked his voice. "I demand to know what's going on! The very atmosphere is—constrained. The very word! Constrained! There are whisperings behind my back..."

"Alexander, please—" He flung down his pipe with a violence that snapped the stem. Stared at it in stupefaction for a moment, and then, as though ashamed of his outburst and display of weakness, grew calmer.

"Beth—" She caught her breath at the unexpected softness of his tone. "Beth, will you answer a simple question?"

"Why, Alexander, of course!"

"Are you afraid of me?"

"I have always been afraid of you," she whispered.

"Good heavens, Beth—why?"

She shook her head. "I don't know why. Perhaps because I don't understand you."

He stared; could not believe what he heard. His wife actually afraid of him, he had heard her admit it! The thing was fantastic, incredible. He knew himself to be the master of his household, that was his right; but it was a revelation to learn that he had mastered by fear.

"Beth—" He stretched out his hand, but she avoided him, and with a queer little sound, neither laugh nor sob, hurried from the room.

The man gulped. His outstretched hand dropped slowly to his side. This was the crowning blow. Beth the docile, the unquestioningly obedient. Beth! It was extraordinary. It was even more extraordinary when he considered what her father had done.

Oddly, he found himself regretting his wife's fear, his youngest son's dazed incredulity, Leo and Lynne's defiance. And, when he came to consider the matter, what did he know of Gilbert? It came as a shock to discover how really little he knew of his family, or their ambitions.

He strode from the study and sought his father-in-law. The old man did not like him; Alexander Meredith knew that. Characteristically, he did not waste time, but plunged immediately into the object of his unaccustomed visit to the blind man's room.

"Mr. Lew—" He had never been able to call his father-in-law anything but Mr. Lew. "What is all this talk I hear about you leaving Treedale? It is a good home. I have done my duty, I hope, in offering it to you."

"Treedale is a good house," said Matthew Lew, "better than the one I am going to."

He substituted the word house for home,

but Mr. Meredith failed to understand the significance of the substitution.

He said: "They why are you preparing to leave? Surely I have a right to know?"

"I want rest and peace," the old man murmured.

"Rest and—Gad, man; isn't there rest at Treedale? And peace?"

"If there is," said Matthew Lew, "I have never found it."

"You're not in a fit state to leave," Mr. Meredith said angrily. "What will my friends and acquaintances think? That I have refused to harbor my father-in-law?"

"They'll say that, no doubt, and many other things," the old man said mildly, "but none will guess the truth. You're a hard man, Alexander Meredith; you've always been a hard man, like your father before you. You've broken my Beth. A laughing lass she was, aye, always laughing. What is she now? When did you last hear her laugh? She's forgotten how! Aye, a hard man, an unforgiving man! And if you don't change your mind and let that girl of yours and her boy alone, there'll be trouble. I feel it. I can see it. Aye, and I'm no visionary; just an old man that's seen a bit of life."

"Are you trying to tell me my business?"

MATTHEW LEW chuckled. "Have you ever taken advice from anyone? I'm trying to point out your mistakes. I've always hankered to tell you what you are, and what I think of you. But I couldn't do it while I was dependent on you. It's different now."

Alexander Meredith clenched his hands. He did not speak, and Matthew Lew spoke before him, slowly, a hand clutching at his heart.

"Darkness," he muttered. "If only I could see, just once. Darkness, and it's growing darker..."

"Sit down," Mr. Meredith said gruffly, but kindly enough. He assisted the old man into a chair and stood helplessly before him, anger forgotten.

"Where's Beth?" There was a piteous appeal in the query. "Where's my Beth?"

"I'll call her."

"Aye, call her quickly."

Alarmed, Mr. Meredith went to the door and called his wife; he called urgently, without removing his gaze from the blind man. A heart attack brought on by excitement, by the effort of speaking his mind.

Mrs. Meredith came running.

"Father—"

The old man smiled. "Is that you, Beth? Something tells me you are near. I can't hear, and I can't see. Will the girl be all right? The girl, and her lad?"

Beth Meredith raised imploring eyes to her husband's face; her lips moved soundlessly.

Mr. Meredith swallowed, then said: "Lynne and young Devon will be all right."

"Beth—"

"I'm here, father."

"The money—the seventy pounds—my passport to peace—I leave it to you."

He smiled again, a fleeting, beautiful smile.

"My passport to peace," he sighed.

For Matthew Lew there would be no more seeking after rest. He was at rest. There would be no more darkness. He could see!

"There's something on Lynne's mind," Jacqueline remarked to her husband, "she's unhappy."

"I've noticed it," Leo said. "John?"

"No, not John. It's something else. I asked quite frankly if anything had happened to upset her. She said no. I first noticed the change after Bradley had gone."

As for the girl herself, with the weight of knowledge weighing heavily upon her,

she had decided to go to John Devon for advice—and comfort.

She did not immediately tell John, when she found him sitting on the verandah with a rug over his knees, that the clue which had eluded her for so long was no longer a mystery, but sighed gently when his arms closed around her. For an instant she lay unresisting against him with eyes closed, then withdrew herself from his arms.

"You have amazing strength for an invalid," she told him smilingly.

What Lynne had failed to keep hidden from her brother and his wife, she also failed to hide from the man who loved her. He knew instantly that she was troubled, and he knew why! He took her hands in his and gently kissed the palm of each.

"Don't look like that, girl."

"John—" She broke off uncertainly, then, with an attempted lightness, said: "How do I look?"

"Lovely, but troubled. Beauty in distress!"

She smiled slightly. "I wish I knew how to begin."

"Don't begin; it isn't necessary. Your eyes have already told me that—you know!"

"Yes, I know! But I don't want to talk about it."

"I can understand that."

"But I must do something. What can I do?"

"Forget," he said promptly.

"I couldn't forget."

"Pretend that you can. What else is there to do? Would you go home and tackle your father?"

"Father?" she cried, horrified. "No, not father! Grandfather."

John Devon glanced at her sharply. He did not understand the remark; it did not fit in with the knowledge he possessed, and the knowledge he thought Lynne possessed. Had he been mistaken in thinking she knew? Or was Lynne mistaken?

"Your grandfather?" he said, oddly.

She nodded.

"And then —?" the man questioned.

"I'm not certain about the afterwards. First, I must discuss it with someone. Obviously, Gran is the only one with whom I can discuss it. Then I'll try to forget!"

He nodded approval. "It's better that way, Lynette."

"Much better that way," she whispered, and clung to him.

LYNNE MEREDITH made no effort to hurry. She did not want to reach Treedale too early; she did not want to arrive at all. But it was wisest to see Matthew Lew and tell him that she knew. Such a simple clue, yet so revealing! Poor Gran; she could not help but pity him. He had tried so hard to clear John Devon.

As she walked, Lynne remembered her grandfather's visit to the corner newsagency.

"A little business I want to discuss with the young lady," he had said.

Business! Lia was only seventeen; what did she know about business. She was an excellent typist, beyond that —. A typist. Of course! The typewritten note Matthew Lew had approached the girl, had probably paid her a trifle to type the note he dictated. Dear, noble Gran! Afterwards he had been elated; believing his sacrifice would clear the road for John Devon and herself, he had thrust aside his own need of the money. He had been so willing to give up his little hoard, willing, although it meant the end of his hopes of leaving Treedale.

She found the side-door open and entered; without knowing why, Lynne walked

silently. Treedale had always been a house of silence.

Voices in her grandfather's room! That was unusual. Something very unusual must have occurred to take her father into Matthew Lew's combination of bed and sitting room. Lynne hesitated. She did not want to intrude, nor did she want to remain at Treedale longer than necessary.

She listened for the sound of Matthew Lew's deep voice, but heard only her father's and the low murmur of her mother's. She waited impatiently, with growing uneasiness. Her mother and father were no longer talking, and she found the silence intolerable.

With a briskness she did not feel, Lynne walked to the door of her grandfather's room. Her mother—crying; and old Matthew Lew lying peacefully upon the bed. He was smiling, a little wise smile, as though he had solved the mystery of life and found it not such a problem after all; a smile of infinite peace.

Involuntarily, Lynne said: "He's resting."

Both her parents turned. Alexander Meredith did not speak, but Mrs. Meredith's lips moved into the ghost of a smile, and she murmured:

"He's no longer stifled, Lynne."

Stifled! Mr. Meredith glanced in angry bewilderment from his wife to his daughter. He resented the use of the word. It was an exaggeration and an insult; it angered him to think that any one of his household should be stifled! And for Beth, of all people, to use the word.

"I did my duty," he said stiffly, a frown between his eyes. "I gave the old man a home."

"Duty?" said Lynne. "Oh, father!"

Still he failed to comprehend. Oh, father! As though he were some kind of a criminal.

"Why did you come home?" he asked, and felt on safer ground.

"To have a talk with Gran."

"I think," said Alexander Meredith gruffly, "you had better make arrangements to stay at home. Your mother may need you. No —" as the girl was on the point of speaking, "there are no conditions or restrictions. I am thinking of your mother."

Lynne went to her room. Her first feeling, after one swift stab of sorrow, was thankfulness for Matthew Lew's release. She did not mourn him, could not. But she was dazed by the unexpectedness of coming home to find him dead. She had planned to say so much. First of all she had intended speaking of the club; and then, gently:

"I'm not going to speak to father, Gran — so you needn't worry because I might! Both John and I have agreed to keep silent, but I had to tell you that I know."

But Matthew Lew was dead, and there was no one else with whom the girl could discuss her discovery. No one? Yes, there was John!

CHAPTER 11.

THE first and most important of Alexander Meredith's problems was the effect his father-in-law's last words had upon him.

Matthew Lew, speaking to his daughter, had said with his rare and beautiful smile: "The money—seventy pounds—my passport to peace—I leave it to you."

Seventy pounds! The exact sum stolen from the study desk. His Alexander Meredith's money; and the blind man, his mind blurred by the hovering hand of death, had bequeathed to Beth that to which he had no right.

It was his wife's attitude that annoyed Mr. Meredith. Beth knew the seventy

pounds did not rightly belong to her father, yet she had made no attempt to return it. Perhaps, in her grief, she had forgotten. Mr. Meredith could not believe that. He was exasperated, and for the first time in his life was undecided what action to take.

He shrank from the notion of asking for the money; although he questioned his wife's right to it, he could not bring himself to discuss the matter with her. It savored of meanness. Nor would he have known what words to employ. Without knowing it, he dreaded a possible return of the contempt he had surprised in her eyes. And at heart he was concerned about the strangeness of her attitude. It was so unBeth like.

She seemed calmer, in some subtle manner less afraid. On more than one occasion during the past week she had attempted to argue with him; Beth the docile, the silent!

The second of the problems was Lynne's refusal to return home.

"Later," she had said airily, "but it is such a change at Jacqueline's, and mother can spare me. I asked her."

TAKEN aback, he had queried: "So you prefer another's home to your own?"

"I'm afraid I do," she had replied.

The third of his problems was a scrawled communication from a man signing himself Phelps. Mr. Meredith knew Phelps' reputation; he was incensed that a man of Phelps' type should write to him, even more incensed by the contents of the letter.

"Your son thinks himself too good for the club now," ran the spidery handwriting. "But he was not too good a few months back. I don't suppose young Bradley told you about his little flutters. Secretive young devil I found him, with a none too pleasant word for his old man. That makes you jump, eh? I've handled his I.O.U.'s. Did he tell you about 'em? I bet he didn't, the—! I.O.U.'s amounting to over a tenner. Turned the club down, has he? You can tell Mister Bradley Meredith from yours truly, that two can play at that game. Me, I'm no mug when it comes to blowing the gaff. Yours, Archie Phelps."

As he read the scrawled note for the third time, Alexander Meredith grunted. Phelps was a fool! He had unwittingly built for himself a nice little trap. He had allowed spleen to dull his wits. His letter, signed, admitted the existence of a club run apparently for the sole purposes of gambling. Evidence on paper, in the man's own handwriting. A fool, a complete fool! Fool?

Mr. Meredith considered. His son's name was mentioned. He could not produce the note as evidence unless his son's name was involved. Perhaps Phelps had thought of that. Perhaps not.

Mister Bradley Meredith—I.O.U.'s to the extent of ten pounds.

"Scoundrel!" Mr. Meredith muttered, thinking of Phelps.

"Madness," he added as realization of his son's foolishness came to him. He had one consolation. Bradley, according to the note, had apparently severed his connection with the "club."

Footsteps passed the study door; he heard the sound of cheerful whistling and called:

"Bradley!"

"Hello?" The whistling ceased.

"Come in here."

Bradley came in. "What's the trouble, Pop?"

Mr. Meredith started, and stared. Bradley grinned.

"Sorry, it slipped out, I was feeling par-

ticularly backed. What's the trouble—father?"

"This letter," Mr. Meredith said grimly. "Dirty-looking epistle," commented Bradley.

"Read it!"

Bradley read it. "The rotten little swine," he commented.

"Then you admit—"

"Not much good trying to wriggle out of it that I can see," the boy said resignedly.

"What is the nature of the—the club?"

"Usual thing. Poker mostly; pretty hard school. And a darn crooked one," Bradley muttered beneath his breath.

"Were you actually in debt to the extent of ten pounds or over?"

"I was rooked, and like a fool I fell for it."

"But actually—"

"About twelve quid," Bradley said briefly. His father's mouth tightened, then released itself.

"Is the debt paid?"

"Yes."

"Who paid it?"

"I did." The boy shuffled uneasily, knowing where this questioning would end.

"You did! Where did you get the money?"

Bradley's mouth closed and he maintained stubborn silence.

"Well?" his father demanded with ominous quietness.

"The money's paid," Bradley muttered sulkily. "Isn't that good enough?"

"Not nearly good enough! To think of a son of mine—"

"That's what started the whole rotten business," said the boy, with a flare of anger. "Most fathers would have helped their sons. But not you. You boasted about rising by your own efforts and expected us to do the same. It's a lot of beastly rot. Well, Phelps has let the cat out of the bag! I suppose that means the end of my art course."

"No!" Alexander Meredith said, unexpectedly. "This note refers to the past. We'll forget the past."

"Rather," agreed the boy, with a return of his former high spirits. "Jolly decent of you, Old Man. Um—father!"

"You'll give me your word—"

"I won't go near the club again," Bradley said promptly. "I'd murder Phelps if I did. Cheerio, Old Man."

He went out breezily, leaving his father in a state, unusual to him, of mental uncertainty. Despite himself Alexander Meredith, who had insisted upon being called "Father," was warmed by his son's friendly "Cheerio, Old Man." The words had a pleasant sound, without being disrespectful. He had even liked the strangely unusual "Pop." And he found himself appreciating his son, regretting the necessity for the Club incident.

THE doorbell pealed. Mr. Meredith raised his head and sat listening. Lynne? He hoped she had returned; the place was not the same without her. A month ago he would not have admitted it; he admitted it now. Alexander Meredith would remain the strict and domineering father to the end of his life, but his vision was clearer.

He heard Beth speaking. Then a hearty answer in a voice that awakened memories. Indefinite, unsatisfactory memories of the long ago. Yet he failed to recognise the voice.

His wife came hurriedly into the study. He knew by her expression that something unusual had happened. She was trembling, her eyes were a little wide. The eyes of a

child startled, dismayed. She looked at him queerly.

"What is it, Beth?"

"She—she's come to see you, Alexander."

"Who has come?" His terse query held irritation. He felt he had been through enough for one morning, and Beth's lack of control was an added irritation.

"John's aunt—Clara Stanley."

Alexander Meredith rose slowly. He was unconscious of the light in his eyes, the unmistakable pleasure, but his wife shivered.

"Clara, here?" he said incredulously.

"Here? Why? What does she want?"

"She refused to tell me."

"Ah—private business."

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Meredith tonelessly. "Will I ask her in here?"

"No! Yes! Wait!"

Mrs. Meredith waited, but her lips quivered.

"Clara—Clara here!" the man said agitatedly. "I presume she has come about that nephew of hers and the money. I made a mistake about John Devon, and I don't mind admitting it. I'll see her."

"You made a mistake about John?"

With unaccustomed gentleness, he said: "Why keep on pretending, Beth? You know your father needed that money, and I know it. He's gone. There's no need to say any more about the matter. We'll forget."

"Alex, you mean that?"

He bowed his head. "Now, show Clara in. Clara Stanley—after all these years."

The far-away look returned to his eyes.

Mrs. Meredith flushed, but she went out with head up, and, having shown Clara Stanley into the study, she closed the door quietly and went away, leaving her husband and the only woman he had ever loved together.

It was the woman who broke the tense silence.

"Well, Alex?" she said briskly.

Mr. Meredith said nothing. He could think of nothing adequate to say.

Clara Stanley was old, as faded as Beth. Ridiculously, he realised it now, as he thought of her as he had seen her last—a laughing, mocking girl, with dark hair and eyes and a mouth that curled tantalisingly up at the corners. How she had laughed, mocked, anted! So gay always, so demure if she chose, so altogether desirable. Throughout Alexander Meredith's life she had remained his ideal of womanhood.

She said again: "Aren't you going to speak to me, Alex?"

Because he was uncertain of himself and of her, the man answered stiffly: "Good afternoon, Miss Stanley."

She laughed, ringingly, and, yes, her eyes actually mocked.

"Miss Stanley? You were always a good hater, Alex."

That startled him. Hatred? He had never hated her.

"I have never," he said, carefully, "hated you, er—Clara."

"No?" Her tone was impersonally brisk. "Glad to hear it. Personally, Alex Meredith, I thought very little of you years ago, even as a boy you were as unbending as a ramrod. And when I became engaged you bore me a grudge. I can't," said Miss Stanley, with refreshing candour, "abide people who bear grudges!"

The man stiffened. Before he could answer, the little woman continued:

"Incidentally, although I run the risk of being told to mind my own business, what have you been doing to Beth Lew?"

"My wife is well," he returned resentfully.

"Indeed?" The query held polite doubt. "She looks far from well. Too pale and thin and run down. But, of course, you

know the state of affairs of your wife's health better than I. Do you know why I am here?"

He suspected, but answered: "I do not!"

"I came," she said, nodding her head with an air of implied humor, "to tell you that I consider your treatment of your son and daughter disgraceful."

That was unexpected; she succeeded in rousing his anger. Criticism had always angered Alexander Meredith.

"Miss Stanley—"

"But," she interrupted with a little laugh that ran up the scale and down again, "I know you're dying to tell me to mind my own business, but don't do it! I always did like dipping into other people's affairs. I revel in it, and I admit it!"

ALEXANDER MEREDITH believed her. Snapping dark eyes, indomitable spirit. The same Clara Stanley, the same sharp, merry tongue. But with a difference; or did the difference lie in his viewpoint. In the long ago he had thought her gay and droll; now she irritated, presumed too much.

"I have enjoyed a successful business life," the woman told him with smiling eyes. "I've made money. I have the Midas touch."

"Er—congratulations," he said lamely.

She nodded acknowledgment. "Quite successful! I'm not boasting, I'm stating facts. It is necessary."

"I'm afraid I fail to—"

She refused to let him speak. "I know exactly what you are going to say. You fail to understand what I'm driving at. Don't say it. You will understand very shortly. In addition to a very useful Midas touch, Alex, I have an excellent insight into character. Always have had. I had it years ago when I refused you and became engaged to Ronald."

"Miss Stanley—" His voice shook.

"Patience, Alex, patience! I have been stating that I've an excellent insight into character. I saw, even without my nephew's recommendation, that your son Leo would make an excellent manager. I recognised immediately that he was the type of man who, given a free hand, could make a paying proposition out of Renard's. Do I make myself clear?"

"Admirably clear," said the man grimly.

"I usually do! Your son and I have gone into partnership, Alex. Renard's, Leo wanted to tell you, but I insisted that he remain quiet until all the papers were duly signed and made watertight. My nephew first told me of Leo's ambitions, and I saw that the boy had insight. I like to encourage those with worthy ambitions. It seemed to me that you had lost an excellent opportunity, but it is not a habit of mine to allow opportunity to pass by unnoticed."

Alexander Meredith swallowed hard. He was somewhat dazed and he longed, suddenly, for the mouse-like quietness of his wife. This chattering, mocking creature! Had he ever believed her chatter fascinating? The blindness of youth was incredible, appalling. He could not believe that he had spent a lifetime regretting this woman's refusal to marry him. He had worshipped an ideal, not a reality. He had been woefully blind and—he admitted it—grossly unfair to Beth.

"And that," said Miss Stanley, rising, "is all I have to say."

He brightened.

"Practically all," she added, resuming her seat.

He groaned. It was sufficiently humiliating to learn that Clara Stanley had assisted his son financially, without further revelations. He glanced hopefully towards the door, but there was no sign of Beth; and he knew from past experience that if Clara

Stanley had anything further to say, she would say it! He waited resignedly.

Her words, when they were uttered, came as a final blow.

"This shilly-shallying business between your daughter and my nephew must stop! I have other plans for John. He is a good boy, a boy with brains, with a future."

Mr. Meredith trembled. "Are you implying that my daughter isn't— isn't—" He swallowed; the words stuck in his throat. With an effort he made a second attempt, and this time the words came with a rush: "Isn't good enough for your nephew?"

"Lynnette is very sweet," said Clara Stanley serenely, "a very sweet child indeed. I find it hard to believe she is your daughter, Alex. It is not Lynnette that I object to; it's her family."

And she was laughing at him, mocking him, tantalising him! She had meant to jolt, and had succeeded. He saw that she mocked, and stemmed his indignant rush of words. That would be playing into her hands; she had aimed to rouse him, and had very nearly succeeded.

Alexander Meredith's world tumbled. He could think of nothing to say, yet his mind seethed with scathing sentences. He did not know just how seriously to take this queer, elfin woman with her flashing dark eyes, her maddening mockery.

"Thank God for Beth," Alexander Meredith said in his heart, and meant it. "Thank God for Beth!"

"I must be going," Clara Stanley announced briskly. "I will consider my decision about Lynnette. There is John to be considered, and, as I said, Lynnette is so sweet. So wholly her mother's daughter. But, then, a daughter of Beth Lew's would be sweet."

He rose to conduct her to the door, but she waved an airy hand.

"No, don't rise. Beth Lew will see me to the door. Good afternoon."

"Good afternoon," he returned feebly.

SHE was gone. He breathed a sigh of intense relief. Beth Lew—how she had insisted upon using his wife's maiden name. In some subtle manner she had made it sound indecent. As though there had been no legal ceremony between Beth and he. Irritably, the man rubbed his nose. What an awakening; he did not know whether to be glad or sorry for the encounter with Clara Stanley—she had destroyed a lifelong dream, but while destroying it had opened his eyes to Beth's virtues.

He heard the front door close, and called: "Beth!"

She came to him with the passive obedience so much part of her nature. Beth Meredith did not speak, but stood looking at him, her heart in her eyes. Those eyes!

He understood and was startled. Not only startled, but inexpressively pleased. She loved him, was actually jealous of the woman from his past.

"Beth, you don't think— But you do! I can see that you do."

"Clara always fascinated you," she said slowly.

"My dear, that chattering magpie of a woman means nothing to me, and I mean less than nothing to her. She would have driven me mad in less than a week. She

Mrs. Meredith studied him wonderingly. "Alexander, you're angry with her!"

"I've never been so humiliated in all my life! When I think of the things that woman said..."

"Did she mention John and the money?"

"Not a word! But she did say Lynnette

isn't good enough for young Devon."

"Clara Stanley said that!"

"She did!" grimly.

"Then she was mocking you, Alexander."

"Yes," he agreed, "she was mocking at

me. It was she who financed Leo. Imagine it... Leo indebted to her."

"It was a business proposition; Clara Stanley won't lose, Alex. Neither will Leo, I know very little about business, but Leo is clever."

He nodded. "So is Clara Stanley!"

Yes, thought Beth Meredith, who knew Clara Stanley better than her husband, Clara was clever. Chattering magpie of a woman! Clara had never been that never would be. If she had chattered it had been with an object. Beth's resentment died, admiration took its place. She felt oddly grateful to the little woman who had said good-bye in an infinitely gentle voice, whose right eyelid had closed in a wickedly expressive wink that Beth, until now, had failed to understand.

"My dear," Alexander Meredith began, "if that woman calls here again—I will be out. Under no circumstances show her into the study. Why—Beth! Beth!"

She was in his arms crying—crying as he had never before seen her cry, her head against his shoulder, one hand clutching his coat.

THAT night Lynette Meredith spoke to John of the thing on her mind, spoke slowly, nestling close to him.

"John, dear, I must speak to someone now that Grandfather is gone. From the very beginning you've refused to tell me who took that money; but if I tell you—"

"Yes?" he prompted, quietly.

"Will you tell me whether I'm right or wrong?"

He laughed. "You canny one! If you know, I'll confirm it; and I think you do know."

"I'm sure of it. John, listen! The money disappeared; there was no clue to its disappearance, only the footsteps that Grandfather heard. And what are footsteps? Not one of us thought of seriously doubting Grandfather—not seriously! And actually, there was nothing to doubt. Everything happened just as he said it did. Someone came hurriedly into the study, then went hurriedly out again."

"You remember me speaking of the elusive something that had slipped to the back of my mind and wouldn't come forward? For days I puzzled over it. In the end I began to think that I must be mistaken, but last week the day Grandfather died, I remembered. John, have you any idea what it was that I remembered?"

He shook his head. "Not even a notion."

Lynette's voice muffled, she spoke with difficulty.

"I remembered the night of the day I first met you!"

"Wherever is the significance of that?" John Devon questioned.

"Leo told me he was going to see Jacqueline, and I decided to accompany him. Just for the walk—to escape from the atmosphere of Treedale. I went out before Leo, and near the gate met Grandfather. He often strolled around the grounds at night. He spoke to me. I told him I was going out and a few minutes later he said:

"You are going with Leo!"

"John, I hadn't mentioned Leo! Grandfather heard him coming from the house. He actually said: 'Leo! coming now, I can hear him.'"

"Footsteps! He knew mine, he knew Leo's. That was the clue—remembering that grandfather knew the footsteps of everyone of us. Then I realised that Grandfather must know who it was that came into the study, that he knew what had happened as clearly as though he had seen the whole thing. He'd recognise the footsteps."

"Jove!"

"Grandfather knew," Lynette continued,

"and not one of us thought to ask him whether or not he had recognised the footsteps. I think he would have denied it if we had asked."

"Then I began to wonder why he had kept silent, who it was he shielded. Had Stevenson taken the money, or father, or the boys, I think Grandfather would have spoken. But there was one person he'd shield to the end—mother!"

"John, mother took that money. She took it, then went straight to the scene of the accident and remained there."

"She took it for Bradley! I think Brad suspects, but he does not know! That's why he took the blame—to shield Mumie. And because he shared the money with Gill, Gill thinks Bradley is the thief and tried to shift the blame on to himself. Isn't it a muddle?"

"Quite a muddle," said John Devon, to whom several points of Lynette's argument were quite new.

"John, am I right? Was it mother?"

"Yes," he said, quietly, "it was your mother."

CHAPTER 13.

MRS. MEREDITH clasped and unclasped her hands nervously. Within ten minutes she would know whether her sister had written. If there was no letter she intended to act at once, there had already been too much delay. John Devon would begin to think she had no intention of carrying out her promise to him.

"I am going to replace the money, John," she had informed him, sending Bradley, who had accompanied her to the hospital out of the room before she spoke, "and when I do I will tell Mr. Meredith exactly what happened. But first—I must have the money to replace."

He had said: "I quite understand, Mrs. Meredith," and his eyes had glowed as though he felt glad she had spoken to him.

But time was passing, and still her sister's long expected letter had not arrived.

"I know seventy pounds is a lot of money to borrow, Rose," she had written, "but I will manage to pay it back somehow. It may take years to pay you, but I'll do it, you know that. If I thought you doubted, I would not ask this great favor of you."

But Rose had not answered. If the morning's post contained no news, Beth Meredith had made up her mind to wait no longer. She had been weak and cowardly in waiting so long, but always she had hoped.

It was not fair to her father's memory to wait longer; not fair to Lynette and John. It was not, when she came to analyse it, entirely fair to Alexander. He believed her father guilty. Her father! The woman's lips quivered.

From the beginning Matthew Lew had known it was she who took the money. If only he had spoken about it, asked her why she had taken it, what she intended doing. But no! He had tried in his own way to replace the money and clear John's name. It was only when she had returned his seventy pounds, and perplexed by the gesture had demanded an explanation, that he had told her he knew. She would always remember the gentleness of his explanation.

"I couldn't mistake your light footsteps, Bethie. But I didn't blame you, my girl. You've lived a hard life with a hard man. . . . I didn't blame you. But the girl and the boy mustn't suffer."

SHE had answered: "No—no. I am sorry about John. I'm going to tell Alexander everything as soon as I can return the money to him. Rose is sending it, father. So you must take back your money. You know Rose's wonderful generosity. I—I had to have the money that day. Bradley needed it. . . . he was in trouble. There was no time to write to Rose. . . . It would have been too late by the time her answer came back, and you know what would have happened had I approached Alexander."

"Aye, my girl," her father had said, "I know."

"I could think of no other way to—to get the money for Bradley. He had been foolish, but his father has never even given him pocket money. I had to do it!"

The postman's whistle. Mrs. Meredith's heart leapt, but she forced herself to wait ten minutes before going down to the post-box. She scarcely dared hope. She schooled herself to expect nothing but the usual advertisements and accounts; but the box contained a letter in her sister's well known writing.

She fingered it. There did not appear to be an enclosure. She sped with the letter to the house, opened it with trembling fingers. Three sheets of ordinary writing paper covered with Rose's upright scrawl—nothing else. With a heavy heart she commenced to read.

"Beth, Dear,—Sorry to delay answering your letter, but we found it among many others on our return. Had you forgotten we always take our annual holidays at this time of the year? Sorry you are in trouble, my dear—for I gather you are in trouble; but you wrote your letter so hurriedly that I couldn't understand half of it. If there is trouble in the camp of the Merediths, Alexander is the cause of it, I'll warrant. However DID you come to marry him, Bethie? Oh, I know you were in love, but—Alexander. And—seventy pounds, Bethie, my dear, I just hate to refuse, but I honestly can't manage it. Not just at present. Evil times have fallen upon the family and the coffers are sadly depleted as a result of the ripping holiday just ended."

"Many thanks for telegraphing the news of father's death. What a grand age eighty is, and what a grand old chap father was. A pity he could not stand heat. He would have been happier here, I fancy, than at Treedale. He and Alexander were never bosom companions, were they. And now Beth—"

Beth laid the letter aside. She was quite calm, and her eyes shone brilliantly in the paleness of her face. Had Alexander Meredith been able to see her he would have been compelled to agree with Clara Stanley that his wife looked far from well.

There could be no more delay. Rose, through no fault of her own, had failed. To be sure, Beth possessed her father's money, his pitifully inadequate passport to peace; but she intended donating that in his name to the eventide home where he had planned in vain to spend the remainder of his life.

She neatly folded her sister's letter and returned it to the envelope. Then, realising she was purposefully wasting time putting off the inevitable moment, she rose and walking straight to the study tapped resolutely upon the door. There was no answer, so she peeped inside. Her husband was not there. She felt glad, then sorry. The verandah perhaps—or the living-room.

She found her husband in the garden tending the roses. Despite her effort to

be firm, to carry through the confession with dignity, Beth Meredith trembled.

"Alexander—" He grunted. "You know I dislike being interrupted when—" "I—I want to speak to you," she said hastily.

"I'm listening, my dear." "No, not here. Inside. In your study. It's important, Alex."

"What's come over you, Beth?" "Please," she pleaded.

"All right, if you insist. Though why—" She led the way inside, opened and closed the study door, sat down then rose again.

"There's something I must tell you, Alexander—" "Sit down, Beth; sit down and take your time." He patted her shoulders awkwardly.

"And there's something I've been trying to tell you. I've a confession to make—"

A CONVULSIVE shudder ran through her thin frame. It alarmed him, hurried his words.

"No, no, it's nothing serious. Quite the reverse. I've been thinking lately, Beth, and I've come to the conclusion I've failed you as a husband and the children as a father."

He spoke seriously, solemnly. On any other occasion she would have smiled, but she did not smile now; her husband seemed quite genuinely moved.

"Don't expect any sort of a miracle," he resumed. "I can't alter a lifetime of habits and beliefs in an hour, or even a day or two. I've no particular wish to alter. But I imagine I can appreciate you more. The children, too. But especially you. That woman—"

his very tone grew exasperated at the mention of Clara Stanley—"that woman gave me a jolt or two, but she also opened my eyes. There could be only one greater blow than the others—knowledge that one of my family, and not your father, took that money."

Beth Meredith raised her eyes. "I took the money," she said steadily.

A dark red crept over the man's face until it had a curious mottled appearance.

"You?" he said.

She knew he did not believe her; his very tone expressed unbelief.

"I saw you leave the study, Alexander, and followed you on to the verandah when you went to see what had happened in the roadway. Lynne was there. I asked her what had happened, and when she said an accident, I shuddered and went inside, passing Gill as he came out. It was then I—I remembered the money. I ran into the study and took it, then joined you and did not go back to the house until everything was over. I did not mean to steal it, Alexander, but to borrow; I ask you to believe that."

"Go on," he said tonelessly.

"I wrote that night and asked Rose for seventy pounds."

Alexander Meredith brought his clenched fist down upon his desk with a heavy bang.

"This is too much, Beth! You wrote to your sister—that smug, self-satisfied—" She interrupted quietly: "After all, she is my sister."

"I could buy and sell her husband a dozen times," the man said angrily, "yet you write and ask her for the loan of seventy pounds. Where is your pride, Beth? And—and what did your sister reply?"

Beth Meredith's face flamed with color.

"She was compelled to refuse."

"Ah!" There was a running note of triumph in the ejaculation. "So, she was compelled to refuse! I can't make out why you ever wrote to her—why you preferred to borrow money from your sister and not your husband."

"You would have asked too many ques-

tions, Alexander; Rose never asks questions."

"Does that mean you've borrowed money from her before?"

"Small sums," she admitted.

"What did you do with the money?"

"Gave it to Bradley. I did not know how much he wanted—so I gave the entire seventy pounds to him. Don't tell me I've been foolish and—and wicked, Alexander. I know it!"

"What did Bradley do with the remainder of the money?"

"Gave it to Gill."

Mr. Meredith sat bolt upright in his chair.

"Ah! Gill! He, too. Go on—I may as well hear all there is to hear. And why did Gill want money?"

"I think he borrowed from his firm—" The man rose. "And I've been congratulating myself for years on knowing exactly what my family were doing and not doing," he said bitterly. "That's enough about the boys. What part did your father play in this—this very interesting drama of borrowed money?"

She winced but told him in calm, clear voice.

He heard her to the end, then said, his quietness equal to her own:

"I thought John Devon guilty. Beth, why didn't you explain before?"

"I waited to hear from Rose. I knew you must believe I intended only to borrow the money if I returned the seventy pounds, and then explained. And John knew I would clear him. I told him so. He saw me take the money."

He rose, pushing back his chair with a harsh, scraping sound.

"It's all so incredible. You, Beth!"

"I've never had money of my own," she said swiftly. "Oh, I know you've paid the bills, but didn't it ever occur to you that a woman likes to handle money, to have a certain amount to call her own? There is no pleasure in having to account for every penny. I've never had money, nor has Lynne, nor Bradley—only what Gill shared with him. Didn't—" Her voice rose, "it ever occur that—"

"Stop it!" Mr. Meredith commanded loudly, protestingly. "You remind me of the impossible Stanley woman when you run on that way. Stop it, d'you hear?"

THE impossible Stanley woman! Alexander's old manner of issuing commands to be obeyed! No, there would be no miracle, no startling difference in him. The sternness of his command calmed Beth Meredith, and she smiled inwardly at his swift return to brusqueness.

"Do you want to become a chattering magpie—like her?" the man demanded wrathfully, and his wife answered with gratifying meekness:

"Oh, no, Alexander!"

"Then we'll consider the matter ended. Don't mention it again. And write and tell your sister that your husband has made you a present of that seventy pounds; and tell her in future you will have your own banking account. D'you hear?"

"Yes. Thank you, Alexander," she said humbly.

He looked at her with quick suspicion.

"Are you laughing at me? Mocking—like that Stanley woman?"

She said with a little smile: "I could never, never be like Clara Stanley."

"Thank God for that," said Alexander Meredith fervently. He had not fathomed the depths of his wife's remark; Beth knew he never would.

Neither the Leo Merediths, John Devon, nor Lynne knew why they had been summoned to Treedale.

"More trouble, I suppose," Leo grumbled

when Lynne reported her father's telephone message.

"Perhaps everything is coming right—at last," Lynne said.

"Perhaps!" Clearly Leo was not hopeful. John Devon, when informed, was comically dismayed.

"Sure I'm wanted, Lynnette? I rather suspect Aunt Clara has been up to something. She's been cackling like a hyena ever since she came home from Treedale."

"Does a hyena cackle?" demanded Lynne, interestedly, and neatly dodged the cushion John threw at her.

It was a merry party that Jacqueline's sedan conveyed to Treedale, but once within the gloomy hall of the old house merriment died away.

"There's something in the air," Leo commented suspiciously. John Devon guessed what the something was, so did Lynne. When they entered the study and found Mrs. Meredith there with Gill and Bradley, both were certain.

It was Beth Meredith who explained. She did it without sparing herself, gracefully, with quiet dignity. She concluded by apologising to John Devon, by welcoming her daughter-in-law.

"We both welcome you, Jacqueline," she ended.

Mr. Meredith coughed and nodded.

"We must see more of you, my dear; become better acquainted. Leo, you must bring your wife more often to Treedale."

Jacqueline rose from her place beside her husband, lovely, radiant Jacqueline. She kissed her mother-in-law and whispered: "You darling!"

She crossed to Alexander Meredith, charmingly cupped his stern face in her hands and kissed first one cheek then the other.

"I've always wanted a dad," she said.

Mr. Meredith was distinctly taken back, but delighted; just how delighted none but his wife knew. It was the first time he had been approached with so much naturalness of manner, so little fear. Jacqueline had won him completely and Jacqueline knew, none better, how to hold those she won!

To Leo's unbounded surprise his father wished him success with Renards, and congratulated him on his choice of a wife.

"Fine woman, my boy, a fine woman."

"The wolf has changed into a lamb," Leo commented to Gill, his voice low.

Gill grimaced. "Don't you believe it! I've just been through the hell of a half-hour!"

What Alexander Meredith said in an aside to John Devon no one knew, not even Lynne, but she could tell by John's expression that her father had made ample amends for his accusation. And she knew that although her mother would never experience the all-absorbing happiness of perfect love, at least she would be more contented and would find life more tolerable.

She wondered what her father's first words to herself would be, and tried to anticipate them. She was still wondering when he came to her side.

"Young Devon has been discussing a coming wedding, Lynne."

She dimpled. "Has he? When is it to be?"

"I asked him that. He said—" "Ah," Lynne laughingly interrupted. "I know what John said! I know exactly what John said—Dad!"

(The End.)

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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